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The Jameson Raid and the World War

THE TRUE STORY OF THE RAID

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I

THE Jameson Raid has always been regarded as the example par excellence of hasty, ill-advised action, leading to disastrous consequences. So it undoubtedly was, in respect of its immediate results and its effect on the Reform Movement in the Transvaal. But it is my considered opinion that when viewed in connection with the World War, the Jameson Raid will be seen to have played an important part in moulding the circumstances that made it possible for the Allies to defeat Germany.

The raid occurred in the winter of 1895–96. It had been designed to help a revolution by the Uitlander, or alien, population of the Transvaal, undertaken to obtain governmental reforms. In direct violation of the orders of the revolutionary leaders, Doctor Jameson attempted the invasion of the Transvaal prematurely, and thereby destroyed the chance of success.

The Reform Movement which planned the revolution has been much misrepresented by Boers. The truth about it is that it was Fascist rather than Bolshevist in its nature. That is to say, it was undertaken by hard-headed, successful, conservative men of affairs, and not by hot-headed, irresponsible radicals. For several years before 1895 there had been, it is true, agitation for political reform by various bodies of citizens of Johannesburg, but it was not until that date that the mine-owners and important capitalists became identified with the movement. It is only as a last resort that men of that class are willing to risk their property and lives by becoming revolutionists in the cause of good government.

A brief review of conditions in the Transvaal at that time will serve to show that force appeared to offer the only hope of effecting reforms. The population of the Transvaal was composed of about 150,000 whites and 750,000 Kaffirs, or native blacks. Although the black population did not figure actively in politics, it was strongly anti-Boer in sentiment. Of the whites, 65,000 were Boers, but only 24,000 of these were males over sixteen years of age. The remainder, nearly 100,000, were Uitlanders, and nearly half of them were adults. The Uitlanders constituted a numerical majority not only of the dwellers in Johannesburg but of the entire white population of the Transvaal.

Not only numerically but industrially and financially, the Uitlanders held first place in the country. They had purchased from the Boers more than half the land of the Transvaal; they owned more than nine-tenths of the assessable property, and they paid more than nine-tenths of the taxes. It is significant that although its revenues were habitually squandered, the Transvaal Government had accumulated in its treasury more than $6,000,000 of Uitlander money.

Paul Kruger, "Oom Paul," was president of the Transvaal Republic, so called; for it was not a true republic but a mere

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simulacrum of a republic, inasmuch as the government did not derive its just powers from the consent of the governed and was not a government "of the people, by the people, for the people," in any respect.

Kruger was head of the reactionary or "Dopper" party. The minority party was headed by General Joubert, who up to the time of his death was the commanding general of the Boer forces in the Anglo-Boer War. In the Joubert party was Louis Botha, a name memorable in South African history in connection not only with his distinguished service as a general in the Boer army but with the subsequent political life of the country, and especially because of the inestimable service he rendered to the Allied cause during the World War, at which time he was prime minister of South Africa.

There was little love lost between the Kruger and the Joubert factions; indeed, the political controversies at times waged intense, and it was alleged, with considerable color of justice by the followers of Joubert, that it was largely through gerrymandering and the lavish and unscrupulous use of money (Uitlander money, be it noted!) that Kruger was able to defeat Joubert at the polls.

Religious differences accentuated political dissension among the Boers. One of the fundamental differences between the Doppers, the majority sect, and the minority sect was said to be that the Doppers believed that the devil had a tail and that the world was flat. I cannot vouch for the tail story, but I can for the fact that Kruger at least firmly believed that the world was flat. The American, Captain Slocum, who circumnavigated the globe a few years ago in a 30-foot sailing boat, told me that he stopped over at Pretoria and called on President Kruger. After a short but pleasant interview, as Captain Slocum was about to leave, Kruger asked him which way he was going. He said: "I am completing my voyage around the world." "Don't lie," said Kruger, "you mean across the world"; and this in all seriousness. Kruger was an obdurate fundamentalist and no more than Bryan would have agreed to the crossing of a "t" or dotting of an "i" in departure from the literal interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis in the Bible.

A great many of the younger generation of Boers were favorable to the Reform Movement; indeed, a deputation of prominent young Boers had warned Kruger that in case of trouble with Johannesburg they would take no active part, as they were in sympathy with the cause of the Uitlanders.

There was at this time a rapidly growing hostility on the part of the Transvaal burghers and others of South African birth against the Hollanders, who had swarmed into the country and were filling the most lucrative offices. There had been an increase in governmental fixed salaries from about $250,000 in 1886 to upward of $4,000,000 in 1896, and there was a large annual increase thereafter. The salaries paid in 1896 amounted to about $150 per head per annum for the total male Boer population. These successes, with the graft enjoyed by the Kruger entourage from other sources, created a feeling of resentment on the part of those Boers of the opposition political party who did not enjoy the perquisites of political spoils.

The question is often asked: "Why did the Uitlanders go to the Transvaal if they were not wanted?" The answer is that they *were* wanted. As a matter of fact Paul Kruger had issued in 1884 an invitation to foreign capital to develop the mineral resources of the country, promising investors in return protection of their interests and a fair influence in the government. Kruger issued this invitation because the Transvaal was at that time on the verge of bankruptcy and the inhabitants of the country were in constant jeopardy from the incursions of the warlike Zulu tribe on their borders. In fact, the aid of England had been twice invoked to save the Transvaal from annihilation by the great Zulu chiefs, Secocoeni and Cetewayo.

This invitation attracted foreign capital, English in the first instance, for the exploitation of the mineral resources of the Transvaal, resulting in the discovery of the famous gold deposits of the Witwatersrand, near Johannesburg. The subsequent exploitation of this has added more than three and one-half billion dollars to the world's stock of gold in the last thirty-seven years—more than twice the yield of the United States in the last seventy-six years, since the discovery of gold in California. About 45 per cent of

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the gold output of the world is to-day derived from the Rand.

Immediately following the discovery of gold there was a large influx of aliens from all over the world, who built the city of Johannesburg, which at the time of the

but also to his ambition to promote an economic union of the South African states, which he hoped would lead eventually to a political confederation of autonomous states. The stubbornness of Kruger had blocked his plans so far.

My cottage, Johannesburg.
In group—Mrs. Hammond, boy Jack and his nurse, and myself.

Reform Movement had a white population of about 80,000.

One of the charges frequently made against the Reform Movement is that it was inspired by Rhodes in the interest of Great Britain. As an American and one of the leaders of the movement, I can assert categorically that this allegation is untrue. It was spread by propagandists paid (in Uitlanders' money!) by the Boer Government. It is a fact that Rhodes backed the movement financially and was privy to its plans, but he was too intelligent to believe he could paint the map of the Transvaal red. His interest in the movement was due in part of course to his large investments in the Transvaal,

But the conclusive proof of the bona fides of the Reform Movement is to be found in the personnel of the Reform Committee, most of whose members were in fact unfriendly to Rhodes. Moreover, the participation of Americans refutes the charge of a conspiracy in behalf of Great Britain, for relations between England and the United States were strained at the time over Venezuela. Yet in spite of the tenseness of the Anglo-American situation, 500 Americans, mine managers, mechanics, foremen, carpenters, etc., at a meeting in Johannesburg late in December, 1895, voted unanimously to join the Reform Movement; and immediately on adjournment 150 Americans formed a

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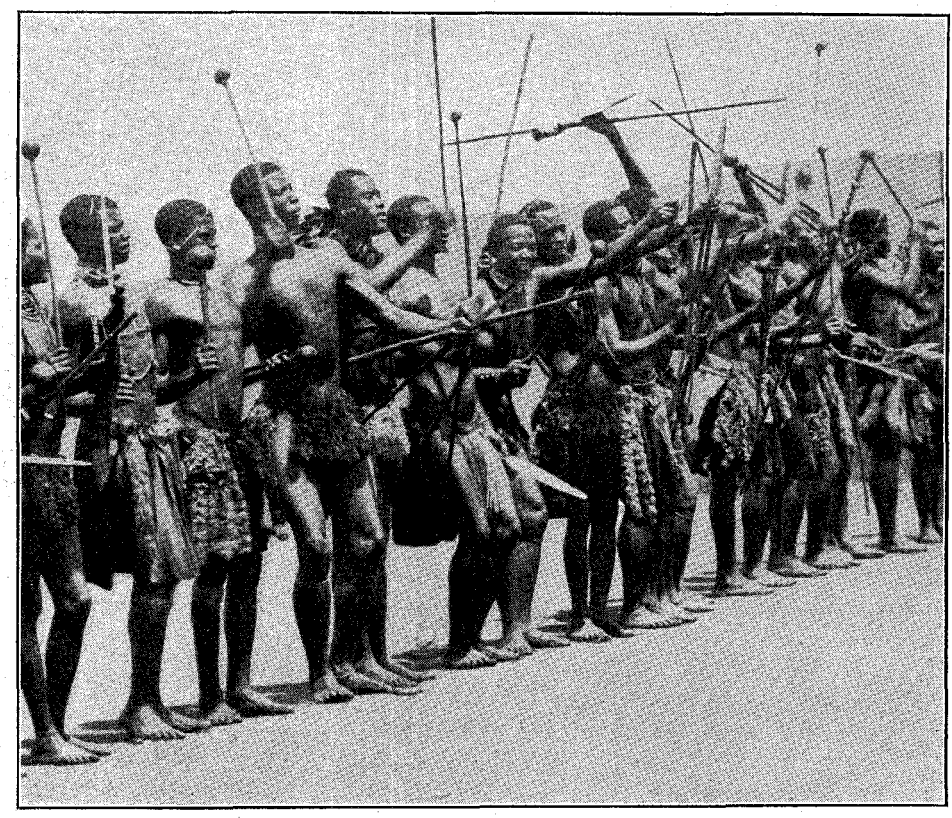
George Washington Corps and took up arms.

At that meeting I made the statement that the movement was purely for the purpose of obtaining reforms from Kruger and his grafting entourage, and pledged myself that no British flag should be hoisted in Johannesburg; indeed, I issued



Mimic warfare among Kaffirs employed at mines.

warning that I would shoot any one who tried to raise the British flag. On the following day, at a meeting of about 60 of the Reform Committee in my office in the building of the Consolidated Gold Fields Company, I made every man raise his hand and swear allegiance to the Boer flag. That flag floated over our building during the entire crisis.

Before outlining the plans of the Reform Committee, it may be well to summarize the grievances which led them to take up arms against Kruger's oligarchy:

1st. Johannesburg suffered from a high death-rate and from much sickness through lack of sewerage and of a clean water-supply.

2d. Out of $310,000 allotted to Johannesburg for education, less than $4,000 was applied to the Uitlander children, although they greatly outnumbered the Boer children in the town, and their parents supplied the money which built and supported the schools. Besides this, English was not taught in the schools, and the Uitlander school-children heard no language but Dutch—and patois or debased Dutch at that.

3d. The Uitlander had no voice in civic affairs, although he had founded and built up Johannesburg. The town was still treated as a mining-camp under a mining commissioner, and the government was dominated by a violent Boer police which denied the Uitlander a free press and the right of public meetings—veritably a Soviet republic.

4th. The mining community was ha-

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Scenes at one of the mines under Hammond.
Kaffir miners with white mine bosses.

rassed by government monopolies which forced up the cost of living and of working the mines, which were farmed out with the object of filling the pockets of Kruger's favorites. Of these monopolies one of the most burdensome was that which compelled us to purchase our dynamite from a single privileged firm which paid a royalty to certain members of the Transvaal Government. Not only was the cost of the dynamite excessive but the quality was so poor that fatal accidents were of common occurrence.

5th. The railroad policy of the Transvaal was so framed as to enable the railroad monopoly to charge extortionate freight-rates over the 50 miles of rail which connected the Cape Colony with Johannesburg. The shareholders of this line were entirely German, Dutch, and Boer. So high was the freight schedule that it was cheaper for us to unload our consignments at the rail-head of the cape line, reload them into ox-carts; and so take them to Johannesburg across the drifts or fords, by which alone the Vaal River could be crossed. In order to deprive us of this means of getting ourselves out of the clutches of his railroad monopoly, Kruger closed the drifts on October 1, 1895. But in doing this he overreached himself. His action was in clear defiance of his treaty obligations to England, and after consultation with the government of Cape Colony (which pledged itself to support England with men and money if it became necessary to enforce her treaty rights) the British Government informed Kruger that the drifts must be reopened and must remain open. In response to this ultimatum Kruger rescinded his order.

6th. In the interest of the liquor monopoly under which Boer officials were beneficiaries, the government allowed an unlimited amount of cheap and fiery spirits to be sold to the Kaffirs, who constituted the mining labor of the Rand. There was in consequence a great deal of drunkenness among our laborers, and as the liquor-dealers, in spite of our protests,

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were allowed to sell this deadly stuff at the mouth of the mines to men about to go down the shafts, there was much loss of life and of property from this cause.

7th. President Kruger and his Executive Council exerted a constant pressure upon the judges of the Transvaal Supreme Court, the only barrier which stood between the Johannesburgers and the rule of an unbridled despotism. In 1897 the condition became so scandalous that the Boer judges themselves closed the courts, to the effect that decisions of the court were subject to revision by the Executive Council of the Transvaal. Justice Koetze and other members of the court thereupon resigned. This was a heavy blow to the Uitlanders, whose sole hope of securing justice was through the supreme court. The better element was submerged by the dominating influence of Kruger's entourage.

8th. The Boers asserted the right to draft Uitlanders for service in their wars

President Kruger ("Oom" Paul) and wife.

Toward the end of the Boer War Kruger escaped to Holland, leaving Mrs. Kruger in the hands of the British. She died shortly afterward. Kruger died in Holland.

declaring that it was impossible to administer justice under the coercion to which they were subjected by the executive.

The Brown case epitomizes the corruption of the Boer Government. Brown was an American who had succeeded in staking out mining claims in a district thrown open by the government to location or "pegging." Certain members of Kruger's family and official body had been beaten by Brown, an American, in priority of location, and had induced Kruger to declare Brown's locations illegal. Brown appealed to the Supreme Court of the Transvaal to validate his title and received a verdict in his favor, whereupon Kruger dismissed the judges who were favorable to Brown's contention. Kruger then had passed by the Volksraad a law against the natives. They had indeed already commandeered English subjects for this purpose, compelling them to provide their own horses and arms for the tribal warfare and imprisoning those who refused to comply with the summons.

They were about to commandeer Americans as well when they were deterred by the following ruse: I called a private meeting of my mine managers and invited to be present an American whom we knew to be a paid spy of Kruger. After swearing all to secrecy, we took an oath that if any of us was commandeered the first shot that he would fire would be aimed at the Boer commander. This secret resolution was quickly reported to Kruger by the spy, with the result that there was no commandeering of Americans.

To aggravate the situation, Doctor

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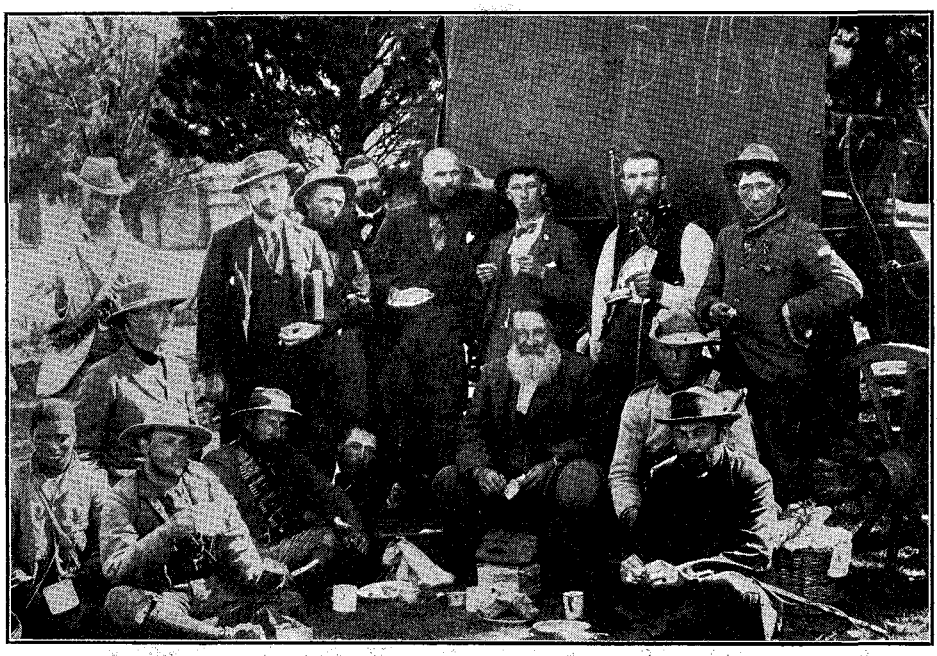

General Joubert, commander of the Boer forces in the Boer War, with his staff.

Leyds, a Hollander, born in Java, was conspiring with Kaiser Wilhelm II to extend and strengthen German influence in the policies of the Transvaal government. Germany went very far in this secret promise of co-operation with Kruger's government.

On January 27, 1895, Kruger, speaking at a banquet in honor of the Kaiser's birthday, said: "I shall ever promote the interest of Germany; the time has come to knit ties of the closest friendship between Germany and the South African Republic." And this was at a time when England claimed suzerain rights over the Transvaal, as the condition of the retrocession of that country to the Boers after Majuba.

You may recall the famous telegram from Wilhelm, Imperator, Rex, Berlin, in January, 1896, just after the capture of Jameson, to President Kruger, Pretoria, South African Republic. This was the message: "I tender you my sincere congratulations that without appealing to the help of friendly Powers you and your people have been successful in opposing with your own forces the armed bands that have broken into your country to disturb the peace, in restoring order and in maintaining the independence of your country against attacks from without."

You may also recall what happened when Queen Victoria was apprised of this telegram; the reprimand she sent to the hot-headed Kaiser and his humble apology for his rash deed in sending the telegram.

Another part of the story, however, you probably have not heard. It was told me by a friend who heard Kruger make the remark. When Kruger learned that the German Emperor had backed down in the most abject way when he was reproved by Queen Victoria, the valiant old president (for he was courageous) said: "I have no more use for the Kaiser. I have a contempt for any man who is afraid of his grandmother."

The Boers were by no means of one mind as to the justice or the expediency of Kruger's treatment of the Uitlanders. Let me quote from a speech made before the Upper Chamber of the Transvaal legislature in August, 1895, by Mr. Jeppe, a Boer. The occasion was the presentation of a petition signed by 35,000 Uitlanders praying that political representation be granted to them. In the course of this speech Jeppe said:

"This petition has been, practically, signed by the entire population of the Rand. It contains the name of the millionaire capitalist on the same page as

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that of the miner, that of the owner of half a district next to that of a clerk. It embraces also all nationalities. And it bears, too, the signatures of some who have been born in this country, who know no other fatherland than this republic, but whom the law regards as strangers. Then, too, there are the newcomers. They have settled for good. They have built Johannesburg, one of the wonders of the age. They own half the soil, they pay at least three-quarters of the taxes. Nor are they persons who belong to a subservient race. They come from countries where they freely exercised political rights, which can never be long denied to free-born men.

"Dare we refer them to the present law, which first expects them to wait for fourteen years, and even then pledges itself to nothing? It is a law which denies all rights even to their children born in this country. What will become of us or our children on the day when we shall find ourselves in a minority of perhaps one in twenty, without a single friend among the other nineteen, among those who will then tell us they wished to be brothers, but we by our own act made them strangers in the republic. Old as the world is, has any attempt like ours ever succeeded for long?"

The chief justice of the Transvaal Republic, Koetze, in an address to the burghers in October, 1894, said: "No one who for a moment considers the condition of things in the state will deny that the country is at present in a very critical position. . . . It entirely depends upon the people whether the impending change is to take place peaceably or to be accompanied with violence. Do not let us close our eyes and ears to the truth. . . . The non-observance of a departure from the Grondwet (Constitution) menaces the independence of the state. . . . How frequently have we not seen that the Grondwet, which as the Constitution ought to stand on an entirely different footing from our ordinary law, has nevertheless been varied and treated as such? Many a time has the Grondwet been altered by a simple resolution of the legislature. By this means many a radical, and I am afraid often unwise, change has been brought about in the Constitution."

Deputation after deputation was sent to Kruger to state and ask the redress for the grievances of the Uitlanders, but without avail. Finally he told one deputation that he would make no promise of any kind, and he brought the interview to a close by saying: "If you want your grievances redressed, why don't you get guns and fight for what you call your rights?" One of my German friends, who later joined the Reform Committee against Kruger, said: "This is the last straw that broke the camel's back that killed the goose that laid the golden egg."

Well, there was nothing to do but to take Kruger at his word. At the time there were few cannon and probably not more than 15,000 rifles in the possession of the Boer Government. It was not until after the raid that the Transvaal became a highly armed nation, although just before the raid forts were being built overlooking the town of Johannesburg to intimidate the inhabitants, and arms were being imported from Europe. Therefore, if there was to be a revolt, the sooner it was started the better would be the chance of success.

Backed financially by Cecil Rhodes, then prime minister of the Colony, and the most important factor in the economic development of South Africa, and Alfred Beit, associated with Rhodes in his various enterprises, we proceeded to get guns. Just at this time Cecil Rhodes was at the zenith of his power. As prime minister of Cape Colony with the support of the Dutch, he was the commanding political influence in South Africa. As the most enterprising constructive force in the development of the country he wielded unbounded power. Personally Rhodes was respected for his integrity and liberality in business matters, and he had the affectionate regard of a great body of South Africans of Dutch descent because of his great generosity in assisting with his money in the promotion of enterprises for the good of South Africa. His generosity was one of Rhodes's outstanding characteristics.

As guns had to be smuggled into the Transvaal, it was a long process. In the meantime, we made an arrangement through Rhodes with Doctor Jameson, the administrator of the country lying north of the Transvaal, called Rhodesia, to co-operate with us. The name of

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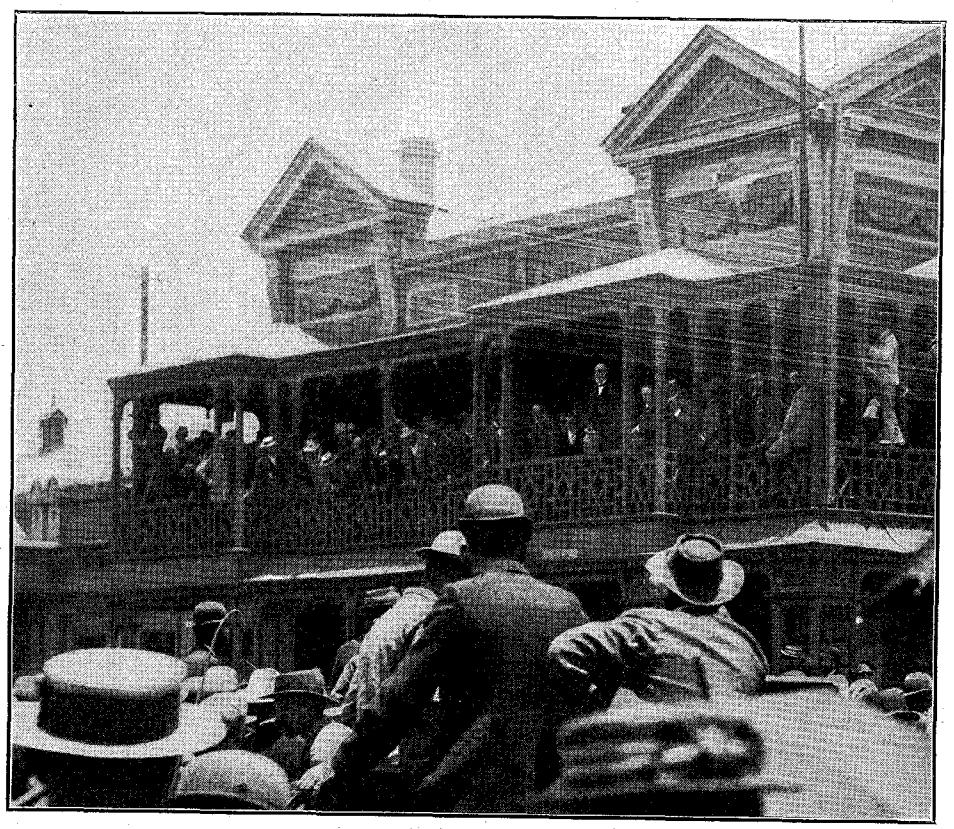
Jameson at that time was one to conjure with—and the Boers themselves had a high admiration for his military prowess. Two years before, with a force of only 500 men, he had suppressed an uprising of 10,000 well-armed and valiant Matabele under the great Lo Bengula, the paramount chief of the natives of that part of South Africa.



Scene at the Rand Club, during the exciting days of the Reform Movement.

According to our plans Jameson was to take a position (a jumping-off point) on the Transvaal border at Pitsani, in the English protectorate of Bechuanaland, about 180 miles from Johannesburg. He was to have 1,500 men, all mounted, fully trained, and equipped with modern arms, field-pieces, and machine-guns. The Jameson forces were to cross the border and come to Johannesburg when called upon to do so, and each man was to carry a spare rifle for us.

Jameson was to play a subordinate part in our programme and was not to move until he had received word, not only from other leaders of the Reform Committee but from me personally. That was distinctly understood. Rhodes and the leaders of the Reform Committee recognized the fact that the only justification of a revolution was success, and, furthermore, they knew that if Jameson should invade the Transvaal except in the emergency of coming to the rescue of the citizens of Johannesburg, the Reform Committee would alienate the sympathy and support not only of the anti-Kruger faction and the progressive Boers of the Transvaal, but also of the Dutch of other parts of South Africa, many of whom were favorably disposed toward the Reform Movement. Jameson was told by Rhodes in my presence to remain at Pitsani six months, if necessary, to enable the Reform Committee to be prepared for a successful uprising in Johannesburg.

We had no difficulty in bringing the

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guns ordered from abroad as far as Kimberley, in Cape Colony. There they were received by Gardner Williams, a distinguished American mining engineer, who was manager of the famous De Beers diamond-mines. From Kimberley to Johannesburg the way was not so easy. The guns and ammunition were packed personally by Williams and his two American assistants into empty Standard Oil tanks and then consigned to me at Johannesburg.

Our plan contemplated the capture of the arsenal at Pretoria. It was the key of the position. This so-called arsenal comprised a number of scattered buildings enclosed by a dilapidated brick wall, of which one side was being rebuilt. The guard consisted of between 90 and 100 men, and during the night only about 8 or 10 were on duty. We ascertained that the arsenal contained about 10,000 Martini rifles and a half-dozen Maxims. Our plan was to transport as much war material as we could to Johannesburg and to destroy the rest.

For this purpose I had obtained a lease of some ground just outside of Pretoria, ostensibly for mining purposes, and had assembled there about 75 Americans of an adventurous spirit. They did not know my real object but were employed as mining prospectors. For the most part they were rather a tough lot, who had been discharged by American managers of the companies under my control. These managers, who were at that time not "in the know," remonstrated with me against giving employment to men whom they had dismissed as subversive of discipline; but I told them not to worry, as I had had much experience in handling tough characters, and added that I found these fellows tractable enough and not altogether uncongenial.

We had amassed about 100 rifles near by. It was our plan to capture Paul Kruger and take him over to Johannesburg, where we thought he would be more amenable to reason. This may have seemed a desperate undertaking, but as a matter of fact it would have been "a cinch" if the unexpected had not happened.

We had provided food for a siege of a couple of months. We had started to drill our volunteers, numbering several thousand. Many of them were born in Africa, others had had long residence in that country and were good horsemen and good shots. The South African Light Horse, which rendered such splendid service subsequently in the Anglo-Boer War, was recruited from these men. Things were moving favorably with us.

On Monday, December 29, I was sitting in my office when I received a visit from one of Kruger's intimate associates, "Sammy" Marks by name. I knew Marks well, having been the consulting engineer of mining companies in which he was largely interested. Marks was nervous and excited and began immediately to discuss the rumors abroad. After we had talked for a few minutes on the general situation, the door opened and a clerk came in and handed me a slip of paper. On it was written: "Jameson has crossed the border."

The unexpected had happened! I was thunderstruck. It was inconceivable that Jameson should have started for Johannesburg in spite of the protest of the Reform leaders. Having heard that he was getting restless, we had sent two messages to Jameson, one by Captain Holden on horseback across country. The second messenger, Major Heney, an American and a graduate of West Point, who had been for many years associated with Jameson in Rhodesia, went by rail to Pitsani. Both messages were delivered. They informed Jameson that the guns were arriving slowly and that at that time there were not more than 1,000 all told, and very little ammunition in the hands of the reformers, and that he would "ball everything up" (using a favorite expression of Jameson's) if he moved prematurely.

Marks, as I suspected, already knew of Jameson's departure. I could only be thankful that he was too much occupied with his own thoughts to notice the effect of the message on me. It was evident to me that what he wanted was to find out how far we had gone in arming ourselves. I knew that at that time we had less than 1,500 guns and practically no artillery, but I knew also that if this fact got to Kruger's ears, after he had heard of Jameson's incursion, Johannesburg would be

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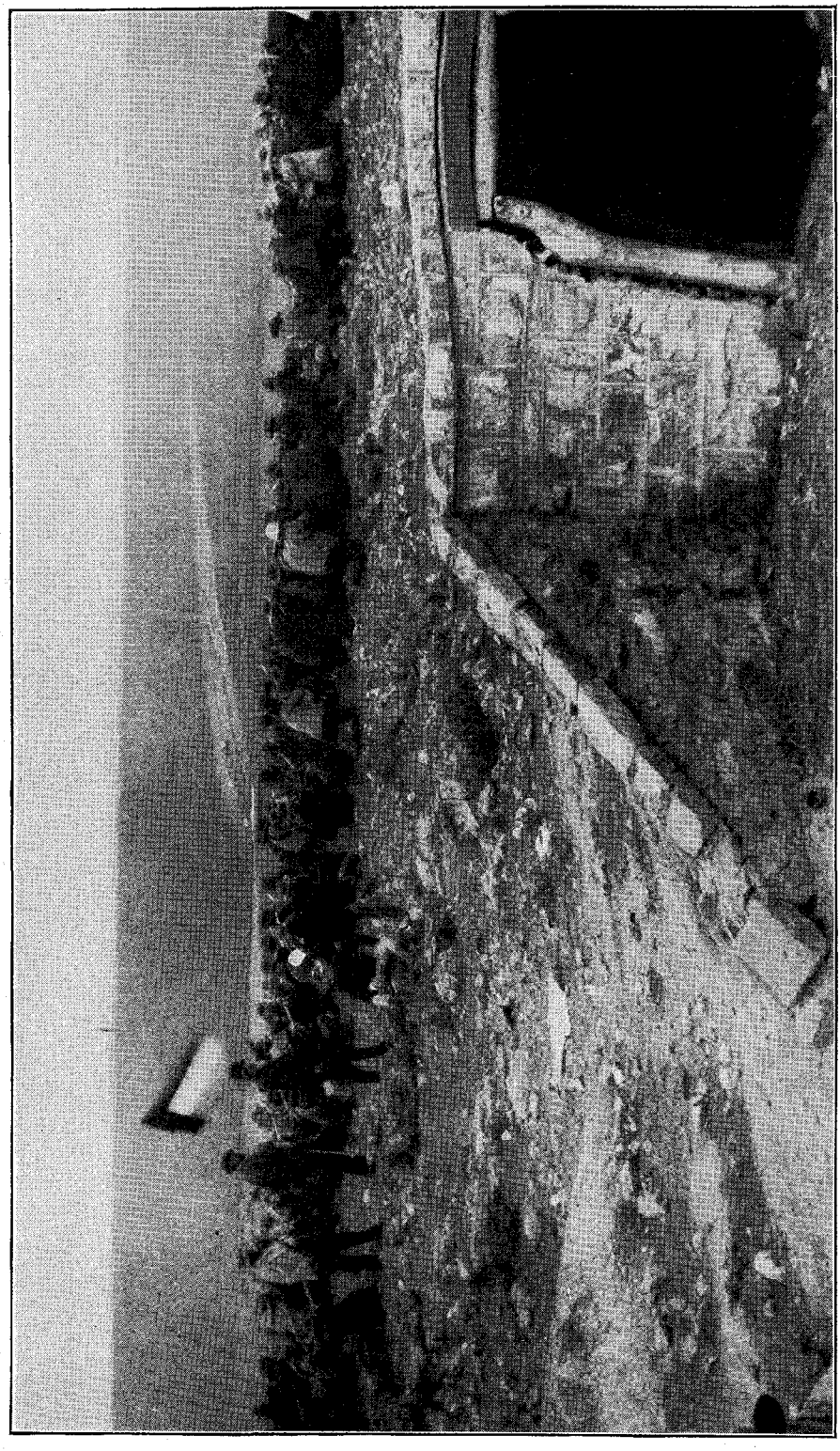

Boers awaiting the approach of Jameson's troops.

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attacked and our whole plan would go to pieces. My conversation with Sammy Marks ran in this fashion:

"Well, Hammond, it looks as though we were going to have bloodshed."

"I should not be surprised," I replied.

"They say you have got in 30,000 rifles."

"I don't know how many we have got, but I hardly think it is as many as that, Sammy."

"And how about the artillery, is it true that you have got 30 guns?" asked Sammy.

"Oh, no, that is an exaggeration, I am sure."

In a few minutes he left. I had him shadowed, and as I had foreseen he went off by special train to Kruger. This is what he told Kruger, as I afterward learned from those present and from Marks himself in later years.

"Mr. President, I fear there will be a good deal of bloodshed in Johannesburg. I saw hundreds of men marching and drilling, several cannon being hauled through the streets (these cannon were mining-pumps covered with tarpaulins), and the people there are well armed. I know this for a fact. I got an admission from my friend, Hays Hammond, and he has had charge of my mines, and is a man in whose honesty I have entire confidence. Hammond admitted to me that there were at least 30,000 rifles and 30 cannon."

There is not the slightest doubt that this bluff put the fear of God in Kruger's heart, for he realized that he was powerless against the combined forces of Jameson and Johannesburg. We have ample evidence on this point.

The day following my interview with Marks, Kruger sent a delegation which we called the "Olive Branch Delegation." He had selected the most progressive of the Boers, men favorable to our cause and personal friends of members of the Reform Committee. They came with letters of introduction to Lionel Phillips and myself. We refused to receive them as a deputation from Kruger unless they came accredited to the Reform Committee of Johannesburg. This stipulation was immediately accepted. This is an important fact, which was subsequently lost sight of—that Kruger was willing to treat with the Reform Committee as the representative body of the people of Johannesburg, and not as outlaws.

This recognition was further emphasized when the deputation from the Reform Committee presently went to Pretoria to negotiate with the commission appointed by the Boer Government. We had discussed with the "Olive Branch Delegation" the question of grievances, and had come to an agreement on most of the important issues except the granting of the franchise to Catholics and Jews. Kruger had heretofore been unalterably opposed to this. Following the Johannesburg conference the Reform Committee sent a deputation to Pretoria chiefly to discuss the question of giving the franchise to Catholics and Jews.

Lionel Phillips said subsequently, in his testimony given before the select committee of inquiry of the British Parliament, that "we described the whole of the grievances. We were perfectly frank, we told the commission exactly the nature of our relations with Doctor Jameson. We told that by arrangement Doctor Jameson was on the border; that he had certainly left without our instructions. We did not know for what reason he had left, but as we had made arrangements with him we regarded him as one with ourselves."

Later on, the commission handed to the deputation the decision of the Transvaal Executive, which was to the following effect:

"Sir Hercules Robinson has offered his services with a view of a peaceful settlement. The government of the republic has accepted his offer. Pending his arrival no hostile step will be taken against Johannesburg, provided that Johannesburg takes no hostile step against the government. In terms of the proclamation recently issued by the president the grievances will be earnestly considered."

The Reform deputation made the following offer to the government:

"In order to avert bloodshed on grounds of Doctor Jameson's action, if the government will allow Doctor Jameson to come in unmolested the Reform Committee will guarantee, with their persons if necessary, that he shall leave again peacefully with as little delay as possible."

Meanwhile, Jameson and his men, not the 1,500 he promised, but less than one-third that number, were moving rapidly

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toward Johannesburg. The first act of Robinson was to declare Jameson and his men outlaws and to order them back to British territory. Unfortunately, Jameson disregarded this order. A Boer commando or regiment was mobilized to meet Jameson at some advantageous point. Through the inexplicable stupidity of Jameson's chief of staff, he was led into a cul-de-sac, and instead of following the road we had recommended became involved in a quagmire, where, after losing a few men in what is known as the battle of Doornkopf, he was compelled to surrender to the Boer commando, at 9 A. M., January 2, 1896.

But when Jameson surrendered it was with the express stipulation with the Boer commander, Cronje, that his officers and soldiers would be protected. The terms of Jameson's surrender were kept from the Reform Committee and not learned until some time later. This is a point to remember. Following his surrender, Jameson and his officers were taken to the Pretoria jail. After confinement in Pretoria for a couple of weeks they were conveyed to England and tried under the Foreign Enlistments Act, found guilty, and sentenced to several months in Holloway jail.

Immediately after his surrender we received a telegram from the high commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson, as follows, read to us by Sir Jacobi de Wet, the British diplomatic agent in Pretoria:

"It is urgent that you should inform the people of Johannesburg that I said that if they lay down their arms they will be acting loyally and honorably, and if they do not comply with my request they will forfeit all claim to sympathy from Her Majesty's government and from British subjects throughout the world, as the lives of Jameson and the prisoners are now practically in their hands."

At that time the Reform Committee did not know, as I have before said, the terms of the surrender under which the lives of Jameson and his men were spared. In face of such a policy there was nothing for us to do but accept the high commissioner's advice. We therefore gave up our guns, amounting to only 2,300 rifles, with little ammunition. The following day, January 7, Sir Hercules Robinson telegraphed to Joseph Chamberlain, then secretary of the colonies, as follows:

"I have just received a message from the Reform Committee resolving to comply with demand of South African Republic to lay down their arms, the people placing themselves and their interests unreservedly in my hands in fullest confidence that I will see justice done them."

On the following day, January 8, Robinson telegraphed again to Chamberlain:

"I will confer with Kruger as to redressing the grievances of the residents of Johannesburg." Later, the same day, another telegram to Chamberlain as follows:

"I intend to insist on the fulfilment of terms as regards prisoners and consideration of grievances."

On January 14 Robinson left Pretoria for Capetown, explaining his sudden departure as due to illness, and on the 17th, in reply to an urgent telegram from Chamberlain about the redress of the Uitlanders' grievances, he wired in part as follows: "The question of concessions to Uitlanders was never discussed with us," *i. e.*, between him and Paul Kruger.

There never was a worse betrayal of trust by a high official of the British Government. The following telegram shows his betrayal. On January 15 Chamberlain telegraphed to Sir Hercules Robinson as follows: "The people of Johannesburg laid down their arms in the belief that reasonable concessions would be arranged by your intervention; and until these are granted or are definitely promised to you by the President, the root-causes of the present trouble will remain. The President has again and again promised reform, and grave dissatisfaction would be excited if you leave Pretoria without a clear understanding on these points. Her Majesty's Government invites Paul Kruger in the interest of South African Republic and of peace to make a full declaration on these matters. It will be your duty to use firm language and to tell the President that neglect to meet the grievances of the Uitlanders by giving a definite promise to propose reasonable concessions would have a disastrous effect upon the prospects of a lasting and satisfactory settlement." But Sir Hercules Robinson had already left Pretoria on his return to Capetown. The Boers were very quick to perceive the indifference of the high commissioner and to draw their own conclusions from it.

[Another article by Mr. Hammond will appear in the April number.]

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The Other Road

BY EDWARD L. STRATER
Author of "At Mrs. Hopkins' Elbow" and "The Blessed Damozel"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE

I WOULD not have noticed them perhaps, had not the head waiter led them to a table in the dining-room right next to my own. For there was nothing about the couple to attract more than passing attention. Seeing them anywhere else, one would have dismissed them with a glance as being, no doubt, "the right kind of people," but, individually, dull and uninteresting. Perhaps it was because the dining-room was in Sorrento, of all places, that somehow their dulness seemed subtly emphasized. Perhaps it was only because they were very tired.

The woman was quietly dressed. Her features were neither facile nor hard; rather, they were set into the precise mould that is well-bred and formal. The man was apparently a business man and a successful one, who had had some battering to get to the top; taken blows and given them. It showed in the square set of his wide shoulders, the full, heavy cheeks that bore his lips down to a hard, straight line, the alert eyes that darted aggressively from side to side as he came down the room.

Of such couples the dining-room was full. One could but feel sorry for them, vaguely, watching them rush about, slaves to their iron-bound itineraries; and at the same time be extremely annoyed by the discordant notes their presence struck. For Sorrento is a corner of the world designed for a lazy, dreamy existence, absorbing the quiet beauty of the surroundings; but certainly not for restless activity. And the very inadaptability of these people seemed to throw the monstrous futility of their entire stay abroad —nay, of their entire lives—into so much the sharper relief.

They would arrive by boat from Naples; spend the night in Sorrento, sometimes two even. But inevitably one morning there would be a carriage in front of the door, fair weather or rain, to hurry them over the Amalfi drive, and so on and on with their itineraries. There was but a handful of us staying heroically on through the long succession of wet days and dreary days, waiting for the clearing of the skies and that first fragile outburst of spring, lovelier there than any place else in the world.

I next noticed them a few minutes later, accidentally enough, for they were consulting together across the table in scarcely more than whispers. I saw at a glance what had happened. Gennaro, our waiter, that sunny old rogue, had tried to sell them a jar of honey. It was his prerogative, for he was the oldest waiter in the dining-room. And I don't doubt he made a nice bit on the side selling his *miel* to hotel guests. But as I looked at them I noticed something in their expressions, in the man's particularly, that showed how uncomfortable and wrought up they had allowed themselves to become over this trivial little occurrence. It was but a flash as I saw them—two individuals not quite at ease, suspicious of their surroundings and of all foreigners, vainly attempting to translate the situation into the familiar terms of American usage. And it emphasized not so much the occurrence itself as, by implication, the long succession of them they had allowed to spoil so many of their hours abroad.

I could imagine him saying to her, after an irritated expletive toward all foreigners and their endless schemes to levy toll on tourists' pocketbooks: "Devil take the fellow! I'm going to wait until breakfast, and see if the hotel doesn't provide it free." And I could imagine her tired

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voice trying to soothe him and lighten his annoyance; trying also to change the subject before they might be noticed as unsure of themselves as they momentarily were: "It's all right, William (or Fred or George). Ten lira, that's only forty-five cents. We would pay more at home. And I'm sure the manager wouldn't let him sell honey if the hotel provided it."

I felt convinced I had seen the man before. However, when one has been knocking about more or less there is nothing unusual about this feeling. After a moment's effort at recollection I would have dismissed the notion without more ado. But the mental association with the man was so decidedly unpleasant it refused to be dismissed. I looked at him again, covertly, for now I was watching him, not just idly staring. And suddenly I remembered. It had been in Florence, in the Uffizzi, and in that very room whose sheer color and loveliness of young faces have drawn me back over and over again—the room of the Botticellis.

That morning, I remembered, I was studying a picture, to me the most interesting one in the room. And, though it hangs on the same wall with the Primavera and the Adoration of the Magi, it was neither of those two, but another, almost microscopic, crudely composed, daubily painted; not a Botticelli, yet what a Botticelli, painted at a moment that pure inspiration must have led him away from the gay colors on his palette that might have become gentle ladies and gallant youths, back through a hundred-odd years of increasing colorization, to that quiet, studious portraiture of every-day citizens one finds among the "primitives."

Then it was that I had first seen the man. Led into the room by a youngish guide, whose arm-band proclaimed his qualifications (I suppose he had been led similarly to everything he had seen and felt abroad), the two of them planted themselves directly in my line of vision. And I remembered the guide. A moment he allowed for the general effect, and then, standing sidewise toward his client, so that he half-faced the picture, he proceeded to point out the particulars in one-two-three fashion. "Figures to da right," he droned, "are t'ree winds—" It was the Primavera, of course.

I watched them with extreme annoyance at first; then, I think, with sorrow, not unmixed with contempt; and finally, with amusement. What was the use of it all, the sham and futility, when the man was so palpably bored! I watched his cold appraising eyes, darting with unseeing keenness over that thing of beauty, the slight hardening of the lines about his mouth, feeling himself called on, perhaps, to admire something whose practical worth he could not see. But after all, the incident was in a way perfect. I have seen many men with little or no instinctive recognition of things beautiful who were none the less trying to comprehend. But here there was no effort, nothing but suspicious hostility. And the guide—dark, oily fellow that he was—apparently knew his man. For, after not more than one minute in that room, after showing that one picture of the dozen that lined its walls, he glanced elaborately at his wrist-watch, and led the way into the next room. At the rate they were going they would have covered the entire gallery in forty-five minutes, as perhaps had been carefully specified beforehand! For just as a man's soul can be saved in a sermon not to exceed twenty minutes, so can his other soul, the sense of the beautiful, be born, nourished, and sated to the ticking of a clock.

And I remembered that I had seen the man once again, in the American Express, arguing with the postal clerk about mail deliveries, prices, exchange, or what-not. I happened to know the clerk, a gentle soul that had just lost his wife. He was trying to fill the sudden blank in his life with worries about his two young daughters. And I remembered how sorry I had felt for the old clerk who had to endure the endless contrast of the worries of men on their holidays to his own very real ones. And I felt as sorry for the other, for on him I had another flash. I could see his whole trip stretching out into a ceaseless round of baggage and train worries, wrangles with porters and cabbies, interminable trips through churches and museums, with only the occasional gleam, at an expensive hotel, of a semblance of American comforts, and the dull satisfaction that he was "doing it" and "doing it right"!

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Having finished my dinner I found a chair in the corner of the lounge, a room cleverly contrived, by the addition of a floor and big glass light, out of what had once been the open cloister. For the hotel had formerly been a monastery, and had, for hundreds of years, quietly among the orange groves, sheltered the lives and faiths of a sober, industrious order of monks. I had been sitting there a few minutes when the couple came in. A moment they stood in the doorway, looking about them—the man was already biting at the end of a cigar—and then, I suppose because there were empty chairs and an ash-stand beside me, and because, in that roomful of strangers, they felt some slight bond with a man who had been their neighbor at dinner, and who was so patently a fellow countryman, they came over to my corner.

The man settled himself comfortably, and, having lighted his cigar, remarking that I was also smoking, he pushed the ash-stand midway between us. I did not welcome his advances particularly, for he was not a type with which I ever found much in common. But I suppose in a way he interested me, or the recollection of that day in Florence would never have remained.

We exchanged a few indifferent formalities such as are exchanged by travellers whose paths for the moment are thrown together, generalities that are to be gotten over with as quickly as possible, before, later, you can begin to gauge the real man beneath the surface. And that is a noticeable feature about contacts among travellers, where the element of touch and go seems to hasten acquaintance. Sometimes one never gets beyond the generalities; but often enough they lead very quickly to deep and illuminating insights into human nature.

I learned that they were just completing their first—a two months'—trip abroad, limited, as had necessarily been dictated by the fact of winter, to a tour of Italy. They evinced no knowledge or particular enthusiasm about the things they had seen. Once or twice, however, with a tired smile, the lady, Mrs. Porter, alluded to a place as having seemed "very nice," and each time her husband turned to me, as if by way of explanation, with some such remark as, "Oh, yes, that's the place where we got a private bathroom," or, "That's the place where I had the row with the baggage fellow!"

"We've seen it all, lock, stock, and barrel," he said finally, with a heavy nod of satisfaction, summing it up in retrospect.

They did brighten up, however, when they declared they were returning home by steamer from Naples ten days hence. "Too bad," I said, "you might miss the first spring around here." Yes, too bad, Mrs. Porter agreed, but then they would get it at home. And Mr. Porter said nothing. As nearly as I could discover, having finished their itinerary in a week less even than they had expected, they had come down to Sorrento for no other reason than to pass the time as best they could until their sailing-date.

"Business will be picking up in the spring," the man said. This going abroad, a little of it, was all right; but he was anxious to be getting back. And later he said: "After the inventories were taken at the end of the year there wasn't much to do, so we thought we would try Europe." And Mrs. Porter added with pride: "He runs his factory just like that. He can walk out at a moment's notice, and it will go on just the same."

Perhaps I was lacking in enthusiasm when the conversation got around to business. Nor could I think of much to say about the elections, the stock-market, or conditions in Europe. So conversation lagged for a while, and then it started off again with such questions as are asked by one tourist of another: did I think the hotel rates fair? was Vesuvius likely to erupt while they were there? and finally, of course, where was the American Express?

We were all three of us by this time scarcely concealing our yawns, so with mutual apologies we arose to part. Mrs. Porter was preceding us down the corridor. Mr. Porter and I followed, he still keeping in his mouth the burnt-out stump of cigar. As we passed the billiard-room, where several men were playing, he turned to me almost petulantly. "What does one do in this confounded place, anyhow!"

Do! There was nothing to do but

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dream in the blessed peace and fragile springtime that was coming; dream more beautifully than one could any place else in the world. But how could I have told him that! Instead, I said; "I'm afraid there's not very much to do. But that may prove the charm of the place to you."

"I've never been idle," he almost snapped. "I've been a hustler!"

I couldn't help it! "Idleness is sometimes a good thing, I think, Mr. Porter. It gives a man an opportunity to plumb his own depths, his own resources; discover the things deep down in him."

He looked at me queerly, but he said nothing. He merely shifted his cigar a little as though thinking, and with that we parted for the night. Nevertheless, I had become interested in the man. I discovered it by my failure to get very far into a book I had expected to keep me up half the night. Instead, I would find myself staring blankly at the pages, and musing to myself—"a fellow that's been a hustler all his life—doing, doing, doing! —using activity as a regular safety-valve every time he might have been tempted to think or feel—put him for ten days in a place like this——

"Queer place, queer effect it might have. I wonder what it will do to him?"

And outside the rain beat fitfully against the windows, and occasionally in the dead silences of the night I would hear the heavy sound of a ripe orange thumping the ground.

I awoke the following morning to the slow drip of the night's rain from the orange-trees that crowded up to my very windows. That is a luxurious feeling, the gradual waking into a world with which one is at complete peace; the slow drifting off again into a doze after Pietro has knocked for the first time leaving the breakfast-tray at the door, secure in the knowledge that he will return to knock again before the chocolate becomes too cold to drink. My room had been formerly the abbots' refectory. It boasted a balcony, on which I had my breakfasts. And never could the old abbots have enjoyed pleasanter ones. There was an orange-tree close at hand that reached an obliging arm over the very railing. And, looking out, one saw dimly into a shadowy green world, hung like a picture by Uccello, with innumerable orange globes.

I had my breakfast and dressed slowly. Outside, the day was a melancholy one, persuasively, peacefully so. There was no sun, but everything was brightly wet; there were no clouds, but a curtain of gray mist hung in mid-air, obscuring the sharp, naked mountains. I stood on the balcony smelling it all, the earth-smells and rain-smells, and hearing occasionally the trilling of a northward-bound bird. No one could have been farther from my thoughts than Mr. Porter, when suddenly, down the walk that led out through the orange-trees to a point on the cliffs overlooking the bay of Naples, I saw him coming, slowly and measuredly, frowning and biting at the end of a burnt-out cigar, as though he had been pacing up and down there for an hour at least.

I don't know why I did, for I certainly did not welcome his intrusion into the picture, but I jumped over the low railing and joined him.

"Good morning, good morning," he said, and I fancied something forced in his tone. For the look of the man certainly belied his effort at heartiness.

"Have a good night?" I asked. And instantly the frown returned to his forehead, and the cigar to his mouth. "Damnable," he growled. "Those confounded oranges always dropping to the ground!" There was nothing personal about the growl. The voice was simply the man, untrained to softness and modulation because the man had no fine shades of meaning to express; accustomed only to the direct question, the positive statement, or terse command. "I've never known nerves before," he continued; "but two or three more nights like last . . ." He finished with a savage bite on his cigar.

"You're not by any chance sensitive to weather or surroundings?"

"Me!" The entire vigor of the man sprang into his denial of something that in his scale must have seemed a most glaring weakness. "Why?"

"I don't know. I suppose I thought you were more sensitive to extraneous influences than you might have suspected. A place like this would suggest peace, and unless a man could find it . . ."

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He cut me short. "A business man can't afford to have any fancy notions like that!"

"I know," I continued. "He's got to take a quantitative view of life; he's got to shut out any sensitiveness and push along good days or bad, alike, and get things done. But here," I went on, "in a place like this, when one gets away from a life of necessity, one can take the qualitative view. For instance, there are certain moods and impressions that come after midnight that never come by daylight. So you stay up until after midnight for them, even though you have to spend the entire next morning in bed making up sleep." I would have expanded the subject further, for it hit pretty close to fundamentals in my opinion; and, where Europe was concerned, it made the difference between rushing around and seeing a lot of things on schedule, none of which a person would remember, and seeing fewer things, but seeing them well, and at a time when one was in a receptive mood. But looking at him, I saw that he was not interested.

"I've never been in bed beyond eight o'clock in my life," he said. And after a moment's silence, "You've got a queer angle on things, Mr. Marshall." But that was his only comment.

I hoped he would begin to talk about his business; not that I wanted to hear about the business itself, but rather, the opportunity of gauging his attitude to see if there were that glamour in his conception of it that would denote in the man the presence of an imaginative strain, which, under the subtle influences of Sorrento, might spring into sudden and compelling life. But he was silent a long time, and I felt that here was a man as completely adrift beyond all compasses and bearings, as far removed from familiar objects, as though suddenly he had stepped beyond the barrier.

I knew he would not leave his old familiar world of action, with its safeguards of ceaseless activity, without a struggle. And even as though to bear me out completely, he turned toward me suddenly, a drowning man clutching at a straw he seemed, and repeated his question of the night before. "What does one do in this confounded place anyhow!" There it was, a day stretching out to unutterably dull horizons for him because it contained nothing to do.

Do! When you came down to it there was plenty to do. There was Pompeii hardly fifteen miles away, Capri, the Amalfi drive, even Vesuvius. For that matter, there were all the neighboring hillsides to be roamed. I told him all those things. "Yes, I know," he said. "I was talking to that fellow early this morning, the fellow that calls himself the concierge." I could see the whole picture, "the fellow that calls himself the concierge," as though his title were something to be regarded with suspicion, a catch-snare for a high tip; and Mr. Porter up betimes, asking him, asking any one, his question.

We strolled up and down the walk several times, and paused at the outlook over the bay. What a day, with the gray waves rolling up against the rocks, and the gray land ten miles across merging into the clouds! I showed him Vesuvius on one horizon and Ischia on the other, and, returning toward the hotel, something of man's work, an old stone well with a circular stone coping, out of which sprang two fine old iron arms that supported the bucket and curved together at the top to form the cross. There of old, at evening, the monks would have gathered . . . and just beyond was a high wall, hiding whatever might lie beyond. Something to make one dream, a high wall . . .

He was no more attentive than when I told him some day soon the clouds would disappear from around those mountains; one of these days this tree, the almond, would be dotted with pink, and that one, the mimosa, feathered with long yellow sprays.

He turned toward me finally, almost impatiently. Would I mind telling him again how to get to the American Express? I did, and almost regretfully, I thought, he departed. And I understood why. The American Express represented something to do. Once done, the balance of the day loomed emptily ahead.

I met them several times during the next few days as I strolled along the roads of the peninsula. They were always driv-

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ing; the picture was always the same, the two of them in the victoria, expressionless and complacent, looking neither to the left or right.

Our acquaintance had become a mere matter of bows whenever we met at our adjoining tables, for there was nothing to sustain it, and no reason for effort on either side.

And then one day spring came with a rush. The day before there had been a leaden sea and a leaden sky, cold and damp, with nothing to warn of a change so imminent. And the next the long slender mimosa and the pink almonds were in bloom against an azure sky; and in the magic depths under the orange-trees all sorts of starry wild flowers had sprung into delicate life. And it was more than that . . . the smiles that showed on men's faces, even on those of the humblest servants as they moved about the hotel; and the dreams in their eyes . . .

"I'm not exactly certain I understood all you said about my husband. . . ."—Page 248.

That day, as I was leaving the highroad for a narrow stony walk that led upward to the hillsides, I saw the Porters as I had

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seen them every day before. I stopped in the ascent, I remember, and watched them until their noisy horse had borne them around a bend. It seemed so curious to see them driving by, insensately self-contained against that great canopy of spring.

That night, I believe it was, and still four or five days before their sailing-date, Mr. Porter came in to dinner alone. He did not look at all well; he ate almost absent-mindedly and very little. As for her, he said, she had finally succumbed to a cold, for the place was still very damp. The next day he was also alone, and likewise the next. I believe it was that evening, as I was walking down toward the water just before dinner, that I noticed him off through the gathering shadows, a dark silhouette against the fountain.

It was twilight, the time when the shapes and shadows of the past come closest to men's eyes; the hour, as Whistler said, "that a factory becomes a fairy castle." I wanted to find out whether it was accident or design that had brought Mr. Porter to the fountain just then, for there is a good deal of accident about discovering things at the right time; a good deal of instinct.

But I wanted also to find out something immeasurably more fundamental, toward which all knowledge is at best but an uncertain sign-post. Circumstances made him; circumstances made me; circumstances and countless generations of inheritance from out the ceaseless womb of time. And all those things had combined to make us and place us as far apart as the poles. Yet if he and I, as unlike as two mortals could conceivably be, should prove to have that fountain in common, symbolic of all it stood for, toward what great fellow understanding could one not imagine mankind to be groping its slow way?

I approached him softly, and stood for some time without saying a word, and when I did speak it was to say something very quietly, and I hoped in keeping with the preternatural stillness of the evening. But he seemed to be entirely oblivious of my presence, until at last, reluctantly, he turned toward me. I shall never forget the expression of surprise on his face.

"Oh, hello!" he said. It was better for him to have said just that, showing how complete his abstraction had been, than any answer he could possibly have made to my comment about the fountain. And still surprised, he looked about him. "By George, it's getting late! I'd better go in and change."

"If Mrs. Porter is still ill," I said, "why don't you join me at my table? We won't dress." A mood is too evanescent a thing; I didn't want to let him out of my hands even for the brief time it takes to change.

So instead we walked up and down a little, scarcely saying a word, until the distant gong sounded for dinner. As we started for the dining-room, with its bright lights and confusion of sounds, I began to talk slowly, uncertainly at first, for even then I felt far from sure that I would find any responsiveness on his part. There was little to go on except the occasional flash of an unspoken question in his eyes, an occasional faint movement about his mouth, and, for the rest, that expression of complete abstraction.

At first I talked about the men themselves that had created and designed Italy's past, feeling that it was in the men primarily that he would be interested. And from the men, the painters and builders, sculptors and martyrs, associated with the places he had visited, I led the way to the things they had created. I had been reading Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," so I did not lack for anecdote.

After dinner we retired to the lounge, and while I talked he punctuated my remarks with an occasional draw at his cigar, or with a brief comment, such as "Odd fellow, that man!" or "I didn't know that!" He was not a talkative type at best, but now, when he was receiving new impressions, he became unusually quiet.

We parted very early, for he wanted to look in on his wife. And as I left him I said the thing I had been leading up to unconsciously, I suppose, all evening. "Do you ever have the sensation, Mr. Porter, that life is slipping by without your doing or feeling the things you want to?" He seemed to be trying to shake the question off; anyhow he didn't answer. We parted, and I went into the writing-room to get a few letters done.

I had been there half an hour perhaps,

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when some one sat down at the other side of the desk, facing me. I looked up. It was Mrs. Porter. And I suspected she had come into the room, perhaps even having gotten out of her sick-bed to do so, not to write letters, but to talk to me. I spoke to her; said something about having finished my writing. And she came straight to the point.

"Could I talk to you a few minutes," she asked with some embarrassment, in that careful, tired voice of hers, "if you're sure you have quite finished?"

We went over to a sofa. "It's about Mr. Porter?" I said.

She looked at me quickly, but now that the subject was broached she did not attempt to change it. "Yes, it's about Mr. Porter. He did not seem at all well when we first arrived. He almost seemed to have . . ." she hesitated over the word as though betraying something that would have been particularly distasteful to him.

"Nerves?"

She nodded, and went hurriedly on. "It all seems very silly, perhaps. And there is nothing, absolutely nothing, I can put my finger on. But since that first change he seems to have changed again! As for nerves . . ." She left the sentence in mid-air.

"In other words," I said, "you don't think it's anything physical?" And for an instant she looked at me with little short of terror in her eyes, a terror I could readily understand. For as long as her husband's troubles were physical they were something she could minister to. But it was this other, this double change in a man that must at times have seemed almost a stranger to her, that had impelled her to seek out my assistance.

"Do you think, Mr. Marshall"—I felt there was fear in her voice, though it no longer showed in her eyes—"do you think—it could be the place? He has been so active all his life; sometimes, in a quiet place like this where there is nothing to do . . ."—again she broke off sharply, and continued some moments later in a steadier voice. It was pathetic, the protective woman in her, watching over her man. "I tried to keep his days full, until I was just too sick to go on any longer!"

I told her I was going walking with her husband the next day, and would discover what I could. And the conversation, brief though it was, made me wonder. For up to then my interest in the Porters had been solely in the man, and in the possible awakening in him of a self heretofore even unsuspected. But now there was coming into the picture the woman, and the suggestion she brought with her of duties and obligations in the complex interrelationships of life that far outweighed the need, or the right even, of any individual for the fullest growth and development within his capabilities.

The next day being a fine one, we started early for our walk. I remember little about that tramp; there is perhaps little to remember. For the change in Mr. Porter was a change in attitude rather than in words, and even there it was so exceedingly subtle, it was barely perceptible. It was scarcely more than that the man seemed to have become more receptive; more buoyant in his step, more alert in his expression. I noticed it in small ways. At times, like a boy, he would go down the road intent on kicking a stone ahead of him; at times he would look about him, shyly at first, then more often, more deliberately. After a while he was turning his head altogether around to look at something we had passed, or stopping entirely.

"Tired?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I just like to look about."

And I noticed some of the places he stopped to peer into: the mysterious, shadowy interior of a house, built dark and deep against the brilliancy of the Neapolitan sunlight; a glimpse now and then of an old garden through a broken bit of stone wall; or a narrow pathway winding up a hill. And his words were the uncertain words of a man that is speaking a foreign tongue. "There, I like that," he would say, or, "That's great, isn't it?" But he would not use the word "beautiful."

That afternoon we walked up over the backbone of the peninsula and down the other side, winding in and out around the jutting promontories along the Amalfi road. Far below us was the blue ocean melting off into distant haze. Occasionally it was as sombre, in the shadows of

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the mountains, as were they themselves; occasionally too dazzling to bear looking at. And far above were the jagged peaks, reflecting on their alkali faces the many colors of sunset.

And then twilight came, and an uncanny stillness settled over that age-old land, broken only by the weird cries of the shepherds far up on the hillsides calling to their goats. We stopped at a tavern, and each of us had a little golden glass of Strega, the witch-drink of Italy. And then through a fine light drizzle we returned to the hotel.

"This has been great, Mr. Marshall," he said when we parted. "Great! Couldn't we try it again to-morrow?"

"You bet!" I answered. "To-day we stuck to the highroad; to-morrow we'll try a by-road. I know a path worth climbing!"

That evening Mrs. Porter came again into the writing-room within a few minutes after her husband had gone. She looked more tired than ever, and more worried. And I wondered what I could say to this woman, who had turned so pathetically to me.

Perhaps, after all, it was best to tell her everything—all that I had noticed about her husband and all that I had deduced, the whole fine theory about the change that was taking place. I suppose I became a little intoxicated by my words, a little carried away by the enthusiasm of my ideas; for I remember, when I finished and looked at her, the sudden cold-water shock I felt.

She had listened to me politely enough, but only as one that was waiting patiently to voice her own train of thought. And then she said, as though startled by its nature: "Why, I'm not at all sure even that he wants to go home!"

"Nor am I!"

She looked at me dubiously, I believe. "I'm not exactly certain I understood all you said about my husband, Mr. Marshall, but don't you see he *must* go home! Everything his whole life has stood for is at stake. Can't you understand! The wealth he has created for the community with his factory, the employment and livelihood he has given hundreds of workmen, the example he has set the young men by his hard work and punctuality. You can't imagine, Mr. Marshall, how they look up to him!"

There it was, the justification of my belief that the man had innate imagination, an imagination that had coped with his drab environment and built up that fine view of his relation to it; an imagination that now, under the spell of other surroundings, was beginning to unfold its wings to carry him off in sudden flight. But what of all that! Fool that I had been with my delicate theories about the change itself, when the only thing of real, compelling significance in this crazy, complex world of ours was the consequence of the change to others . . . another.

For I must confess I would hardly have considered his position in the community, the wealth and employment he was creating, and all that, sufficient reason for his returning should he desire to order his life otherwise. I can't help regarding much of that talk as pure cant. But there was another face in the picture, a woman's, and she was a much more real consideration to my way of thinking than were all those fine notions about Mr. Porter's beneficent effect on the community.

And what of her! Should Mr. Porter start off now in this other direction, by this other road that seemed to be opening up new horizons to him, would she, at her age, have the resiliency and the imagination to follow him? Had she ever had, I wondered. Hers had been the rôle to interpret him to himself, perhaps, and to steady him in his long course through life, but could it ever have been the creative one?

I do not know why I asked the question, for I must have known that it was he, not she, that had supplied the imagination and glamour to their lives. "It was Mr. Porter, of course, not you, that thought of all that—his position in the community as an employer, a creator of wealth, and an example to the young men?"

She looked at me as though humoring the idle question of a child. "Of course!"

To her the question meant little or nothing; but to me it was the crux of the whole thing, its entire substance and shadow.

I felt strangely depressed at the outset of our walk the following afternoon, and I think Mr. Porter felt much the same,

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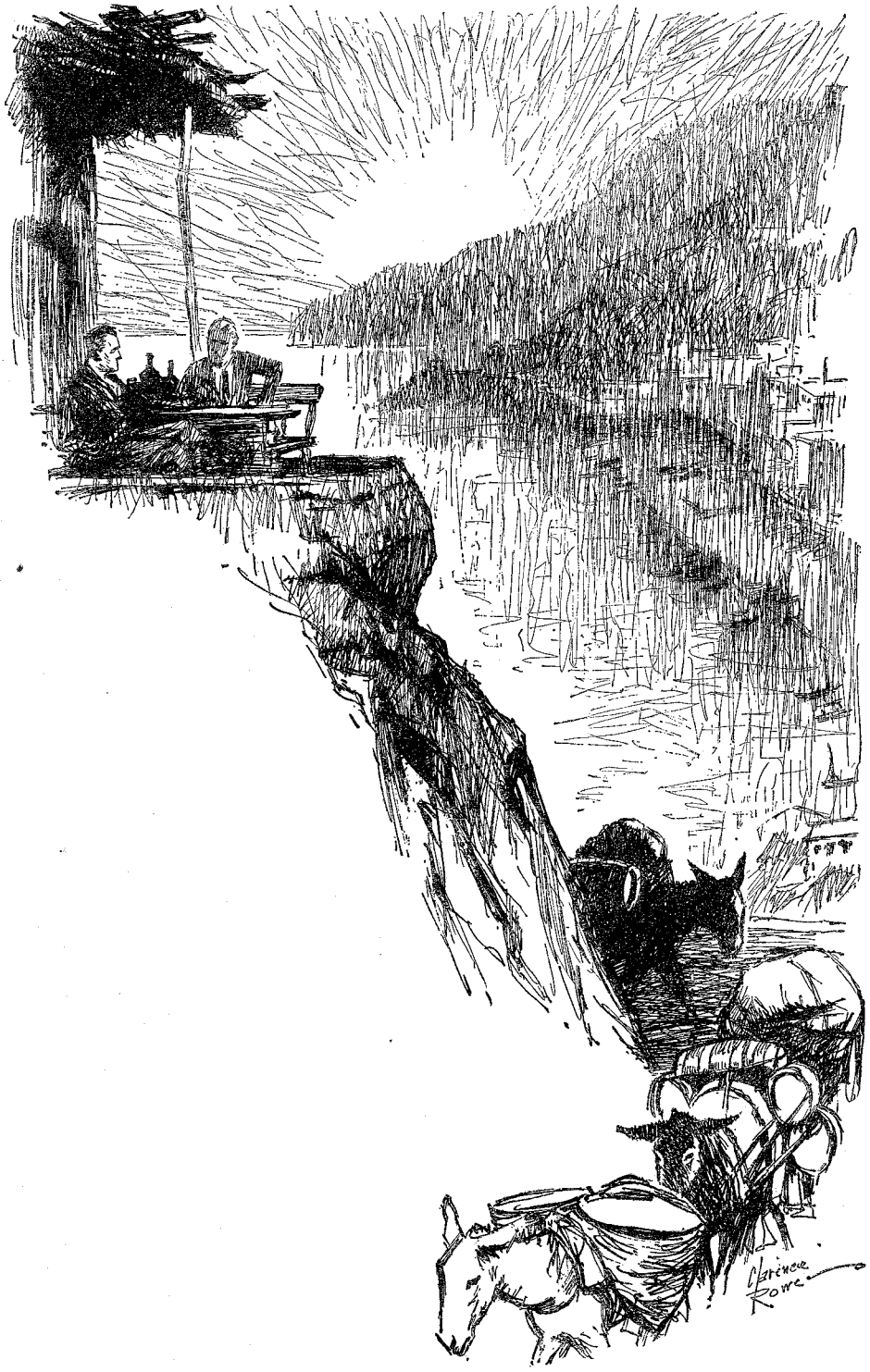

Drawn by Clarence Rowe.

"I could cancel my sailing to-morrow, couldn't I?" he said slowly, and as though to himself.—Page 250.

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for his steamer was sailing the next day. But who could long have remained depressed with that magic of springtime drawing the gayest and lightest out of one? After a bit we had passed beyond the village and reached the turning-off to the narrow pathways that led up and up to the monastery above Massalubrense. "Guess I've always stuck pretty much to the highroad till now," he said, with a look of adventuring in his eyes.

After about an hour's climb we reached it, the fine old ramble of buildings enclosing the overgrown courtyard. The dilapidation of the place was terrible. Once, I suppose, several generations before, the monastery had housed fifty, and had, no doubt, been beautifully kept. But now there were scarcely six. The lure of the golden streets of America had accounted for the others that might have come there to spend their lives.

We rang at the gate, and presently we could hear the echoing footsteps of some one coming down the still corridors. He bowed to us politely, and led us up to the tower from where is obtainable as fine a view as any at that end of the island. But my recollection of those stony fertile hillsides, patchworked by stone walls into fields of orange and olive and almond, is not so clear as the impression of the man that met us in the refectory on our way down. There he was, in that most dismally bare room, up there on the mountain-top above and beyond all men, standing before us in his poor coarse tunic and worn sandals. I shall never forget his fine, drawn features of priest and celibate, or the way, slowly and with great effort, he raised his eyes from our clothes to our faces, ourselves the men unadorned.

"Americani?" he asked, politely. And who could have told what struggle was going on within the man as he raised his eyes with such effort—what realization of all that might have been!

I think it struck Mr. Porter, too. "That fellow there," he said; "I wish I could speak his language! He might have gone to America and made his fortune when he was a young man, instead of dragging up here to spend his days."

"He might," I answered. "He might indeed! And he probably knows it."

Mr. Porter looked at me queerly, I thought. "He's taught me something, that fellow!"

And I have another impression from that afternoon, equally strong, equally relentless. We had tumbled down the steep path again back to the highroad, and, just before sunset, stopped at a wayside inn with a little pergola terrace perched in front of it, above the road. And there on wooden benches, before a wooden table, we sat down to a rest and a bottle of native wine. And then had come over us that pleasant, drowsy feeling that comes with a bottle half-drunk, a little tiredness in one's legs, and down below the occasional passing of a figure along the highway to draw one's thoughts into a revery.

Looking at Mr. Porter, I could tell from the intent concentration on his face, and the vacant eye, just what he was doing. He might have been myself, any of the dreamers that ever were or are to be.

It is inexpressibly terrible to me, this wandering of the soul into the unknown. Things lose their shapes, their every-day familiarity, and the soul goes off distantly searching and groping. Often it is but a moment detached, and goes awandering, stirring but faintly the dust of ages; hearing the ancient battle-cries, the ancient words of love. Sometimes, it meets the universal purposes of life shining clearly on the faces of all men; sometimes strange desires, strange needs, and stranger doubts. But sometimes it journeys off afar to that distant realm where lie hidden, near men's hearts, the things that might have been.

I remember he turned toward me at last with something approaching a sigh, and that old frown of his was again darkening his forehead. "I could cancel my sailing to-morrow, couldn't I?" he said slowly, and as though to himself. "And as for the business, all I've got to do is cable any of half a dozen men I'm willing to sell. . . ."

And I there, that had hoped for and rejoiced in all that had happened . . . It is not difficult to imagine how I felt! I remember I could not look at him then. I could not turn my eyes from that blood-red sunset that was reaching out toward us across the still waters from the West.

"For God's sake, man!" I said at last,

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Drawn by Clarence Rowe.

But never once did Mr. Porter look up or back from counting the few coins left in his hand.—Page 252.

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"this . . . all this . . . is nothing . . . mere froth! Go home to your business . . . where you belong!"

And always in the back of my mind was the picture of that tired, tired woman, his wife. But never once did I mention her name. For men know how it is to be reminded of an obligation to a woman.

I was glad I saw him for the last time as I did the following morning. He was standing in front of the hotel, surrounded by valises and half a dozen servants, puzzling over the Italian money he was counting in his outstretched palm. I went down the walk with them through the orange grove to the little dock. From there Garguilio was to row them off to the steamer that would take them across the bay to Naples. They stepped in, he sitting in the stern-sheets and she facing him in the bow. The servants piled the valises in after them and shoved the boat off. A long time I stood there watching them, until Garguilio had rowed them around the promontory. But never once did Mr. Porter look up or back from counting the few coins left in his hand.

And that is all. I have never seen him or heard of him since. But sometimes I can imagine hearing him say in that dull, heavy growl of his: "Those fellows over there in Italy, once you get to know them, are not a bad lot!"

How do I know he says that? Because they are the words of a man that has glimpsed, even though vaguely, down the mysterious, magic windings of the other road. And sometimes I find myself repeating, as though awaking from a strange dream: "those fellows over there, with their big businesses, once you get to know them . . ."

And sometimes I think of that priest and celibate up there in the mountains, raising his eyes from our clothes to our faces to ask his polite question.

I suppose to every man, some place, some time . . . Thank God, a mood is but an evanescent thing!

Solving the Riddle of a Lost Race

STORY OF THE HITTITES COMING TO LIGHT AFTER 2,000 YEARS

BY HAROLD H. BENDER
Professor of Indo-Germanic Philology in Princeton University

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Thus saith the Lord God unto Jerusalem, Thy birth and thy nativity is of the land of Canaan; thy father was an Amorite, and thy mother an Hittite.

UNTIL the recent discovery and excavation of their ancient capital in Asia Minor, with the disclosure of their state archives and the interpretation of their language, the Hittites were little more than a name. Their few known records defied decipherment, and only an occasional mention from some other source remained to tell of a great empire that had its beginnings two thousand years before Cyrus, Alexander, or Cæsar, of a people that invaded Babylonia, conquered Egypt, imposed its iron will upon the civilized world, and after a millennium of power and glory disappeared, almost without a trace.

When the region between the Nile and the Euphrates was still the Promised Land to the wandering children of Israel, it was chiefly as the land of the Hittites that it was described. And, when finally Canaan was conquered, the Hebrews dwelt among the Hittites to the west of the Jordan, married their daughters, and at times served their gods. It was from

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Uriah the Hittite that David took Bathsheba, the mother of Solomon, who himself clave in love to princesses of the same alien race.

The Hittites appear, too, in the early records of Egypt and Assyria, and in the problematic Vannic inscriptions. A fragmentary chronicle of the first Babylonian dynasty (2225-1926 B. C.) refers to an invasion of Akkad by the king of the Hittites. After the Egyptians and the Babylonians, the Hittites were the third great power of the ancient Orient. They were aggressively rich and militant, and, while they borrowed much from the superior culture of Babylonia and Egypt, they made a deep and lasting impress, in art, architecture, and religion, as well as in war, upon the various peoples of antiquity from Greece to Mesopotamia and from the Black Sea to the Nile.

They contributed, from their mines along the north coast of Asia Minor, the first iron to the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Ægeans, and to this extent they were responsible for the transition of civilization, in the Mediterranean and the East, from the Age of Bronze to the Age of Iron. But after centuries of conquest and domination, and after helping, with the new weapons of iron, in the downfall of the Egyptian empire, the great Hittite empire itself fell, beginning about 1200 B. C., into a number of small states and became subject to the Assyrians. As a people the Hittites vanished from history, forgotten even by classical antiquity, and for more than two thousand years their language was not only dead but entirely unknown.

In various parts of Syria and Asia Minor there have been discovered within the past fifty years numerous architectural remains, rock sculptures, and stone monuments with pictographic inscriptions which have been identified as Hittite. The hieroglyphic writing on these monuments is different from the Egyptian and apparently unique: despite many attempts at decipherment, it is to this day an enigma. Until a very few years ago it seemed that direct knowledge of the Hittites, their government, their history, their language, and their culture, must depend mainly upon the almost hopeless reading of these hieroglyphs.

But then a discovery and a decipherment were made that in historic and linguistic importance rank little below those of the Rosetta stone, which provided the key for the decipherment of the ancient monuments of Egypt, or the Behistun rock, which, with its congeners at Persepolis, enabled scholars to read the Achæmenian inscriptions of Darius and Xerxes, and revealed to the modern world the Old Persian and Babylonian languages.

The Hittite language, completely lost since long before Christ, and concealed rather than revealed by the hieroglyphic inscriptions of the monuments, is now, through this discovery and this decipherment, no longer an unknown speech. And, by reason of the central position of the Hittites in Asia Minor, in contact with Assyria, Babylonia, Syria, Egypt, and the Ægean, a new and brilliant light is thrown upon the history and civilization of the ancient world, a light that penetrates far back into the third millennium before Christ.

It was long assumed, chiefly from their relations with the Israelites, that the seat of the Hittites was in northern Syria, but it is now established that Syria was merely a late conquest, and that the real home of the race was in Asia Minor. Indeed, the actual capital of the Hittite empire, known to antiquity as Hatti, has recently been found near the modern village of Boghazköi, ninety miles due east from Angora. The ruins of this great walled city were first carefully excavated and explored in 1906-7 and 1911-12 by Hugo Winckler and an expedition operating under the auspices of the German Orient-Society of Berlin, the Imperial German Archæological Institute, and the Near East Society of the Imperial Ottoman Museum in Constantinople. Just under the surface of the open ground, in the rooms of a ruined palace, and in what may have been a temple, have been discovered the survivals of a great state archive, including some twenty thousand fragments and units of clay tablets, dating chiefly from the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries B. C., and containing Hittite *cuneiform* writing.

The great majority of the tablets are now in the Museum of Antiquities in Stamboul (until recently known as the

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Imperial Ottoman Museum in Constantinople), but others are in Berlin, Paris, and London. They average about eight by twelve inches in size and are usually written on both sides in two columns each, a column containing from forty to more than one hundred lines. This entirely new material is as rich and valuable in content and variety as it is in bulk: royal edicts, laws, treaties, diplomatic correspondence and other letters to and from the kings of Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria, historical fragments, vocabularies, incantations, rituals, sacrificial texts, omens, prayers, prophecies.

In courtesy to the discoverer, his colleagues waited during a long illness for Professor Winckler to edit the texts. But he died in 1913, and then came the years of war, so that it was not until within the last few years, and even months, that much of the material has been available to scholars outside of Germany and Austria. But meanwhile in those countries and in Turkey the great task of sorting, assembling, copying the tablets, and deciphering, editing, and analyzing the texts was begun under the joint auspices of the Berlin Orient-Society and the Austrian Ministry of Instruction, and it has been carried on with brilliant success by Hrozný, Forrer, and others.

The method of deciphering an unknown tongue from written documents follows what is sometimes known in mathematics as "the rule of trial and error"; that is, experiment directed by probabilities. The method is not unlike that employed in Edgar Allan Poe's story, "The Gold-Bug." By the decipherment of a cryptogram written on a piece of vellum, Captain Kidd's buried treasure is located and recovered. The first line of the cipher runs:

53‡‡†305))6*;4826)4‡.)4‡);806*;48†8¶60

The first step is to guess the language. This is assumed to be English, because the document is signed with the figure of a kid and the pun would be appreciable in no other language. Then the frequency of the characters is counted and it is found that the figure *8* occurs thirty-three times, the semicolon twenty-six times, and so on down to the period, which appears only once. Now in English the letter *e* is the most frequent, and after it in order come *a*, *o*, *i*, *d*, *h*, etc. The letter *e* is often doubled in English, and *8* is doubled five times in the cipher. So *8* is assumed as *e*. The most usual word in English is *the*, and we find seven repetitions of the same two characters followed by *8*, so we temporarily put down *;48* as *the*. This gives us three values for further experiment and *the t-ee* is by elimination turned into *the tree*, and we thus gain another letter; *th-rtee-* becomes *thirteen*, and we have two more characters. Finally each temporary value survives frequent tests and becomes permanent, so that the entire cipher can be translated, and the first line reads:

"A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's . . ."

When the trilingual inscriptions, written in Old Persian, Babylonian, and Susian, on the monuments of the ruins and tombs at Persepolis were first known to the Western world it was thought that the cuneiform characters were mere ornamentation, and when Grotefend began his labors, in 1802, not even the names of the three languages were known. One of the earliest guesses had been that the inscriptions were to be read from left to right. Another was that the characters in the columns now known to be Old Persian were alphabetic and not syllabic. Then Niebuhr counted, copied, and arranged the forty-two separate signs that he was able to distinguish. Other scholars discovered that a single oblique wedge was a dividing sign between words.

At this point progress stopped until Grotefend noticed that the style of writing which had been designated as No. 1 invariably occupied the most prominent place. This he assumed to be ancient Persian, the language of the rulers who had erected the edifices at the capital of the Achæmenian empire. Later, Nos. 2 and 3 were taken to be translations of No. 1 into two languages, one of which was presumably the current speech of Mesopotamia, since Assyria and Babylonia were important parts of the Persian empire.

Next, Grotefend compared two short Old Persian inscriptions which showed frequent recurrence of the same signs and seemed thus to be similar in content. He observed that the same word was often

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repeated in both texts, and, as these inscriptions were found above the figures of Persian kings, he suspected, as had, indeed, been fancied before, that this word meant *king*. He assumed that in each inscription the first word was the name of the king who set up the text and that the following words meant, as was customary in the later, Sassanian, inscriptions of Persia, *great king, king of kings*. The names of the Achæmenian kings were familiar through tradition and through mention by classical writers, and it was then a matter of experiment to fit them into the inscriptions according to their length. And, when it was seen that the name at the beginning of one text appeared in the third line of the other text with a word that might mean *son*, he put down tentatively *Darius, great king, king of kings*, and *Xerxes, great king, king of kings, son of Darius king*. From the Persian name for Darius at least four characters, *d, a, r, sh*, were permanently established.

As the identification of signs progressed, words began to emerge and temporary values could be assigned to them on the basis of their resemblance to known words in related languages. And so, step by step, the work went on, until now the ancient cuneiform languages of Persia, Assyria, and Babylonia are known, almost as if they had never been lost.

From Mills, "The Book of the Ancient World."

Hittite rock-sculpture at Ibriz in Cilicia representing a Hittite god, and showing the undeciphered hieroglyphic writing.

With the Hittite, however, the problem was simpler, for although the language was quite unknown, the actual writing was the Babylonian cuneiform and could be transliterated from the beginning. But there were many difficulties before the language could be restored. The tablets are sometimes indistinct and very

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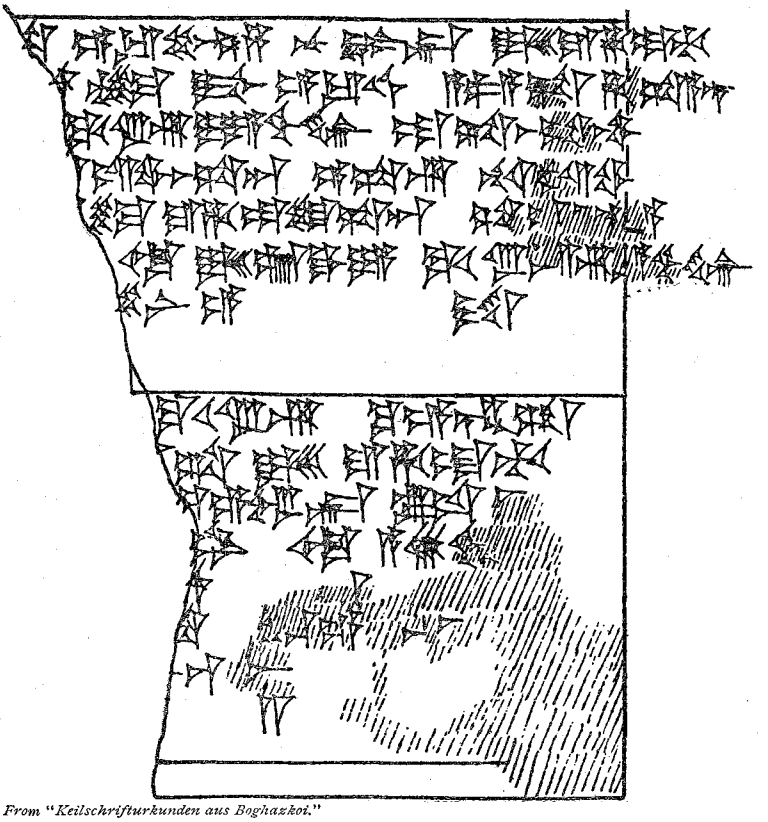
often fragmentary. Most of the inscriptions are unilingual and depend largely upon themselves for interpretation, although there are bilingual and trilingual fragments with parallel columns in Hittite, Akkadian (Babylonian), and occasionally Sumerian. But contained in this Hittite material, incorporated as part of sentence after sentence, are a great many Akkadian words, expressed either in syllabic Akkadian vocables or in the Sumerian ideograms which Akkadian texts frequently use. Whole lines are written in Akkadian, but such Akkadian words sometimes have Hittite inflectional elements, and they must have been read and pronounced as Hittite. What that pronunciation was we often do not know, but in meaning these Akkadian words are extremely valuable and they furnish the foundation of Hittite interpretation: again and again they give the key to the general sense of a sentence.

Thus the work is proceeding, but it will be an enormous task to complete the analysis of all the material and to draw from it all the inferences and conclusions that have already begun to appear. The main question, and perhaps the most interesting problem now before the philological world, concerns the relationship of the Hittite to other languages. It certainly is not Semitic, nor related to the tongues of Egypt or Mesopotamia. But it may belong to our own family, the Indo-European or Aryan, which embraces the speech of the Hindus and the Persians, the Greeks and the Romans, the Slavs, the Celts, and the Teutons, including the Scandinavians and the English.

Hrozný has claimed that Hittite is an independent Indo-European tongue and



From "Keilschrifturkunden aus Boghazkoi."

Copy of part of a mutilated cuneiform tablet.
It is a bilingual edict of an old king, Tabarna, written in Hittite and Akkadian.

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From "Mitteilungen der Deutschen Orient-Gesellschaft."

Hittites on the battle-relief of Rameses II.

that it has special affinities with the Latin. His argument has been accepted and extended by a number of other competent scholars, some of whom believe that generic Indo-European relationship is established beyond a doubt. They offer some alluring comparisons, such as Hittite *esmi*, "I am," with Lithuanian *esmi;* Hittite *ves-*, "to clothe," with Latin *vestis; tat*, "that one," with Sanskrit *tat; kuis, kuit*, "who, what," with Latin *quis, quid; uga*, "I," with Latin *ego;* and many declensional and conjugational forms.

This is the direction in which philological opinion is moving, but there are still several questions to be answered before permanent advance can be made beyond the position that the Hittite was not an Indo-European language, but that at some time and in some manner it came under the influence of an Indo-European tongue. The great majority of known Hittite words are not Indo-European, and many resemblances may be due to borrowing or to the sheer chance that makes, for example, the Algonkian river-name Potomac look like Homer's word for river, *potamos*. Hittite morphology has a more Indo-European aspect than the vocabulary, but the resemblance is strikingly closer in the derivative elements than in the inflectional bases. This in itself is an indication of the secondary nature of the Indo-European influence in the language.

Hittite is weak in most of the particulars which are universally considered the least eradicable features of Indo-European speech and the best criteria in any claim for admission to the family. Its numerals are written with figures (Sumerian ideograms) and give no basis for comparison. Its nouns of relationship, words like *father, mother, brother,* offer practically nothing of the great body of vocabulary that is preserved so faithfully in the various Indo-European languages. Connection of some kind is indicated by the pronouns, but at best they are a curious mixture of assonance and dissonance with the Indo-European.

Hittite culture and Hittite religion, so far as they have been revealed, both by the hieroglyphic and the cuneiform monuments, have a decidedly un-Indo-European appearance. We know now that the names of the gods and kings were not Indo-European, and that Hittite culture was largely dependent upon Babylonia. The ethnographical type of the Hittites, as portrayed on numerous sculptures, especially on Egyptian monuments, which usually represent racial types with extraordinary fidelity, suggests nothing Occidental, European, or Indo-European, but rather the characteristic Asia Minor-Armenian type. It is true that we do not know what the Indo-European type was, but we may be sure that it was not that of the Hittites as depicted in ancient stone. Indeed, it was through intermarriage with the Hittites that the Semites of Palestine received the marked type of face that to this day distinguishes the Jews from the Indo-European peoples.

And if Hittite is Indo-European, then something has happened here that has no precedent: an Indo-European language, a literature, and a religion have been absorbed, almost beyond recognition, by a

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foreign civilization. At no other time or place in history or prehistory, so far as we know, certainly not in India or Persia, Greece or Rome, do Indo-Europeans submit so complacently and so thoroughly to an alien culture. The absorption of Hittite is too early and too complete to be easily credible. We should have to imagine, at least as early as the fifteenth century B. C., a stage of corruption and alien influence, both in vocabulary and form, that is not reached elsewhere in the Indo-European field until thousands of years later. The Hittite of thirty-five hundred years ago, many centuries before Homer, was less archaic in its quality than the present-day speech of the peasants in the new republic of Lithuania.

But the whole question of Anatolian linguistics has been opened anew by these recent finds, and it is too early to predict the final outcome of what must be a long and complicated investigation. Indo-European influence of some kind is certain. Among the inscriptions of Boghazköi is a treaty, drawn about 1360 B. C., between Subbiluliuma, king of the Hittites, and Mattiuaza, king of the Mitanni, who lived on the banks of the upper Euphrates, and whose empire embraced all Mesopotamia in the sixteenth century B. C. In this treaty the gods of both countries are invoked as witnesses, and among the gods of Mitanni appear four names which are apparently those of Vedic gods, Mitra, Varuna, Indra, and the Nasatyas. In another document, written by one "Kikkuli from the land Mitanni," are several Sanskritic numerals and other words. And there are various indications of early Indo-Iranian dynastic movements westward into the alien regions beyond the Iranian plateau, especially into Mesopotamia and Syria, where, as early as the fifteenth century B. C., are found the names of Indo-Iranian kings and gods.

It would solve many problems if we could assume that all traces of Indo-European in ancient Asia Minor were the results of one great and early Indo-European movement of conquest followed by disintegration and absorption. But these Indo-Iranian remnants are east Indo-European, while Hittite, if it belongs to the family at all, seems to be west Indo-European. Nor is any chronological agreement possible. The two strata are tens of centuries apart in their respective stages of linguistic development, and neither can be connected with the Phrygian and Armenian migrations, not long before 500 B. C., of Indo-Europeans from Thrace into Asia Minor.

The larger part of the inscriptions that have been found at Boghazköi is in the Hittite language, but in the remainder, comprising possibly one-tenth of the entire material, seven other languages in cuneiform script have recently been discovered. The Mandaic, Harrian, Luvian, Balaic, and the so-called Proto-Hittite, which is unrelated to Hittite, were all actually spoken at some time by the peoples included within the Hittite empire, but much further research will be necessary before their exact relationships are established. The two remaining languages are the Sumerian and the Akkadian. At the time of the inscriptions, Sumerian, the language of the pre-Semitic inhabitants of Babylonia and later the sacred language of that country, was a dead language, but, like Latin with us, it was taught in the Hittite schools and was used in hymns and rituals. Akkadian, the ancient Semitic language of Babylonia, was the language of diplomacy, like French in modern times, and appears chiefly in treaties, international negotiations, and commercial correspondence.

Closely connected with the finds at Boghazköi are the cuneiform letters on clay tablets, dating from the end of the fifteenth century B. C., that were unearthed in 1887 at Tel-el-Amarna, a ruined city in Upper Egypt, between Memphis and Thebes. These letters, several hundred in number, were addressed to Egyptian pharaohs by kings of Babylonia, Assyria, Mitanni, and Canaan, and by Egyptian governors in Syria and elsewhere. Among them is a letter from the Hittite king Subbiluliuma to the king of Egypt, the first cuneiform document from the Hittite empire known to the modern world. And there are two letters, one of which was written to the Arzawa king Tarhundaraba by the Egyptian pharaoh Amenhotep or Amenophis III, who reigned in the eighteenth dynasty. The Arzawa language of these two letters, it now appears, was at least related to Hittite, if it was not identical with it.

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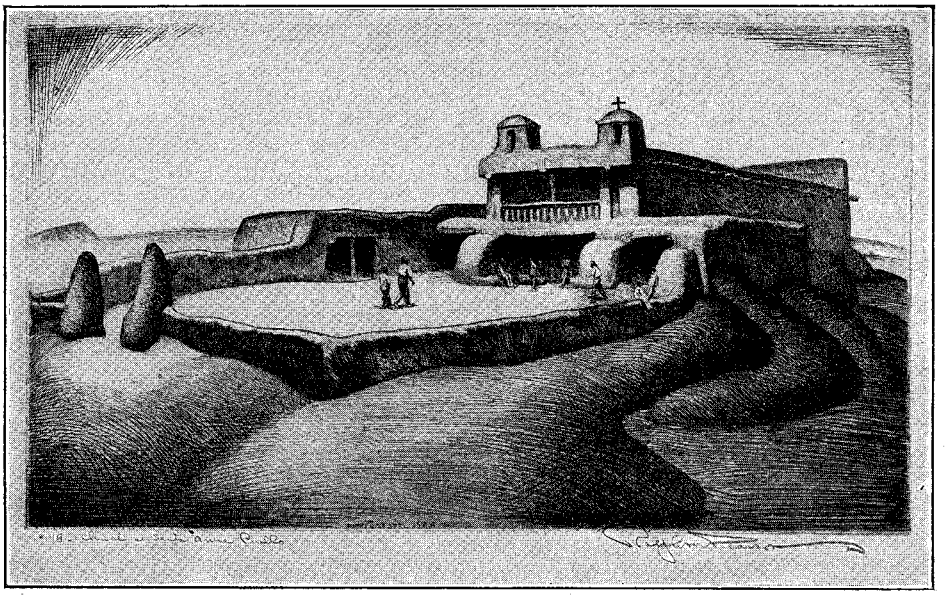


Mission church at Santa Anna Pueblo, built by Indians under direction of the Spanish padres, early eighteenth century.

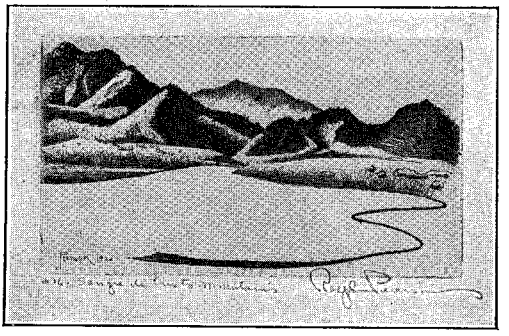
Etchings

BY RALPH M. PEARSON

MR. PEARSON, an artist of purely American training, spent four years in an art colony on the Hudson before he went West. In New Mexico in an adobe house near Taos he continued his study and sketching for five years.

In etching he began to feel the inadequacy of the methods he practised and after some years of experiment he found in the so-called "modern" work of the day a vitality and tendency to design, qualities which have greatly influenced him in his later work.

The artist considers that "Taos Pueblo" and "Interpretation" (frontispiece) are probably the best plates from the earlier period.



Sangre de Cristo Mountains, north of Santa Fé.

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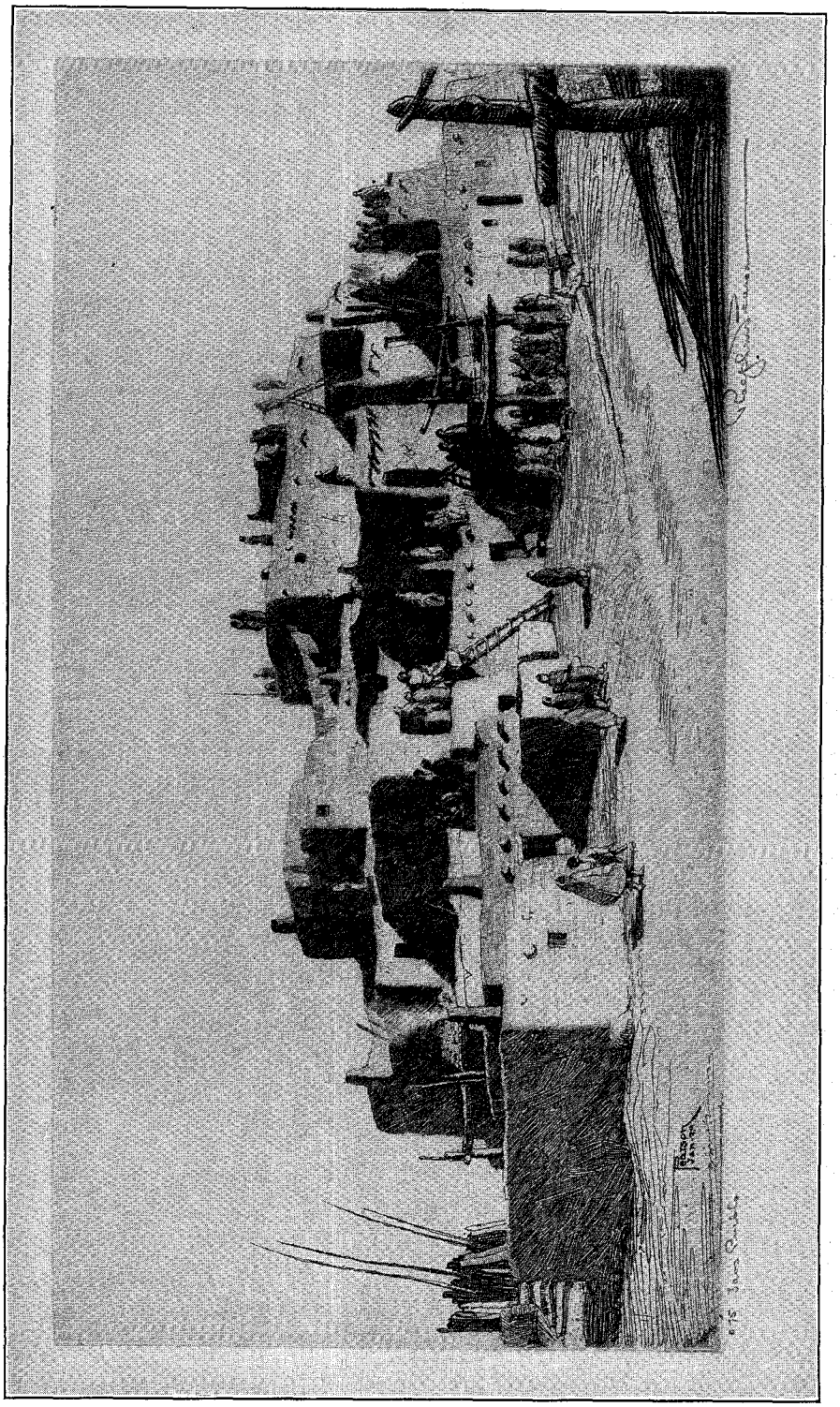

One of the two Pueblo Indian groups at Taos about five hundred years old.

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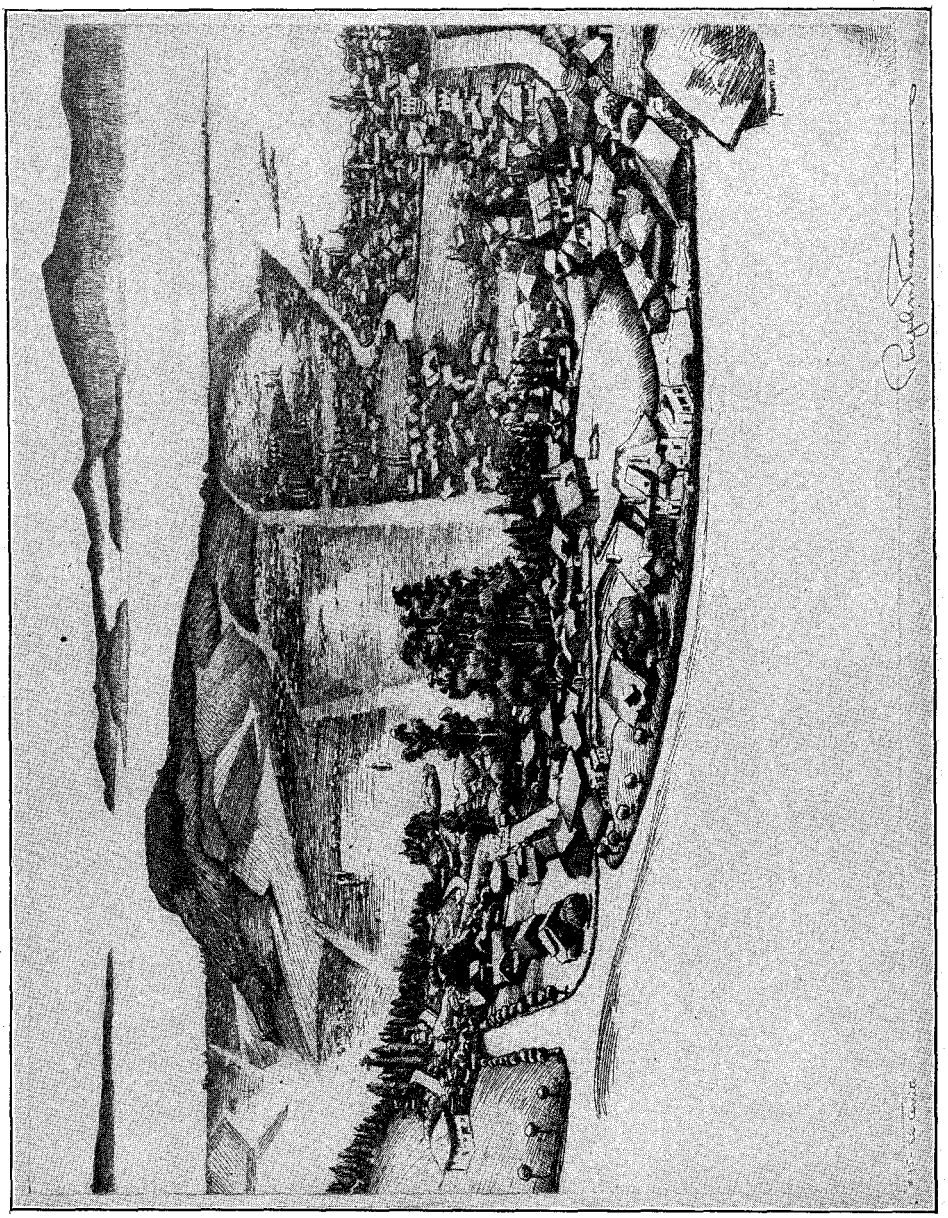

El Cerrito, an arrangement using Berkeley, California, from the air as a motive.

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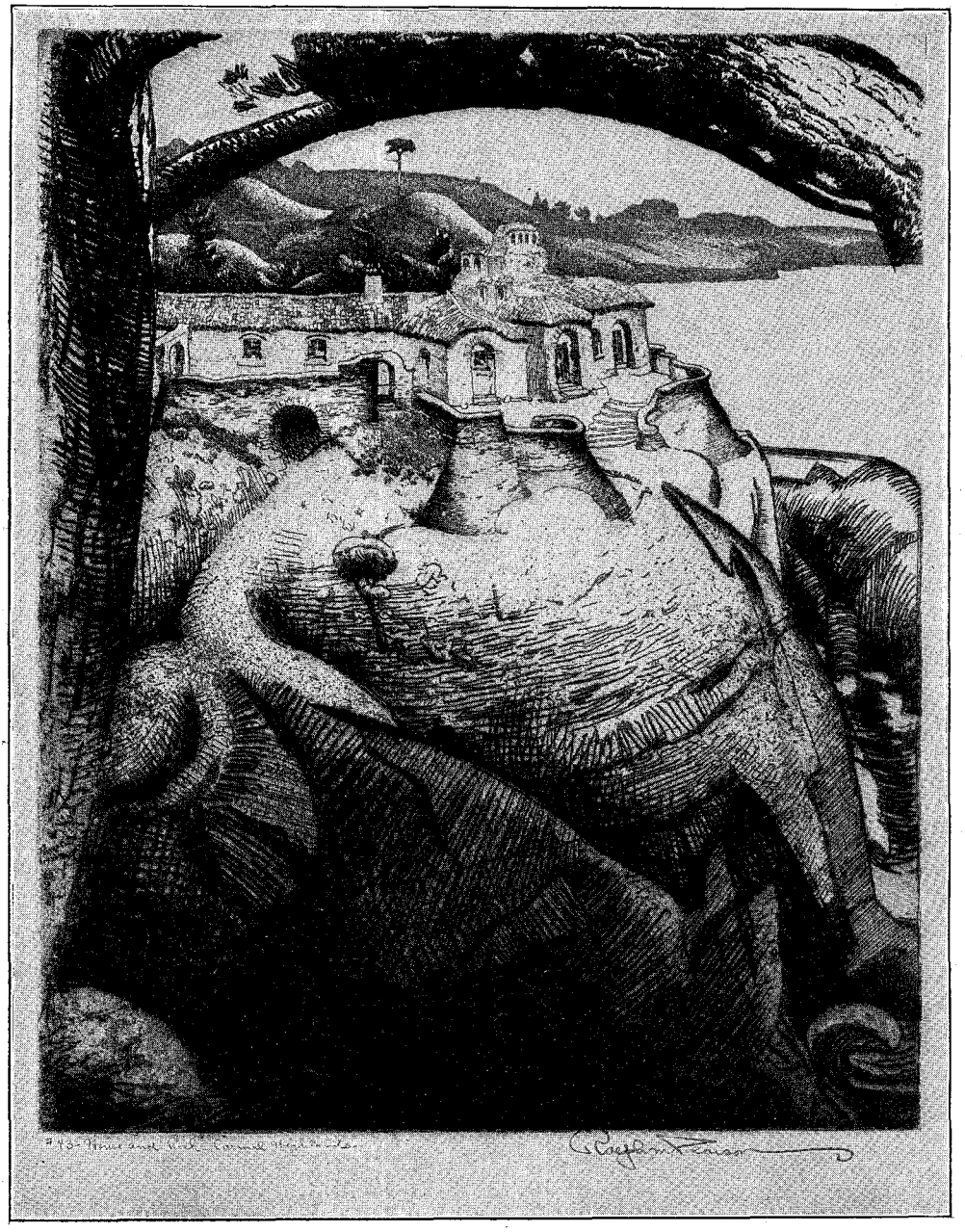

A private house on the rocks at Carmel Highlands.

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Gladys Marley

BY CLARKE KNOWLTON
Author of "The Apollo D'oro"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY B. DAVIS

DESIRED, misunderstood, cruelly maligned—a haunting, gold-haired figure outlined against the intricate background of her own cotton-fields. Was he always to see her like that, and never clearly? And would he ever comprehend the strange compulsions, the complicated motivations that lay behind the bewildering drama in which his own life had become so fantastically involved?

As his train rushed northward through the blazing July heat, Philip Van der Byl reviewed it all.

Memphis, fog, Egypt. . . . The beat of tambourines. . . . Slim soft débutantes flaunting their youth and nudity. . . . Haggard-eyed youths, raw whiskey, speed, death, dice. And under all and over all, the rhythmic incantation of black African slaves. Memphis—the gateway to the delta, Memphis—city of cotton firms and lumber, Memphis high on her bluffs and reaching eastward, recoiling from the river, struggling desperately to forget the river—the mighty Mississippi, the vast and cruel Mississippi, gluttonous, amorous, irresistible; treacherous, inscrutable, awe-inspiring; the Mississippi moving endlessly past the city, forever gliding past the city, monstrously winding to the southward, making eternally for the sea. And the name of a State like the ripple of summer wind over sweet grasses—Tennessee.

A foggy December night, a glittering fashionable party, going on from there with a couple of other men to that very secluded dwelling. . . . Such pretty painted ladies. One of them decidedly more than pretty: "The mistress of Barry Marley—that dark haired man beside her!" And he had had a letter to a Marley in his pocket, but not addressed to Memphis—it was that which had misled him! Still, he had been moved to put the question. . . . Inevitable, like all the rest. And Marley had asked him to come down with no mention of a wife. Might call that the Prelude!

That dinner-party some nights later in the home of Marley's friend, with a heavy lady on his right, to whom he had explained three separate times that Marley in arranging for him to motor down had planned to meet him here. The lady's mention of Mrs. Marley. His involuntary "*Is* there a Mrs. Marley?" Fool question! After all—knowing the world—why not a Mrs. Marley? . . . "Henrietta, he wants to know if there *is* a Mrs. Marley!" . . . Henrietta, fixing her black eyes upon him: "You don't *know* Gladys Marley?" Odd, all the men looking at the ceiling, clicking as of knitting-needles in the minds of the women almost audible as they stared at him, and a little hurt look in the eyes of the man across the table. Pregnant, waiting silence. A certain internal writhing. "Mr. Van der Byl, are you a married man?" The too speculative eyes of the women. "Every fifth generation of the Van der Byls never marries." His host coming to his assistance: "Mrs. Marley is a very charming woman, a very charming woman indeed!" A lessening of the tension. . . . The end of the dinner—after the ladies had left the table: a white-faced young man staggering to his feet with an unpleasant laugh. "A Toast!" The liquor was spilling over his fingers, dripping down upon the table. "To Gladys Marley, the damnedest—" But some one jerked him into his chair, others told him to shut up, that he had had too much to drink; abruptly, the man across from Van der Byl pushed back his chair, rose, and left the table.

"The Mississippi is just over there." Marley took his hand off the wheel to motion vaguely to the right.

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"All the way down, yesterday, your friend's chauffeur kept telling me that it was 'just over there to the right—out of sight.' If I hadn't seen it at Memphis, I'd begin to think you were all under the influence of a local hallucination."

"Oh, it's real enough," rejoined Marley carelessly. He pointed to a long, low line that wound sinuously across the flat fields. "That's the levee; the Mississippi is just beyond it. In the old days it was no mean job to see that the river stayed beyond it—at times of high water, I mean. We had some pretty desperate struggles, not always successful—I've been all over this country in a boat."

"As bad as that?"

"Yes. . . . We went round picking people off roof-tops." For a moment he was lost in retrospection. "The saddest thing was the cattle."

"I can see how that would be. Not much chance for them."

"There were comical things, though. If you could have seen the indignation of certain hens as they floated away on bits of wreckage—funniest thing I ever saw!"

The car plunged along a raised embankment through a bit of swamp where giant cypress-trees stood desolate and dreary, ankle-deep in water. There was a hint of menace in the air under the insidious Southern languor, strange, hypnotic.

"I suppose," remarked Van der Byl, impressed by the gloom of the swamp under the fading afternoon light, "that originally all this country was much like this?"

"Yes. Forests. Rich land fed by the river. Quite a job to clear it." For a time Marley gave his attention to the driving. The sky was overcast, a rain seemed imminent. The speedometer crawled to fifty, sixty miles.

"Suppose—ought to tell you—wife," Marley said suddenly. They were flashing round a curve, and the wind whipped away his words, so that Van der Byl did not catch them. "Wife and two fine boys—away at school now." He seemed a little embarrassed. . . . Odd, about that woman in Memphis; somehow Marley didn't seem the sort! Still, the standard set for married men by bachelors and wives might not be so easy to live up to under certain conditions—could tell better later, after meeting——

"You probably won't meet my wife before dinner—only a couple of hours—she'll be dressing." Marley flung round in a quick look, and his eyes were full of merriment. Rather nice eyes those!

And, as it happened, the remark was amply vindicated; for two hours later when cocktails were served in the library, Mrs. Marley had not yet made her appearance. "We may as well go ahead," suggested her husband, "Gladys doesn't take them—says the effect is too uncertain."

The cocktails were served by an aged negro whom Marley addressed as Jason—a negro in whose quiet bearing there was the simple dignity, the artless assurance of one untroubled by the need of creating impressions. This same old negro had come knocking, a half-hour earlier, at Van der Byl's door with the information, "Miss Gladys say tell you, Major Marley gwin dress fer dinner!" so completely reversing Marley's earlier: "No. Don't bother to dress. I shan't."

"A pleasant trip in South America!" Marley raised his glass.

"And a not too distant meeting in New York," rejoined his guest.

And then Mrs. Marley came into the room.

Softly she came and quietly, so that it was rather a surprise to find her there. Van der Byl had a quick impression of ivory and pale gold and hyacinth blue as he hastily set down his glass; an impression, too, of shyness, of hesitancy, in the figure that stood poised for a moment, delicate and glowing, against the high white panel of the door. And now she was coming toward him, smiling a little, and murmuring appropriate nothings—like a highly trained and expensive mannequin going through her paces. But before he could take her hand, she stopped, and the gray eyes opened very wide as they travelled up, up, up to his face.

"What's the matter, Gladys?" questioned Marley in amusement. It occurred to Van der Byl that, if the woman were acting, the effect of ingenuousness was nothing short of triumph in art.

For what seemed a long moment she regarded him quite seriously, questioningly, frankly surprised; and then, slowly, she advanced and extended her hand. "Bar-

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ry," she said simply, with a nod over her shoulder toward her husband, "told me that you were short and bald and weighed two hundred pounds."

Marley laughed delightedly.

"He seems given to exaggeration," replied Van der Byl as he took her hand.

"I wanted my dinner," remarked Marley plaintively.

"And of course," confessed Mrs. Marley with a little laugh, "I *would* have put on a much prettier dress—" She glanced down disparagingly at her exquisite gown of hyacinth blue.

"And we'd have been waiting yet!" interjected Marley.

Mrs. Marley ignored the interruption. "If I had known," she continued, "that instead, you were tall and blond and—and——"

"Practically a skeleton!" Van der Byl finished for her.

"You have been ill," she said quickly, and the gray eyes were full of pity. "Barry says that is why you are going to South America."

"I had to have an excuse to get away from New York and business," he answered lightly, but her sympathy thrilled him oddly.

"I know something about being ill," she confided seriously; "it's very terrible!" And, suddenly, he became aware that tragic shadows lurked in the mysterious depths of those remarkably lovely eyes.

"She means having babies," broke in Marley. "To Gladys, all illness is like that!"

"In which case, my experience would hardly be of interest. I was about to start on a long and detailed account of symptoms."

Mrs. Marley shuddered. "Please do not!" she pleaded. "If you only knew what I went through yesterday."

"She went to a card-party," explained Marley, "and when she came home, I had to put her to bed."

"All afternoon, I heard nothing but scandal and diseases; it was *too* awful!"

"Gladys can't stand that sort of thing," laughed Marley. "In a way she's a confirmed optimist: doesn't want to hear about the other side."

"As a star invalid, I feel my stock going down and down. Such beautiful symptoms too!"

"Have another cocktail!"

Outside, the delayed rain was now falling heavily, beating against the window-panes. A few drops splashed down the chimney and sizzled upon the fire. All through dinner it continued, settling to a steady, sodden, depressing deluge, the sound of which, like the motive of a melancholy symphony, was audible behind the gayest conversation.

After dinner, they showed him pictures of the two boys. He remarked that the younger, a handsome lad of about twelve, greatly resembled his mother. Mrs. Marley picked up the picture and regarded it intently. "Yes," she said meditatively, "I'm afraid he *will* be like me."

"Afraid?" mocked Marley.

The guest said a guestly thing. Mrs. Marley turned a little away.

"Why would it be so awful, Gladys?" questioned Marley with a twinkle in his eye. He spoke indulgently, as one might address a child.

"Because," said Gladys Marley over her shoulder, and her words came to them a little blurred, "he would go to the farthest ends of the earth and die somewhere alone!"

Marley put his hand on her shoulder

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affectionately. "If he were like you," he said quickly, "and died alone, it would be because he wanted to die alone."

"No," said Mrs. Marley in a small voice. "His tragedy would be to desire, but never to—" She broke off and turned to Van der Byl. "Please don't think me absurd!" she apologized. But, oddly, it had not occurred to him to think her absurd; instead, contrary to his expectation, he found that he felt an immense sympathy for this beautiful, ageless woman who seemed, somehow, pathetic in her dress of hyacinth blue, a gay dress—obviously the creation of some French designer—that bloomed with an alien and extravagant loveliness in the rather dreary vastness of that high old room.

In the morning he was awakened by the thunder of the rain, which seemed to have continued, at least at intervals, through the night. Rising, he went to the window. The Marley house, though large, was all on one floor—a floor raised some half score of feet above the ground. From the window he looked out over sodden cotton-fields, where the brown stalks of last year's crop, rising in long rows, gave a certain direction to the spreading plain of water upon which he could dimly make out several scattered negro shacks that seemed to float, derelict and forlorn, under the slanting rain.

Throughout the morning they were kept indoors by the downpour, which only ceased toward noon. After luncheon Marley pleaded business and withdrew to "the office," located in a wing of the mansion. Van der Byl was left alone with Mrs. Marley.

"I've never known any one like you," she said thoughtfully, after a pause.

"I hope you're expressing admiration?"

"You frighten me."

"How so?"

"I think it's your eyes."

"My eyes?" He put up his hand as though to feel them.

"When you're pleased they are—they are—they are—" She sought for a simile and found it triumphantly. "Sunlight and blue ice!"

"Hum! And at other times?"

She regarded him critically. "Rather terrible. I don't envy the women you have hated, Mr. Van der Byl."

"Hated? An ugly word. Unless you mean by reversal?" But he saw that she did not follow him.

"It would be—for them," she said slowly, "like—like fighting with flowers against rapier points."

"The flowers always came from me," he pointed out quizzically.

"And yet, the very fact that you want to find out the truth might be of help—unless—of course——"

"And you think I want to find out the truth?" He was serious now, under his bantering manner.

"I think that you've been badly disillusioned."

"I'm thirty-nine."

"But that there is hope for you."

"Why?"

"You're free."

He made a weary gesture.

"You're going on," she said. "Somehow, I see you always going on."

"And do you see toward what I am going on?"

She shook her head. "No. Only you mustn't give up. Giving up is—is fatal!" She opened one of the long French windows, and together they stepped out upon the gallery. The cool, wet air blew across their faces. Down below, in the dripping garden, there were roses in bloom that contrasted vividly with bare brown stalks.

"So you don't believe in resignation?"

For a moment she did not answer; her gaze travelled across the garden and lost itself in the towering wall of the great cypress brake beyond. "I think," she said presently, "that when one is ready to *see*, the way will be opened."

A dazzling flash of blue swept before their eyes. "Look!" cried Mrs. Marley, and on her face he surprised a look of ecstatic delight as she followed the flight of the bird.

"Do you read Maeterlinck?" he asked.

"I don't read books."

That night they motored many miles to a dance where Van der Byl encountered several of the people he had met at dinner two nights before in the home of Marley's friend. He noticed a certain reserve in the manner of Gladys Marley when talking to the other women, and that she was the only woman present not wearing

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diamonds. As he stood watching her dance away with a man who had just cut in, he felt a grip on his arm. Turning, he faced the white-faced young man whose toast had been so summarily cut short on the previous occasion. The fellow seemed even drunker to-night, as he muttered thickly with a nod toward Mrs. Marley: "That woman has ruined more lives than bootleg whiskey!" He laughed viciously. "And I ought to know about both!"

Van der Byl could see that Marley was watching them from across the room.

"But she's deep—deep as hell."

"I'm goin' down! I'm goin' down! I'm goin' down, down, down, down!" wailed the leader of the orchestra above the syncopated music.

"She'll make it seem that it was all your fault."

Marley was pushing his way through the crowd.

"Here comes Marley!" said Van der Byl warningly, but the young man did not seem to hear him. Suddenly he sobbed, turned, and lurched away.

"What has that young puppy been saying to you?" inquired Marley, purple with rage as he joined his guest.

"We were discussing the effects of bootleg whiskey."

"He has what seems an incurable habit," said Marley undeceived by the half-truth, "a habit particularly ugly in a man. I may have to exterminate him yet."

"I think bad liquor will save you the trouble."

South America. Long months on the ranch. Hard riding. Sunburned—black as a nigger. "Sunlight and blue ice," eh! A business deal in New Orleans; might as well go back that way, stop off and see a plantation in the summer. Nice of them to ask him.

And so, on a hot afternoon in late June, a tall, lank man in the thinnest of summer suits swung off the sleeper of a New Orleans train and grasped Barry Marley's outstretched hand. "Gladys is waiting in the car, wouldn't come on the platform, afraid she'd get some soot on her face." The chauffeur would bring the bags. How did he like the new car?

And now they were out of the town. Cooler on the open road. A faint, pale haze over the green cotton-fields. Yes, New Orleans had been rather terrible in the heat. . . . Picturesque negroes in the fields. Mules. The car swerving round a battered tin Ford overflowing with negroes—white teeth and eyes. The boys, it seemed, were at a camp in the Adirondacks; Mrs. Marley would go up later in the summer when the heat became unbearable. It was really cool now in comparison to what it would be then!

The next afternoon he rode over with Mrs. Marley to look at the river. Superb sunset! The river was a great white flood, more impressive than the Nile, a white flood pouring southward between desolate shores of virgin green. As far as the eye could reach, nothing else was visible—not a house, not a town, nothing but silent forest, tangled undergrowth, and the vast immutability of the eternally moving water.

"It's not really white!" said Mrs. Marley. "If you went down and examined it you'd find that it is yellow, dirty, muddy." She made a little gesture of disgust. "But isn't it beautiful from here?"

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Van der Byl remarked on the apparent absence of houses.

"Yes," she said. "Very few. Swamps, mosquitoes, high water. And then the river changes its course so often nothing along the banks is safe. There used to be a big point of land right out there." She pointed to the swiftly moving current. "It was only under water in the spring. Year by year the river ate it away. I have reason to remember that point of land." She smiled as though amused by the recollection.

"Why so?" The green of the shores was fading to a brooding darkness; the river became a silver unreality suspended in formless space. An owl hooted somewhere in the marshes.

"The last time I was there—the year before it disappeared completely—I was with a man who said that if I didn't let him kiss me, he would throw himself into the current. I was Gladys Tracy then."

"And you?"

"I let him. I was afraid not to. Ever since my husband had shot himself, I'd been afraid of what a man might do."

"Your husband shot——?"

"Yes. I forgot you didn't know. My first husband—I was just seventeen."

"And so you let this man kiss you!"

"And what do you suppose he did then? He began to curse. Then he jumped on his horse, rode away, left me." A shadow crossed her face. "Let's go back," she said queerly; "it's getting late."

And so they returned through the fading light, to find Barry Marley waiting on the steps. It occurred to Van der Byl that he was looking rather fagged; but as they rode up he called out cheerily: "I was afraid maybe Gladys had drowned you in the river. It's long past dinner-time. Sorry I couldn't join you!"

He had meant to stay only a couple of days, but a week slipped by unnoticed. Perhaps, at first, it was really interest in the plantation which caused him to linger; perhaps, unconsciously, he wished to postpone the long, tedious trip east; perhaps, from the very beginning, it was something else, something quite different, something that had to do with strolls in the rose-laden garden, or rides with Gladys Marley through the blue haze of twilight, when orange lights were appearing in the negro cabins and a frieze of singing negroes and weary mules passed homeward, dark against the sky. In any case, he was a man of honor, very sure of himself; there could be no possible complication.

And then came a night when he realized that he had stayed too long; and the realization came through a bunch of college boys—young fools that treated him as though he were a hundred. But they danced with Gladys Marley; they seemed to like dancing with her; they danced with her entirely too much; she was as popular as any young girl on the floor. No wonder the wives of her husband's friends, seated about the walls, glared at her. . . . Was there anything significant in the fact that a good many of the older men offered him drinks from their flasks? . . . And Mrs. Marley seemed to be enjoying herself; she even sat out with those young cubs. What did she talk to them about? She came in with slippers drenched from dew. Marley ought to speak to her.

He felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Damned hot, isn't it?" Marley's drawling voice.

"Yes. Want to go home?"

Marley shook his head. "Let Gladys have a little more fun! She's only a child, you know!"

And later, as he tossed upon a dry, hot pillow, Van der Byl knew that he had stayed too long.

June melted into July, and the heat set in in earnest. The outdoors was a blazing furnace. Van der Byl gave up his morning rides with Marley over the plantation. Even Marley avoided the noonday sun. Long hours behind drawn shutters, the very furniture hot to the touch. An iron band around one's forehead, a throbbing at the base of the skull. Drowsiness, stagnation, limpness. And outside, things growing, growing, growing under the sun—the cotton reaching upward, expanding, blooming, dropping its petals; and negroes barefooted, half naked, swaying rhythmically with a lazy animal effortlessness as they crossed the scorching fields—themselves, children of fiery suns.

He was standing with Mrs. Marley; he was telling her, for the last time, that he had to go. About them swirled a world that was pitched to madness under the

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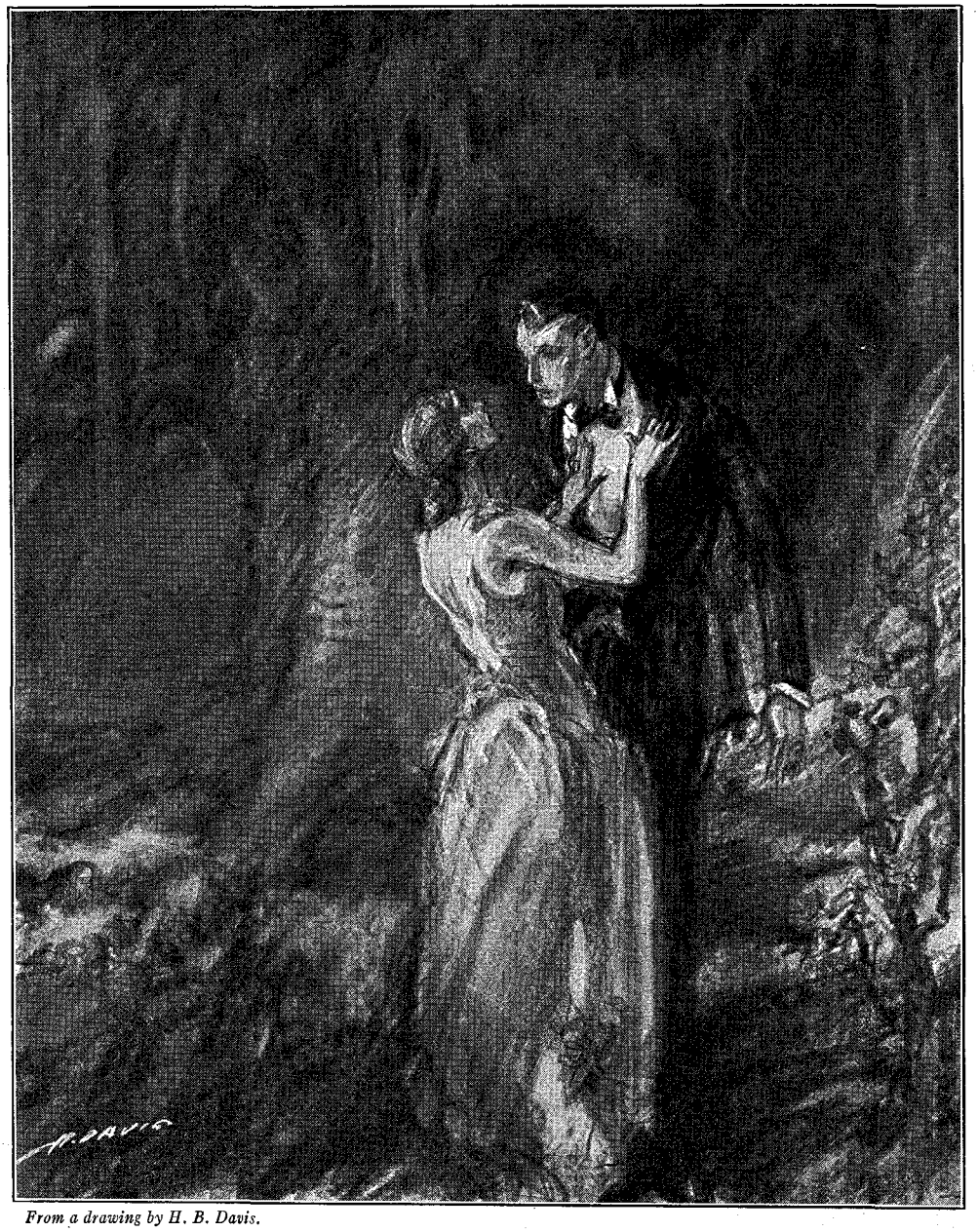

From a drawing by H. B. Davis.

Everywhere life stirred, moved, awoke.—Page 270.

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sudden cool of the fallen night. A mature moon peeped laughingly over the top of the cypress brake; a negro was singing somewhere as he crossed the fields; from another direction came the twang of a banjo; and on top the tallest chimney of the big house, a mocking-bird scorning the earth and its understood vanities poured forth his own inimitable melody to the stars. Down in the cypress brake—once a backwater of the Mississippi—the bullfrogs were tuning up with preliminary gutturals like the snapping of mighty violin strings in scale with the towering trees. Everywhere life stirred, moved, awoke. And, as the shadow cast by the cliff of darkness was withdrawn like a veil from the magic garden, the moonlight first kissed the dazzling white magnolias, dreaming mistily among polished ebony leaves—those ethereal, exquisite, tree-born blossoms held aloft from the defiling touch of man.

Standing beside the summer-house Gladys Marley pleaded with him not to go.

"I've been here two weeks."

"Two weeks is nothing."

"It can be so far from nothing, that it will blight a man's whole life."

She turned away her head. The moonlight slanted across her shoulder. "You have given me something," she said at last, "something that no one else ever has—shall I call it comprehension?"

He made a despairing, negative gesture.

"At least, you have tried."

"I have tried."

"Even Barry has never taken me seriously. . . . It will be very lonely for me, again, after you are gone."

"I've stayed over, day after day, and the going is only harder."

For a moment she said no more. "Do you see this garden?" she asked at length. "It's very beautiful to-night, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, a month from now it will be dried up, withered—the sun burns out everything."

"But you're going north then!"

"Perhaps."

She turned and looked at him, and he saw that her eyes were full of tears. "Please stay a little longer!" she said. And from the cypress brake—once a backwater of the Mississippi—came the ominous chorus of the bullfrogs like a barrage of distant guns; while over the garden drifted intoxicating fragrance, a blending and promise of all imaginable delights. He took her in his arms, kissed her upon the lips.

She struggled free; she struck him across the face; her bracelet cut deep into his cheek. "You're like the rest," she cried. "You're like all the rest . . . a beast!"

He caught her by the wrist, as she turned to leave him. And then, across her shoulder he saw Barry Marley, white-clad, strolling toward them down the garden path, with the end of his cigar glowing a fiery red against enigmatic shadow.

Mrs. Marley stifled a sob.

"We're not alone," he cautioned quickly.

Marley's voice was curiously soft and unperturbed as he called: "How are the mosquitoes?"

Mrs. Marley said that the mosquitoes were very bad, that she was going in. Her voice sounded strained, a little shrill.

"Wait a moment, my dear!" said Marley, joining them. "I've just had a telephone call." He turned to Van der Byl. "One of the niggers on my place is in trouble; it seems they've arrested him over in the next county; charged him with bootlegging. Looks as though I'd have to go over and get him out. Seems he cut up somebody with a razor, too. Deucedly inconvenient time, every hand needed on the plantation! Why the devil didn't they come to me about it? It's no time to lock him up!"

Van der Byl wiped the blood off his face.

"You know, you have to look out for a nigger like you would for a baby," Marley continued. "This man may not have been bootlegging at all, more likely some trouble about a woman. He's one of the best hands on the place." He turned to his wife. "It's Alec Walton."

"So you're going over to get him out?" questioned Van der Byl stupidly.

"Yes. Like to come? May take all night."

"If I'm to catch that morning train, I'll have to pack. Unless of course I can be of help in any way?"

"No. You better get some rest. I'll be back in time to drive you to the station."

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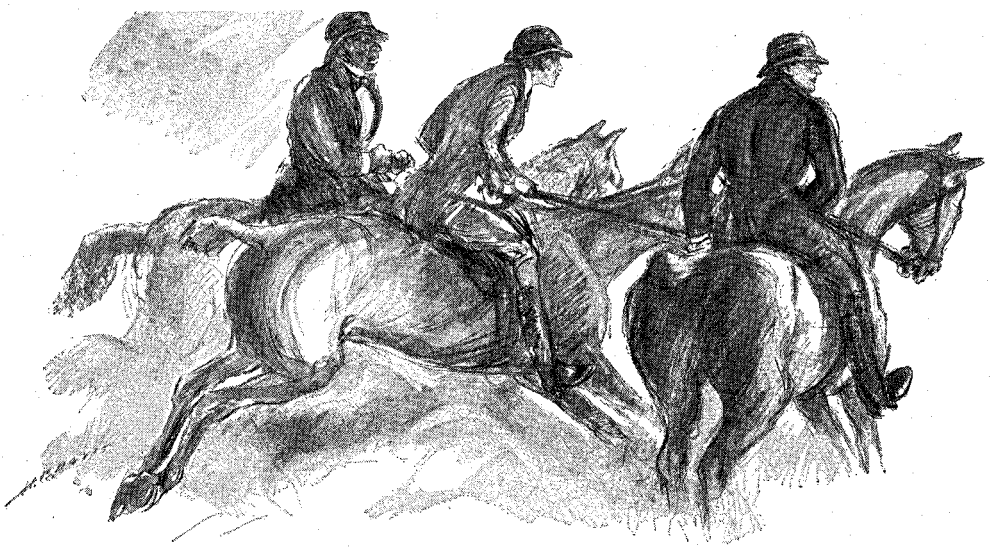
They said good night. Mrs. Marley disappeared in the direction of her own apartment. Van der Byl went to his room and mechanically set about the packing. Gladys! Gladys! Gladys! She had looked at him with loathing. Yet, there had been tears before— And there was no way out, no possible way—with honor. Honor? He laughed bitterly.



A few moments later a strangely similar car approached from the opposite direction.—Page 272.

And he had always thought himself so safe, had patronized those who——

The packing took several hours. At last, he realized that it was done. Sleep was out of the question. He turned out the lights and flung himself on the chaise-longue. Gladys! Gladys! Gladys! Time passed; he heard clocks strike once and then twice. The moonlight fell in long patches across the floor. And then, he was on his feet—his heart pounding wildly; for some one was knocking gently at the door.

In three strides he had crossed and flung it open.

Dressed in the same white gown she had worn at dinner, Gladys Marley stepped from the darkness of the corridor into the comparative illumination of the room. Mechanically, he closed the door; his mind was in a whirl. In the centre of the room she turned and faced him, but the moonlit window was behind her—he could not see her face. She seemed to be regarding him fixedly.

"Phil," she said unsteadily, "if I stay in here with you to-night, will you promise *not* to go away to-morrow?"

For a long time there was a strange stillness in the room.

And then, a queer thing happened. Van der Byl heard his own voice say: "Do—do—you want to stay?"

Very slowly, sadly, she shook her head. "No," she said. "No, dear."

"And you think I'd take you under those terms?" His own pain rang bitterly in his words.

She flinched as though struck; then, turning, she groped her way to the window, blindly, like an animal in pain. "I was afraid not!" she said in the merest whisper. For a time she stood silently, looking out. Beyond the window the cotton-fields lay intricate and white under a starry sky. She leaned her forehead against the raised sash, and a great weariness seemed upon her. "It makes all the difference in the world," she said softly.

He waited silently.

At last, she turned and he saw that there was a mark like a dark bruise across her

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forehead. "I think—with you—in time!" she said.

"Time!"

She was at his side; she was clinging to him. "Take me away with you now, to-night!" she implored.

He was stricken dumb.

"Don't you see? Barry would never let me go. It has to be to-night!" Her arms were about his neck, her hair against his cheek.

He went wild, said foolish things, talked of waiting, of marriage, of divorce.

"Divorce? Barry would never consent—never!"

And in the last collapse of his crumbling honor, he spoke of the woman in Memphis.

"Oh, her?" impatiently.

"You know about her?"

"Of course."

"And you—you——"

"Barry needed what I couldn't give! She doesn't count. Besides, I never could—never. It has to be to-night!"

Marley had taken the car. Jason said the truck was out of order. Horses were ordered. As Van der Byl passed through the hall, Jason came out of the telephone-closet and followed him out onto the wide steps.

"Why three horses?"

"One is for me," declared old Jason.

"Did Mrs. Marley tell you to come?"

The eyes that the old negro turned upon him were full of hate.

"Oh, let him come!" cried Gladys Marley from the doorway. "He can bring back the horses."

Negroes seemed to have sprung up out of the ground, white eyes everywhere, shy, wild things among the shrubbery.

They were off.

"Toward the river!" cried the fugitive as she urged her horse forward. "They'd stop us if we went the other way. We'd better ferry across!"

Several miles down the road an automobile overtook them, flashed its lights upon them, passed swiftly, and disappeared around the curve ahead. A few moments later a strangely similar car approached from the opposite direction. The horses reared and plunged. They drew over to the side of the road. The car slowed down, seemed to hesitate, and then went on up the road leaving a trail of gasoline behind. The whine of the motor died away in the night.

"Hurry!" She began to spur her horse.

"Don't founder him!" warned Van der Byl.

There was some trouble at the ferry, a long delay—it would have to be a special trip. At last they were out upon the river. Old Jason held the horses. Standing beside the rail in her linen habit, Van der Byl's companion looked like a slender, pretty boy. She shivered slightly—the

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breeze over the water seemed damp and cold. The boat itself, dark, grim, unfriendly, was only a little less intangible than the swift, silent, and inexorable river upon the eddying surface of which they seemed to be borne this way and that, as the current swept them down-stream. From the engine-room came the clang of the signalling bell, very clear in the quiet dawn.

The slim figure beside him shaded its eyes and peered back at the nebulous outline of the receding shore. Suddenly she cried, "Look!"

"What?"

"That light! It's a launch! I know it's a launch!"

"Well?"

"Barry is coming after us!"

"Nonsense."

"It is Barry! I know it's Barry!" There was an agony of apprehension in her voice.

"We'll beat them across in any case."

But there developed a difficulty about landing. Jason had been talking to the captain. A long agony of suspense. The launch was drawing nearer. No doubt about its being a launch now. They could even see the men in it; one of whom was standing up waving.

"That's Barry standing up! I know it is!" She began to run toward the horses.

"Wait!" cried Van der Byl. "We can't get off until we're at the landing."

Old Jason was folding up a knife. Two of the horses were lunging. From the rail the severed reins of both bridles hung limply.

"They've broken their bridles!" She started to rush in among the excited animals. He caught her and held her back.

"Let me!"

But it was Jason who caught the frightened horses, who calmed them with gently spoken words. Van der Byl tried to untie the reins, but they were knotted to the rail in impossible knots.

"It *is* Barry! It *is* Barry!" he heard behind him.

They were at the landing.

"How near are they?" he asked over his shoulder, as he worked frantically at the knots.

"They're almost here!" she wailed in reply. "Take the third horse and go on, Barry'll kill you if you stay!"

Some one was calling from the launch. "Sent you message . . . wait . . . other side . . . river!"

Jason led the horses off the boat.

"Too late. We'll have to face it out!" said Van der Byl.

"But he'll kill you! You don't know Barry!"

The launch was drawing alongside. The men in it were very serious. Only Marley seemed unconcerned. "We got to the ferry, found you'd crossed——. Sorry you didn't get my message!" he called.

They waited. He clambered out of the launch, and joined them.

"You'll have to take us back, Captain! My wife and my *friend*," there was an emphasis on the friend, "didn't understand about a change in plan."

"But——" said Van der Byl.

"Shut up, you fool! Not here!" growled Marley.

And so they returned through the ghostly dawn, like characters in a silent, hideous dream. On the ride from the ferry—in an automobile this time—not a single word was spoken. On all sides Van der Byl met only hostile, belligerent eyes. Marley's friends went with them. Marley drove, with Mrs. Marley beside him. . . . The door of the mansion gaped wide and accusing; not a person was in evidence about the place. . . . Gladys wouldn't look at him; from the car she disappeared quickly into the house.

Alone in his room, he regarded his scattered luggage. An hour later, a servant appeared, to inquire if Mr. Van der Byl were packed, said Major Marley wished to know.

Van der Byl sought out Marley in the office.

"Marley, let's talk this thing out."

"What is there to talk out?" very coldly.

"I won't leave without seeing your wife!"

"She won't see you!"

"She'll have to tell me that herself!"

"Well, go ask her! . . . Better have a drink first! The whiskey's over there."

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"No, thanks."

"You don't think I've lived with Gladys Marley for fifteen years without knowing when she'll see people and when she won't?" His voice sounded, all at once, old and tired.

And then came that tragic, ridiculous scene at her door. "No, you can't come in! I'm not dressed, and I've been crying." . . . "It's solid walnut, two inches thick, you can't break it down." . . . "No, you can't take me away; I won't go!" . . . "Yes, I know, last night—but not this morning." . . . "Yes, I know I did. I do. I always will." . . . "But don't you see?" piteously, "I belong to them; it wouldn't be right!" . . . "I ought to have known, even last night, it couldn't come that way! You don't want what I want—not any more than Barry!" . . . "It's no use to write!" She was becoming hysterical. "Don't—don't! Don't say those things!" "You don't know!" "You can't understand!"

Marley was very taciturn as they drove to the station.

Had those men on the platform cut him dead? "Yes, three bags!" Marley's hand on his shoulder, he wanted to shake hands! Even a friendly light in his eyes! By God! He entered the train. "All aboard!" There was Marley coming out of the telegraph office, a telegraph blank in his hand. He was giving it to the porter. The train was moving, gathering speed. The porter handed him the sheet of yellow paper. In bewilderment he stared at the two scrawled lines:

Kindest to you—time heals—open wounds are worst—you might not love her enough.

To a Friend Going Abroad

BY EDMUND WILSON

TELL her I know the cold of northern hills
  But breeds intenser heat;
Tell her I know what desperate pastime fills
  The summer's slow defeat—

Cannes out of season not more desolate
  In sun than duller skies
Whereunder I remember, waking late,
  How far away she lies.

Paint her in green as once we saw her pierce
  The frosted foggy room
With beauty clear as ice, as fire fierce—
  And say to her I come.

Yet never now to travel toward Vittel—
  South now to seek her, say—
South, south! to that soft-graying Esterel
  That fades on rose and gray—

Lest, looking on the cold roads of Lorraine,
  Long trod, long brooded of,
Tears breaking for the fog, the frozen pane,
  Betray the eyes of love.

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The New Reformation

THE TRIUMPH OF INDIVIDUALISM IN SCIENCE

BY MICHAEL PUPIN
Author of "From Immigrant to Inventor," "From Chaos to Cosmos," etc.

II

GALILEO'S DYNAMICS AND THE THEOLOGIANS

UP to Kepler's time motion of material bodies was not a subject of scientific inquiry. The science of equilibrium, first developed by Archimedes and perfected during the first period of the Renaissance by Leonardo Da Vinci in Italy, and by Stevinus in Holland, gave man a scientific knowledge of the conditions under which bodies will remain at rest. But it told him nothing about the motion which resulted when these conditions were not satisfied. This knowledge was reserved for the century which started with Galileo and ended with Newton. Without it the universe was a hopeless puzzle, and nature's language about the motion of her visible forms was a dead language.

Galileo, while a student of medicine at the University of Pisa, and when only seventeen years of age, made his first scientific discovery which was destined to revolutionize man's ideas about matter in motion. While attending mass in the Cathedral of Pisa he watched the swinging of a lamp with long suspension, and timing it by his pulse he found that every oscillation whether large or small was completed during equal intervals of time. Subsequent experiments verified the original observation; this was Galileo's discovery of *isochronism* of pendulum oscillations. No experiment was ever performed with simpler means, and no experiment ever yielded a result which was so pregnant with new mental concepts. The discovery itself did not reveal a new physical law, but it presented to the inquiring mind a new physical problem the solution of which demanded the knowledge of a new concept in the logic of nature. This was the concept which was hidden in the accelerated motions of the planets; it guided the inquiring mind to the solution of the historic problem formulated by Kepler.

It is interesting to observe here that Galileo's teacher in medicine was Andrea Cesalpino, the celebrated physician and botanist for whom the Italians claimed priority over his English contemporary, William Harvey, in the discovery of the circulation of blood. Did Galileo learn from his great teacher that heart-beats and resulting pulse, which he had employed for timing the swinging lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa, succeeded each other at equal time intervals? History does not answer this question, but it does say that soon after his discovery of isochronism the pupil of Cesalpino deserted medicine and turned his attention to mathematics and physics; he exchanged, as a writer puts it, Hippocrates and Galen for Euclid and Archimedes. Intuition must have told him that his discovery of isochronism concealed a great problem, the solution of which demanded his immediate attention, but that without the assistance of Euclid and Archimedes his efforts would be in vain. So rapid was his advance in physics that in less than five years he mastered the works of his new teachers, extended the principles of Archimedes, which gave him the title of "Archimedes of his time," and formulated his experimental scheme for unravelling the hidden meaning of isochronism. A few words about these experiments and their results will illustrate Galileo's individualism and his interpretation of the scientific method and mental attitude which he had learned from Archimedes.

A swinging lamp is a body falling toward the ground and then rising away from it along a prescribed path, and

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young Galileo saw a resemblance between this motion and the motion of a body gliding up and down an inclined plane. This was the type of motion which he proposed to study. His mode of experimental operation and analytical reasoning was never surpassed in its character of childlike simplicity. A few simple experimental measurements of distances covered in a measured time by weights falling from the leaning tower of Pisa, or gliding up and down an inclined plane, furnished soon the irrefutable evidence that these motions were uniformly accelerated, confirming the simplest assumption which Galileo had made intuitively. In this kind of motion the velocity changes at a uniform rate, the rate of increase during the downward descent being equal to the rate of decrease during the upward rise. This describes *the law of freely falling bodies* discovered by Galileo—a simple operation of nature and apparently insignificant. All fundamental operations of nature appear to us that way when we understand them. The aid which this understanding gives us in deciphering the messages of nature's language displays its great significance. Galileo's explanation of the motion of a projectile demonstrated the full significance of his law. This motion was a hopeless puzzle to the Aristotelian school. His law supplied the new knowledge which explained to Galileo his earliest discovery, the isochronism of the swinging lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa. It also suggested to him the invention of the pendulum as a measure of time intervals in pulse-beats and in astronomical observations. Our modern clocks are the offspring of this invention. Practical application of a new physical truth gives it a vigor which appeals strongly to human fancy and understanding; Galileo was not only a great philosopher, an ingenious experimentalist, a fine classical scholar, an artist and writer of exquisite taste, but also a brilliant inventor.

Prior to Galileo's experiments the weight of a body was always associated with the pressure which the body exerts against its supports. Pressure, weight, and tension were the only concepts associated in those days with our ideas of force. Galileo's experiments were the first to reveal that uniformly accelerated motion results from the moving force which bodies experience when their weight is not balanced by the counter-pressure of their supports. *Acceleration* became thus the new concept associated with our ideas of force; a new understanding of the logic of nature. Wherever there is an accelerated motion there is, according to Galileo, a moving force, and wherever there is a moving force there will be an accelerated motion when the body is free to move. This was the logic in the language of nature which was addressed to Galileo as he watched the swinging lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa.

To discover a new concept in the logic of nature is the highest achievement to which the scientist can aspire. Galileo's experimental philosophy yielded many results which, on account of a new concept which they contained, were foreign to Aristotelian philosophy, and particularly his proof that all bodies experience the same acceleration under the action of their weight. This was diametrically opposite to the teachings of the Aristotelian school, the school of the mighty theologians of Galileo's time. Galileo was bitterly opposed to this ancient school, just as bitterly as was his contemporary, Giordano Bruno. Bruno's sad experience with the Aristotelians and his tragic end were probably responsible for Galileo's bitterness. But the Aristotelians avoided an open clash with the brilliant youngster of twenty-seven, whose convincing experiments with falling weights threatened to revolutionize the views and the mental attitude of the philosophers of his time. They listened with patient anxiety to the enthusiastic public applause which greeted the triumphal procession of Galileo's new and startling philosophy, but they never hissed. A new mental attitude and a novel method of philosophical inquiry, crowned by splendid achievements, commanded their respect and, perhaps, their silent admiration. Galileo forced them into open antagonism. The resulting clash has often been used as an illustration of the ruthless persecution of science by the church. But it must be admitted that the illustration was often a caricature rather than a faithful picture of what had

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actually happened. A word or two upon this historic event seems desirable.

GALILEO'S ASTRONOMY AND THE THEOLOGIANS

A Dutch optician had succeeded in constructing a telescope, first described by Roger Bacon several centuries earlier. As soon as the rumor of the new instrument had reached Galileo he constructed one with his own hands, and with it he inaugurated a new era in astronomy. Discovery followed discovery in rapid succession. Galileo's discovery of the mountains of the moon, of the satellites of Jupiter, of the phases of the planet Venus, and of the sun-spots, brought the Copernican scheme into the foreground more conspicuously than ever, and it reminded the brilliant discoverer of what Giordano Bruno, his contemporary, had said about it. Bruno's quarrel with the church about the Copernican hypothesis was taken up by Galileo after Bruno's death. The church had a high regard for Galileo and regretted the clash, which ended in the condemnation of the Copernican scheme, because it disagreed with ancient authorities. The church understood clearly the difference between Giordano Bruno, the hazy dreamer and speculative philosopher, and Galileo, the experimentalist of rare vision and definiteness of scientific aim. The scientific acumen of the learned ecclesiastics of Rome understood also that it was still beyond the power of Galileo's dynamical science to eliminate from the Copernicus-Kepler theory every trace of scientific hypothesis. The ecclesiastics had a technical right to insist that this theory had a hypothetical foundation only. A century later the church regretted that it had exercised this right when it condemned Galileo.

Lagrange, one of the greatest among Newton's followers, said this about Galileo's formulation of the laws of falling bodies:

"The discoveries of the satellites of Jupiter, of the phases of Venus, of the sun-spots, etc., required telescopes and patience only; but it required an extraordinary genius to unravel laws of nature from phenomena which were always before our eyes but the understanding of which escaped philosophical inquiry."

The same enthusiasm which was expressed in Lagrange's eulogy, over a hundred years after Galileo's death, was already alive in all parts of Europe during his lifetime. Even Milton, who as an orthodox Puritan believed in a literal interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, held the Tuscan philosopher in highest esteem. During a visit to Italy he records that he

"found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner [in his own house] to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."

In the first book of "Paradise Lost" the following lines were undoubtedly suggested by Milton's historic visit to the blind and aged Tuscan philosopher:

". . . like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe."

At that time Harvard College was founded and, according to Cotton Mather, its incorporators invited the exiled Slovak bishop, the learned Comenius, to become the president of the first American college. It would be interesting to know whether puritanism prevented them from inviting exiled Galileo to become the first professor of astronomy at Harvard.

Barberini, the famous cardinal, was Galileo's friend and ardent admirer, and when seated on the pontifical throne he showed to the great philosopher every mark of distinguished consideration. But the irrepressible individualism of the fiery "Tuscan artist," stirred up by bitter controversies with the Aristotelians of the Sacred College, made a clash with the Inquisition inevitable. It was primarily a clash between persons and not between science and theology. The history of this clash indicates quite clearly that Galileo's new science, resulting from his historical experiments in Pisa, had produced a most favorable impression upon the mental attitude of the leading Roman theologians. It will be shown later that the subsequent growth of this science created a cordial relationship between science and theology during the eighteenth century. The clash could have been avoided if Galileo had known that it was not his discoveries

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in the heavens, but his simple experiments on the earth, which ultimately led to the irrefutable evidence, that the Copernican scheme as amended by Kepler contained the only correct description of the planetary motions in our solar system. This evidence was furnished by Newton; the church of Rome not only accepted it, but also permitted one of its most learned men to devote his intellectual efforts to its advancement.

THE NEWTONIAN ERA

Galileo has been accused of paying scant attention to Kepler. But his accusers must have overlooked that Galileo never deciphered the whole message conveyed to him by the swinging lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa, nor by the orbital motion of the satellites of Jupiter which he discovered. Hence he was not prepared to decipher completely the message which the motions of the planets around the sun conveyed to him through Tycho Brahe and Kepler and, as Milton expressed it, through the optic glass of the Tuscan artist. Several new concepts were needed which remained hidden behind the words of these messages. A brief description of the scientific method by which these concepts were detected is desirable. They are the foundation pillars of modern physical science, and every intelligent person should have a clear understanding of their simple meaning. Such an understanding is easily reached by studying the history of their evolution. The following brief statement of this history is offered even at the risk of appearing somewhat too technical. It is the history of science during one of its most fruitful epochs, the epoch of the Galileo-Newton century. The great influence of this science upon the mental attitude of philosophers and theologians of that time was due not only to its great achievements, but also to the method of inquiry by which these achievements were accomplished.

BIRTH OF THE SCIENCE OF DYNAMICS

Galileo's experiments revealed that the acceleration of falling bodies is not proportional to their weight, as the Aristotelians believed, but that all falling bodies, light and heavy, experience the same acceleration. Hence, if the weight is the moving force then additional concepts were needed for determining the quantitative relation between acceleration—that is, the rate of change of velocity—and the moving force. What, then, were these new concepts which escaped the scrutiny of Galileo's penetrating vision? Newton answered this question when, mindful of Galileo's experiments, he discovered the new meaning of the concepts: *mass*, as revealed by the motion of material bodies, and the *momentum* associated with it when that mass is moving. Under ordinary conditions the momentum of each particle of moving matter, or, as Newton called it, its quantity of motion, is equal to the product of its mass and velocity. *The rate of change of that momentum in any direction equals the moving force impressed in that direction upon the mass particle*, was Newton's answer to the question asked above. This answer is Newton's second law of motion. He also called it an axiom, a self-evident truth. To illustrate: in freely falling bodies the weight of the body is equal to the rate of change of its momentum relative to the attracting earth. Newton considered the "rate of change of momentum," whereas Galileo had concentrated his attention upon the "rate of change of velocity," or acceleration. This enabled Newton to obtain a quantitative relation between moving force and acceleration which Galileo had missed. But it required a century to pick up what a genius had overlooked. It is obvious that many ingenious experiments, including those of Galileo, and many direct appeals to nature were needed in the formulation of Newton's fundamental law. It should also be observed that in the experiments which led Newton to the discovery of the new concepts, mass and momentum, and to the formulation of his second law of motion, Galileo's pendulum played an important part. That historical lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa supplied the guiding light to Newton as well as it did to Galileo a hundred years earlier. Newton was building a new edifice and he employed all the sound building material prepared by his predecessors. The plan of the edifice, however, seems to have been in his mind from the very beginning, and hence the remarkable definiteness of

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his philosophical operations. Consider now Newton's next step.

A genius who had discovered two new concepts, "mass" and "momentum," and had formulated their relation to the moving force, as expressed in the second law of motion, could not help detecting intuitively another new concept in the logic of nature, which Newton called "action." A material body in consequence of its momentum can act; that is, it can produce by impact a change of momentum in other material bodies. In other words, the momentum of a moving body endows the body with powers of a moving force. All human experience makes this obvious. But Newton was the first to employ a definite measure for this action and to make it a part of a general law. Newton's second law suggested that the action of a moving body upon another body with which it collides is equal to the rate of change of momentum of the acting body, and that the body thus moved will react with a force equal to the rate of change of its own momentum. This reacting force Newton called the "reaction." Collision of material bodies is the simplest illustration of the obvious truth that during the interaction of two material bodies it is immaterial which of the two is assumed to act or to react. Numerous experiments on impact performed by Newton's predecessors and by himself demonstrated clearly that in all collisions between elastic bodies the total momentum is preserved; that is, the momentum lost by one body is gained by the other. In other words, the action of one of the colliding bodies is equal to the reaction of the other. This led Newton to the formulation of the general law which says:

"*Reaction is always equal and opposite to action; that is to say, the actions of two bodies upon each other are always equal and directly opposite.*"

This is Newton's third law of motion. It was also evident to Newton that Galileo's concept of acceleration and its relation to the moving force can be stated in the form of a law as follows:

"*Every body perseveres in its state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line except in so far as it is compelled to change that state by impressed forces.*"

This is called Newton's first law of motion. Nature's language concerning the motions of its visible terrestrial forms was deciphered into an intelligible message when man discovered the concepts *acceleration, mass, momentum, acting* and *reacting forces*, and detected their relation to each other in the logic of nature. Newton's three laws of motion are the content of that deciphered message. This gave us the science of *Dynamics*, the oldest and the simplest of all physical sciences. Newton's three axioms of motion are its foundation pillars, and one often wonders why so simple a science was not formulated many centuries before Newton. The answer is simple. The mind of man was polarized by notions which had their origin in arbitrary assumptions of ancient authorities, like Aristotle, and this made the ear of man deaf to nature's language concerning the motions of material bodies. It was not until the motions of the planets around the sun, as described by Kepler, made this language so loud that Galileo turned a deaf ear to ancient authorities and began to listen to *nature*.

GRAVITATIONAL ACTION OF MATTER

Newton not only deciphered the messages of nature's language, but he also selected the most severe instrument ever employed by man for testing its accuracy. That instrument was the solar system and all its motions due to the interaction between its members. But the following question had to be answered first: What are the interactions between the members of the solar system and do these interactions obey Newton's laws of motion? In preparing an answer to this question Newton's scientific intuition and power of induction displayed an individualism which is unique in the history of science.

Newton found no difficulty in showing that the motion of the planets, as described by Kepler's second and third laws, can be explained by his laws of motion. That much Galileo himself could, perhaps, have accomplished with the knowledge which he had created. But to make the orbits elliptical and locate the sun in one of the foci of the orbits, as demanded by Kepler's description, was a different and much more difficult matter. That was beyond Galileo's philosophy. Even Newton's three laws of motion could not ac-

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complish it without the knowledge of a new and most remarkable property of matter, the existence of which Newton detected by a prophetic intuition. The legend says that this knowledge was suggested to young Newton in his native village by an apple falling from an apple-tree under which he was resting, and probably by revolving in his mind the meaning of the experimental philosophy of his great predecessors, Archimedes, Galileo, and others. He who understood the language and the logic of the swinging lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa and of the orbit of the moon around the earth as Newton understood them did not need the falling apple to suggest this additional knowledge.

Galileo's researches and those of his successors made it clear that the weight of bodies and the force acting upon them when in motion near the surface of the earth were due to an attraction between the earth and the bodies. This is the interaction between the earth and the material bodies, and Newton's philosophy made it plain that in this interaction the action of the earth upon a body is equal to the action of the body upon the earth. Hence when a body is falling toward the earth the earth itself is falling toward the body. This bold conception never rose in Galileo's mind. It is a creation of Newton's genius.

But if the earth and the material bodies on its surface possess this power of acting upon each other, then why should not every material particle in the universe have the same power? Newton answered this question by the bold assumption that gravitational action is a permanent property of every particle of matter, and that this action follows his three laws of motion. This assumption was the boldest leap into the depths of the material universe ever made by mortal man. His formulation of the mathematical form of his well-known law of the inverse square was a comparatively easy matter, because he knew beforehand that this form must satisfy all conditions which will lead to the solution of the great problem formulated by Kepler, and Newton's law of gravitational action actually solved this problem.

But the solution was much more comprehensive than the problem itself, because it told us not only under what simple conditions Kepler's laws give an accurate description of planetary motions, but also how under less simple conditions in the solar system the motions deviate perceptibly from Kepler's description, owing to the perturbing action of one planet upon the mutual action between other planets and the sun.

The power of Newton's laws of predicting planetary perturbations and of calculating their amounts furnished the most decisive evidence in their favor; the power of prophecy is the best test of a new knowledge. The terrestrial tides, the spheroidal form of the terrestrial globe, and other previously puzzling phenomena appeared in the light of the new knowledge, formulated by Newton, as perfectly simple things. The beautiful edifice which Newton started out to build was, therefore, finished and the many assumptions which, with prophetic intuition, he had employed as temporary scaffolding were taken down. The edifice no longer needed their guiding support.

Laplace, one of the most ardent admirers of Newton's great achievements, and one of the earliest successful interpreters of their meaning and power, declared that they would banish all empiricism from Astronomy, transforming it into a mathematical science. His "Celestial Mechanics" is a glorification of the power of Newton's natural philosophy. He, as well as Kant, believed it capable of tracing the evolution of the solar system from a shapeless nebular mass into that beautifully ordered system of heavenly bodies which, obeying Newton's laws, move with a precision unattainable in mechanisms constructed by human hand. Voltaire, courting, as usual, royal favors, counted Newton's achievements among the greatest glories of the times of Louis XIV. Halley, the most distinguished astronomer of Newton's days, and a personal friend of the great philosopher, was quoted by Voltaire as having said this of Newton: "It will never be permitted any mortal to approach nearer to Deity." This was probably a much more accurate reading of a scientific mind than any that Voltaire ever attempted. In Halley's thoughts, however, as read by Voltaire, the times of the second half of the seven-

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teenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries were the times of Newton, and not of Louis XIV, as Voltaire called them.

Halley's enthusiasm was stirred up not only by the results of Newton's gravitational theory, but also by the scientific method and mental attitude and by the boldness of scientific imagination of the philosopher. Halley was the editor of Newton's immortal essay, "Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica"; he was the first to read its manuscript and absorb its meaning, which, in addition to personal contact with Newton, his "affectionate friend," made him certainly familiar with the inner workings of the author's soul. He, a distinguished astronomer, was the first to recognize the great value of Newton's views concerning gravitational action and the usefulness of the law of inverse square. But he certainly did not consider the mathematical form of this law the highest point in Newton's achievement, or he would never have consented to the insertion into the "Principia" of the following sentence: "The inverse law of gravity holds in all the celestial motions, as was discovered independently by my countrymen, Wren, Hooke, and Halley." Newton proposed the insertion of this sentence voluntarily, and Halley accepted it, for the purpose of composing a dispute with Hooke and Wren, who asserted that they had also thought of the law; but they had never proved it by experiment, or even by a philosophical argument. With Newton the law was not the result of a happy thought or accidental revelation, as many scientific discoveries have been. It was the result of observation, experiment, and calculation, performed by himself and by many other earlier philosophers who had followed in the footsteps of Archimedes, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, Huyghens, and others. A vast amount of material had thus been collected, out of which Newton's philosophical acumen and unsurpassed scientific imagination had abstracted new mental concepts, and had revealed their relations to each other in the logic of nature. This is the revelation which conveyed to man the joyful message that nature in every part of the universe, as revealed by the motions of heavenly bodies, is intelligible, and that she employed the same simple language and logic when she spoke to Archimedes in the baths of Syracuse, to young Galileo in the Cathedral of Pisa, and to Tycho Brahe and Kepler, when, with a watchful gaze, they recorded and scrutinized the paths of the planetary wanderers in the distant depths of heaven; an ideally simple message describing an ideally simple material universe. The world wondered, and is still wondering, which of the two revelations is more beautiful—the simplicity of the universe revealed by that message, or the beauty of scientific intuition and analytical thought which guided Newton in his deciphering of the message. It is not surprising that many philosophers consider this message the first revelation of a physical reality which forms the background of the universe; some have gone even so far as to consider it the only reality, but Newton was never one of these. The modesty of a truly scientific mind made him confess that he had picked up one grain, only, from the sands of the endless shore of the universe. He made the earliest attempts to pick up another tiny grain from the molecular, chemical, and radiation activities of matter. Did he not feel that within the beautiful order, the cosmos, in the visible universe all due to the gravitational action of matter, there might be another reality due to activities of matter which are not as simple as its gravitational activity? This is the question which modern science is trying to answer.

CHANGE OF THEOLOGICAL VIEW DURING THE GALILEO-NEWTON PERIOD

Newton was very much averse to controversies and avoided them scrupulously. In a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Royal Society he said: "I see I have made myself a slave of philosophy, but if I get free of Mr. Lucas's business, I will resolutely bid adieu to it eternally except what I do for my private satisfaction, or leave to come out after me, for I see a man must either resolve to put out nothing new, or become a slave to defend it."

How different from Galileo, who liked nothing better than a scrap with the Aristotelians! How different from many men of modern science who like nothing better than a scrap with the orthodox

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theologians! But how about the Copernicus-Kepler scheme to which the theologians objected in Galileo's time? Newton gave a final demonstration of it, and yet he was not afraid that the theologians would accuse him of heresy! He must have known that no Martin Luther would venture to call him a fool who dared to contradict the Bible, and an "upstart astrologer who set his own authority above that of the Sacred Scriptures," and that there was no Inquisition ready to call him to account for the doctrines in his "Principia," for which there was no foundation in all the ancient prophets. Newton knew that a great change had come over Europe's mental attitude in a short span of time after Galileo's death; Newton was born in the same year in which Galileo died. The intellect of Europe had learned to appreciate the scientific method and mental attitude of Archimedes, so beautifully illustrated by the inquiries of Galileo and of Newton. It had also learned that Galileo had laid the foundation of a beautiful edifice of science, and that where he had left off his successors had continued. When this edifice was started, the dome of Saint Peter's in Rome had just been finished; Michelangelo, its designer and builder, died in the same year in which Galileo was born. When one genius had finished one of the most beautiful æsthetic structures of Christian civilization, another genius was born who started the building of an intellectual structure which was destined to vie in beauty with the edifice on the Vatican Hill. Newton designed and built the dome of the intellectual structure, the foundation of which had been laid by Galileo. Newton is the Michelangelo of Modern Dynamics. The world watched its growth for a hundred years and gained much knowledge from the artisans whose loyal and thoughtful toil supplied the nurture of this growth, just as the former generations had watched during the preceding century the growth of Saint Peter's on the Vatican Hill. In each case the beauty of the edifice as well as the skill, discipline, and loyal devotion of the architects and artisans commanded admiration. The noble structure which crowns the Vatican Hill is a monument glorifying the æsthetic activity of Christian individualism; the other edifice was recognized to be a monument glorifying the intellectual activity of the same Christian individualism. They are the earliest monuments to the power of individualism which keeps alive the vital spark of Christian civilization. One will always remind us of the individualism of Raphael and Michelangelo, and the other of the individualism of Galileo and Newton. Can any other civilization boast of such apostles of individualism, born and bred within the tiny time interval of two hundred years?

It soon became obvious that there was a bond of union between those two noble monuments of Christian civilization. He who is familiar with Newton's "Principia" and knows its historic background cannot behold that noble dome which is the pride of Rome and contemplate its historic background without feeling that there is a mission which these two monuments have in common. It is their mission to stimulate the spiritual activity of the Christian soul.

Emerson's poetical tribute to Michelangelo:

> "The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
> Wrought in a sad sincerity;
> Himself from God he could not free;
> He builded better than he knew:
> The conscious stone to beauty grew."

applies equally well to Newton.

Study the lives of the men who contributed their share to the foundation and to the crowning dome of the "Principia"; study the method of their patient work and their humble mental attitude; contemplate then the beauty of the meaning of the finished structure, and you cannot escape the conclusion that it has a definite and a very great spiritual value; perhaps equal to or even greater than that of Saint Peter's in Rome. Science, the fine arts, and religion represent the three fundamental activities of the human soul, and the highest beauty of Christian life consists in a harmonious blending of these three fundamental activities, just as the beauties of human vision consist in a harmonious blending of its three fundamental colors. Sentiments of this kind must have been at work in those days to produce the revolutionary changes in the

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mental attitude of the world with regard to the new science which found its highest expression in Newton. These changes manifested themselves in many ways. When Newton died the church buried his earthly remains in Westminster Abbey, and in his epitaph we find the words: "He was the glory of mankind." This was the sentiment of the English people and of their churches without regard to sect or creed. Was there a dissenting voice on the part of any people or of any church in any part of the world? There is one answer to this question which deserves an honorable mention.

Roger Joseph Boscovich was one of the most learned among the Jesuits of the eighteenth century. He was a young man when Newton died. Although a Yugoslav by birth and race, a native of Ragusa, in Dalmatia, he received his higher education in Rome. After completing his novitiate he pursued his higher studies under Jesuit teachers at the Collegium Romanum. Mathematics and Physics were his favorite studies, and so well did he succeed that he became a professor in the same institution. He, if anybody in those days, understood the mental attitude of the Jesuit school, and felt the spirit of its science and of its theology. It is one of the most characteristic signs of the mental attitude of the Roman theologians of those days that a man with this background of educational training and discipline was among the first European scientists to adopt enthusiastically Newton's natural philosophy and to make many efforts in the direction of its application. What a remarkable spectacle it was to see this Roman theologian watching the sun-spots for the purpose of determining the sun's equator and its period of rotation; figuring out the form of the terrestrial globe, taking into account the gravitational and the centrifugal forces at work during the plastic period of the earth's early physical history; making elaborate mathematical formulæ for the enrichment of the theory of the telescope! The theologians of Rome had evidently long forgotten that some of these were the very inquiries of Roger Bacon and of Galileo to which their theology objected in days gone by. Their theology had profited by long experience. The oldest and the most exacting theology of the Christian church had become reconciled to a science, the beginnings of which were believed for many centuries to be inimical to the Christian faith.

One cannot help regarding this change as a reformation of the mental attitude of the theology of Rome. The leader of this reformation was Newton, the greatest reformer in modern history. Newton, the don of Cambridge, accomplished what Wycliffe, the don of Oxford, had failed to accomplish. Wycliffe, Huss, and Luther reformed the chuch, but its theology remained practically the same. One cannot detect an essential difference between the mental attitude of the theology of Martin Luther, eager to condemn Copernicus, and that of the thirteenth century which condemned the natural philosophy of Roger Bacon. The first visible change in this mental attitude was that due to the influence of the Galileo-Newton science.

The mental attitude of man is often controlled by countless tiny notions; it is as immovable as the stump of an ancient oak which grips the soil with countless tiny roots. Nothing illustrates better the inertia of the mental attitude of man than the everlasting antagonism between the mental attitude of Christian theology and that of science. To have inaugurated the gradual elimination of this antagonism is one of the glories of the Galileo-Newton science.

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The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

PART II

I

MICHAEL MAKES HIS SPEECH

WHEN in the new Parliament Michael rose to deliver his maiden effort toward the close of the debate on the King's Speech, he had some notes in his hand and not an idea in his head. His heart was beating and his knees felt weak. The policy he was charged to express, if not precisely new in concept, was in reach and method so much beyond current opinion, that he awaited nothing but laughter. His would be a stray wind carrying the seed of a new herb into a garden, so serried and so full that no corner would welcome its growth. There was a plant called Chinese weed which having got hold never let go, and spread till it covered everything. Michael desired for Foggartism the career of Chinese weed; but all he expected was the like of what he had seen at Monterey on his tour round the world after the war. Chance had once brought to that Californian shore the seeds of the Japanese yew. In thick formation the little dark trees had fought their way inland to a distance of some miles. That battalion would never get farther now that native vegetation had been consciously roused against it; but its thicket stood—a curious and strong invader. . . .

His first period had been so rehearsed that neither vacant mind nor dry mouth could quite prevent delivery. Straightening his waistcoat, and jerking his head back, he regretted that the Speech from the throne foreshadowed no coherent and substantial policy such as might hope to free the United Kingdom from its present painful dependence on European markets and movements. Economically speaking, any foreseeing interpretation of the course of affairs must place Britain now definitely in the orbit of the overseas world. [Oh! Oh!] Ironical laughter cleared Michael's mind and relaxed his lips; and, with the grin that gave his face a certain charm, he resumed his discourse.

Speakers on all sides of the House, dwelling on the grave nature of the unemployment problem, had pinned their faith to the recapture of European trade, some in one way, some in another. August as they were, he wished very humbly to remark that they were all wrong. [Laughter.] Cake could not be both eaten and retained—at least, in the hand. Did they contend that wages in Britain must come down and working hours be lengthened; or did they assert that European wages must go up, and European working hours be shortened? No, they had not had the temerity. He suggested that neither Tariff nor any other method could in the long run prevail against palpable unevenness in the cost of production.

[A voice: "What about America?"] Ah! America was "too young" as yet to have been introduced to political economy. [Laughter.] How could Britain recover in the ways suggested—the only important country in the world which had to buy seven-tenths of its food, and of whose population well-nigh six-sevenths lived in towns? It employed those six-sevenths in producing articles too dearly for European countries to buy, and yet it had to sell a sufficient surplus above the normal exchanges of trade, to pay for seven-tenths of the wherewithal to keep its producers alive. [A laugh.] If this was a joke, it was a grim one. [A voice: "You have forgotten the carrying trade."] He accepted the honorable Member's correction, and hoped that he felt happy about the future of that trade. It was a shrinking asset.

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At this moment in his speech Michael himself became a shrinking asset, overwhelmed by a sudden desire to drop Foggartism, and sit down. The cool attention, the faint smiles, the expression on the face of a past Prime Minister, seemed conspiring toward his subsidence. "How young—oh! how young you are!" they seemed to say: "We sat here before you were breeched." And he agreed with them dreadfully. Nothing for it, however, but to "stick it," with Fleur in the Ladies' gallery, old Blythe in the Distinguished Strangers', yes, and something stubborn in his heart. Clenching the notes in his hand, he went on:

"In spite of the war, and because of the war, the population of our island has increased by two millions. And all this—this bloated state of things, is to be remedied by the mere process of recapturing a European trade which, quite obviously, has no intention of being recaptured. What alternative, then, is there? Some honorable members, I am afraid not many, will be familiar with the treatise of Sir James Foggart, entitled 'The Parlous State of England.' ["Hear, hear!" from a back Labor bench.] I remember to have read in a certain organ, or perhaps I should say harmonium, of the Press, for it is not a very deep-voiced instrument [Laughter] that no such crack-brained policy has ever been devised for British consumption. ["Hear, hear!"] Certainly Foggartism is mad enough to look ahead, to be fundamental, and to ask the country to face its own position and the music into the bargain. . . ."

About to go "over the top"—with public confession of his faith trembling behind his lips—Michael was choked by the sudden thought: "Is it all right—is it what I think it, or am I an ignorant fool?" He swallowed it, and, staring straight before him, went on:

"Foggartism deprecates surface measures for a people in our position; it asks the country to fix its mind on a date—say, twenty years hence—a minute in a nation's life—and to work steadily and coherently up to that date. It demands recognition of the need to make the British Empire, with its immense resources, mostly latent—a self-sufficing unit. Imperialists will ask: What is there new in that? The novelty lies in degree and in method. Foggartism urges that the British people should be familiarized with the Empire by organized tours and propaganda on a great scale; and, based on this familiarization, it demands a vast increase of controlled and equipped emigration from these shores. It is impossible, however, to send out suitable grown folk in adequate numbers—confirmed town-dwellers, with town tastes and habits, and physique already impaired by town life, are, as honorable Members well know, of little use in the Dominions, and the few still on the English land cannot be spared. Foggartism, therefore, would send out boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen in great numbers. The House is aware that experiments in this direction have already been made with conspicuous success, but such experiments are but a drop in the bucket. This is a matter which can only be tackled in the way that things were tackled during the war. Development of child emigration is wanted, in fact, on the same scale and with the same energy as was manifested in munitions after a certain most honorable Member had put his shoulder to that wheel—multiplication a hundredfold. The idea must naturally prove abortive without the utmost good-will and co-operating energy on the part of the Dominions; but the present hostility of the people out there toward British immigrants is due to their very reasonable distrust of the usefulness of grown immigrants from this country. Once they have malleable youth to deal with, that drawback vanishes. The opening up of these vast new countries is like the progress of a rolling snowball, each little bit of 'all right'—I beg the House's pardon—picks up another little bit. There is no limit to the cumulative possibilities if a start is made at the right end and the scheme pushed and controlled by the right people. A job of this sort, half done, is better left alone; but in the war, when something was found necessary, it was done, and men were always available for the doing of it. I put it to the House that the condition of our country now demands efforts, almost, if not quite, as great as then."

This part of Michael's speech was heard with a surprised attention which gratified

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him considerably, and, taking a deep breath, he went on:

"Leaving out Ireland [A voice: "Why?"]—Well, I would prefer not to touch on anything so touchy [Laughter]—the present ratio of white population between Britain and the rest of the Empire is roughly in the nature of five to two. Child emigration on a great scale will go far to equalize this ratio within twenty years; the British character of the British Empire will be established for ever, and supply and demand between the Mother Country and her offspring will be levelled up. [A voice: "The offspring will supply themselves."] Well, I doubt that, at least, for some time to come. It may be five, seven, ten years, of course, before unemployment here comes down, even to the pre-war rate, but can you point to any other plan which will really decrease it? I, personally, am all for good wages and moderate working hours. I believe the standard in Britain and the new countries, though so much higher than the European, is only a decent minimum, and in some cases does not reach it; I want better wages, even more moderate working hours, and the want is common among working men wherever the British flag flies. ["Hear, hear!"] They are not going back on that want, and it is no good supposing that they are! ["Hear! hear!" "Oh! oh!"] The equalization of demand and supply *within the Empire* is the only way of preserving and improving the standards of life, which are now recognized as necessary on British soil. The world has so changed that the old maxim 'Buy in the cheapest, sell in the dearest market,' is standing on its head so far as England is concerned. Free Trade was never a principle— ["Oh! oh!" "Hear, hear!" and laughter.] Oh! well, it was born twins with expediency, and the twins have got mixed, and are both looking uncommonly peeky. [Laughter.] But I won't go into that . . ." [A voice: "Better not!"] Michael could see the mouth it came from below a clipped mustache in a red, black-haired face turned round at him from a Liberal bench. He could not put a name to it, but he did not like the unpolitical expression it wore. Where was he? Oh! yes. . . . "England now has different standards, and must look for her markets to where the same standards prevail. As she now is, insufficiently protected in the air, economically dependent on Europe, and almost devoid of food-producing power, England is an abiding temptation to the aggressive feelings of other nations. And here I must beg the House's pardon for a brief reference to Cinderella—in other words, the Land. The Speech from the throne gave no lead in reference to that vexed question, beyond implying that a conference of all interested will be called. Well; without a definite intention in the minds of all political parties to join in some fixed and long-lasting policy for rehabilitation, it is bound to fail. Here again Foggartism— ["Ho! ho!"] Here again Foggartism steps in. Foggartism says: Lay down your Land policy *and don't change it.* Let it be as sacred as the Prohibition law in America. [A voice: "And as damned!" Laughter.] The sacred and damned—it sounds like a novel by Dostoievski. [Laughter.] Well, we shall get nowhere without this damned sanctity. On our land policy depends not only the prosperity of farmers, landlords, and laborers, desirable and important though that may be, but the very existence of England, if unhappily there should come another war under the new conditions. Yes, and in a fixed land policy lies the only hope of preventing the permanent deterioration of the British type. Foggartism requires that we lay down our land policy so that within ten years we may be growing up to 70 per cent of our food. Estimates made during the war showed that as much as 82 per cent could be grown at a pinch, and the measures then adopted went a long way to prove that this estimate was no more than truth. What is wanted is complete confidence in every branch of home agriculture, and nothing but a policy guaranteed over a long period can ever produce that confidence." Michael paused. Should he, dared he, deal with air supremacy, the third plank in the Foggart platform? Close by a Member yawned; he heard a shuffle of feet; another old Prime Minister came in; several Members were going out. There was nothing new about "the land." Hastily he resumed:

"Emigration! The Land! Foggartism

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demands for both the same sweeping attention as was given to vital measures during the war. I feel honored in having been permitted to draw the attention of all parties to this—I will brave the honorable Member's disposition to say 'Ho, ho!'—great treatise of Sir James Foggart. And I beg the House's pardon for having been so long in fulfilling my task."

He sat down, after speaking for thirteen minutes. Off his chest! An honorable Member rose.

"I must congratulate the Member for Mid-Bucks on what, despite its acquaintanceship with the clouds, and its Lewis Carrollian appeal for less bread, more taxes, we must all admit to be a promising and well-delivered first effort. The Member for Tyne and Tees, earlier in the debate, made an allusion to the party to which I have the honor to belong, which—er——"

'Exactly!' thought Michael, and after waiting for the next speech, which contained no allusion whatever to his own, he left the House.

II

RESULTS

He walked home lighter in head, heart, weight. That was the trouble—a light weight! No serious attention would be paid to him. He recollected the maiden speech of the Member for Cornmarket. At least, he had stopped, to-day, as soon as the House began to fidget. He felt hot and hungry. Opera singers grew fat through their voices, Members of Parliament thin. He would have a bath.

He was half-clothed again when Fleur came in.

"You did splendidly, Michael. That beast!"

"Which?"

"His name's MacGown."

"Sir Alexander MacGown? What about him?"

"You'll see to-morrow, but you ought to have stayed. He insinuated that you were interested in the sale of the Foggart book, as one of its publishers."

"That's rather the limit."

"And all the rest of his speech was a cut-up; horrid tone about the whole thing. Do you know him?"

"MacGown? No. He's Member for some Scottish borough."

"Well, he's an enemy. Blythe is awfully pleased with you, and wild about MacGown, and so is Bart. I've never seen him so angry. You'll have to write to *The Times* and explain that you've had no interest in Danby and Winter's since before you were elected. Bart and your mother are coming to dinner. Did you know she was with me?"

"Mother? She abhors politics."

"All she said was: 'I wish dear Michael would brush his hair back before speaking. I like to see his forehead.' And when MacGown sat down she said: 'My dear, the back of that man's head is perfectly straight. D'you think he's a Prussian? And he's got thick lobes to his ears. I shouldn't like to be married to him!' She had her opera-glasses."

Sir Lawrence and Lady Mont were already in the drawing-room when they went down, standing opposite each other like two storks, if not precisely on one leg, still very distinguished. Pushing Michael's hair up, Lady Mont pecked his forehead, and her dove-like eyes gazed at the top of his head from under their arched brows. She was altogether a little Norman in her curves; she even arched her words. She was considered "a deah; but not too frightfully all there."

"How did you manage to stick it, Mother?"

"My dear boy, I was thrilled, except for that person in jute. I thought the shape of his head insufferable. Where did you get all that knowledge? It was so sensible."

Michael grinned. "How did it strike you, sir?"

Sir Lawrence grimaced.

"You played the *enfant terrible*, my dear. Half the party won't like it because they've never thought of it, and the other half won't like it because they *have*."

"What! Foggartists at heart?"

"Of course; but in Office. You mustn't support your real convictions in Office—it's not done."

"This nice room," murmured Lady Mont. "When I was last here it was Chinese. And where's the monkey?"

"In Michael's study, Mother. We got

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tired of him. Would you like to see Kit before dinner?"

Left alone, Michael and his father stared at the same object, a Louis Quinze snuff-box picked up by Soames.

"Would you take any notice of MacGown's insinuation, Dad?"

"Is that his name—the hairy haberdasher? I should."

"How?"

"Give him the lie."

"In private, in the Press, or in the House?"

"All three. In private I should merely call him a liar. In the Press you should use the words: 'Reckless disregard for truth.' And in Parliament—you should regret he 'should have been so misinformed.' To complete the crescendo you might add that men's noses have been pulled for less."

"But you don't suppose," said Michael, "that people would believe a thing like that?"

"They will believe anything, my dear, that suggests corruption in public life. It's one of the strongest traits in human nature. Anxiety about the integrity of public men would be admirable, if it wasn't so usually felt by those with so little integrity of their own that they can't give others credit for it." Sir Lawrence grimaced, thinking of the P.P.R.S. "And talking of that—why wasn't Old Forsyte in the House today?"

"I offered him a seat, but he said he hadn't been in the House since Gladstone moved the Home Rule Bill, and then only because he was afraid his father would have a fit there."

Sir Lawrence screwed his eyeglass in.

"That's not clear to me," he said.

"His father had a pass, and didn't like to waste it."

"I see. That was noble of Old Forsyte."

"He said that Gladstone had been very windy."

"Ah! They were even longer in those days. You covered your ground very quickly, Michael. I should say with practice you would do. I've a bit of news for Old Forsyte. Shropshire doesn't speak to Charlie Ferrar because the third time the old man paid his debts to prevent his being posted, he made that a condition, for fear of being asked again. It's not so lurid as I'd hoped. How's the action?"

"The last I heard, he talked about administering something call interrogatories."

"Ah! I know. They answer in a way nobody can make head or tail of, and that without prejudice. Then they do it to you, and you answer in the same way; it helps the lawyers. What is there for dinner?"

"Fleur said we'd kill the fatted calf when I'd got my speech off."

Sir Lawrence sighed.

"I'm glad. Your mother has vitamins again rather badly; we eat little but carrots, generally raw. Yes, French blood in a family is an excellent thing. Ah! here they come. . . ."

It has often been remarked that the breakfast-tables of people who avow themselves indifferent to what the Press may say of them, are garnished by all the newspapers on the morning after there is anything to say. In Michael's case this was a waste of almost a shilling. The only allusions to his speech were contained in four out of thirteen dailies. *The Times* reported it (including the laughter) with condensed and considered accuracy. *The Morning Post* picked out three bits after its heart, prefaced by the words: "In a promising speech." *The Daily Telegraph* remarked: "Among the other speakers were Mr. Michael Mont." And the Manchester *Guardian* observed: "The Member for Mid-Bucks in a maiden speech advocated the introduction of children into the Dominions."

Sir Alexander MacGown's speech received the added attention demanded by his extra years of Parliamentary service, but there was no allusion to the insinuation. Michael turned to Hansard. His own speech seemed more coherent than he had hoped. When Fleur came down he was still reading MacGown's.

"Give me some coffee, old thing."

Fleur gave him the coffee and leaned over his shoulder.

"That MacGown is after Marjorie Ferrar," she said; "I remember now."

Michael stirred his cup. "Dash it all! The House is free from that sort of pettiness."

"No. I remember Alison telling me—I

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didn't connect him up yesterday. Isn't it a disgusting speech?"

"Might be worse," said Michael with a grin.

"'As a member of the firm who published this singular production, he is doubtless interested in pressing it on the public, so that we may safely discount the enthusiasm displayed.' Doesn't that make your blood boil? Don't you ever feel angry?"

"My dear," said Michael, getting up and going to the bureau, "I was through the war. Now for *The Times*.

"'Sir,

"'May I trepass upon your valuable space' (that's safe) 'in the interests of public life—' (that keeps it impersonal) 'to'—er— Well?"

"To say that Sir Alexander MacGown, in his speech yesterday told a lie when he suggested that I was interested in the sale of Sir James Foggart's book."

"Straight," said Michael, "but they wouldn't put it in. How's this?

"'To draw attention to a misstatement in Sir Alexander MacGown's speech of yesterday afternoon. As a matter of fact' (always useful) 'I ceased to have any interest whatever in the firm which published Sir James Foggart's book, "The Parlous State of England," even before I became a member of the late Parliament; and am therefore in no way interested, as Sir Alexander MacGown suggested, in pressing it on the Public. I hesitate to assume that he meant to impugn my honor' (must get in honor) 'but his words might bear that construction. My interest in the book is simply my interest in what is truly the "parlous state of England."

"'Faithfully, etc.' That do?"

"Much too mild."

Michael squeezed her waist. "In the House I suppose I rise to a point of order. And in the Lobby to a point of disorder, probably. I wonder what *The Evening Sun* will say?"

The Evening Sun, which Michael bought on his way to the House, gave him a leader, headed: "Foggartism again," beginning as follows: "Young Hopeful, in the person of the Member for Mid-Bucks, roused the laughter of the House yesterday by his championship of the insane policy called Foggartism, to which we have already alluded in these columns," and so on for twenty lines of vivid disparagement. Michael gave it to the doorkeeper.

In the House, after noting that MacGown was present, he rose at the first possible moment.

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to correct a statement in yesterday's debate reflecting on my personal honor. The honorable Member for Greengow, in his speech, said—" He then read the paragraph from Hansard. "It is true that I was a member of the firm which published Sir James Foggart's book, in August, 1923, but I retired from all connection with that firm in October, 1923, before ever I entered this House. I have, therefore, no pecuniary or other interest whatever in pressing the claims of the book, beyond my great desire to see its principles adopted."

He sat down to some applause; and Sir Alexander MacGown rose. Michael recognized the face with the unpolitical expression he had noticed during his speech.

"I believe," he said, "that the honorable Member for Mid-Bucks was not sufficiently interested in his own speech to be present when I made my reply to it yesterday. I cannot admit that my words bear the construction which he has put on them. I said, and I still say, that one of the publishers of a book must be interested in having the judgment which induced him to publish it, vindicated by the Public. The honorable Member has placed on his head a cap which I did not intend for it." His face came round toward Michael, grim, red, provocative.

Michael rose again.

"I am glad the honorable Member has removed a construction which others besides myself had put upon his words."

A few minutes later, with a certain unanimity, both left the House.

The papers not infrequently contain accounts of how Mr. Swash, honorable Member for Topcliffe, called Mr. Buckler honorable Member for Pooting, something unparliamentary ["Order"]. And of how Mr. Buckler retorted that Mr. Swash was something worse [Hear, hear! and "Order!"] And of how Mr. Swash

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waved his fists [Uproar] and Mr. Buckler threw himself upon the Chair, or threw some papers ["Order! Order! Order!"]. And of how there was great confusion, and Mr. Swash or Mr. Buckler was suspended, and led vociferous out of the Mother of Parliaments by the Sergeant-at-Arms, with other edifying details. The little affair between Michael and Sir Alexander went off in other wise. With an instinct of common decency they both made for the lavatory; nor till they reached those marble halls did either take the slightest notice of the other. In front of a roller towel Michael said:

"Now, sir, perhaps you'll tell me why you behaved like a dirty dog. You knew perfectly well the construction that would be placed upon your words."

Sir Alexander turned from a hair-brush.

"Take that!" he said, and gave Michael a swinging box on the ear. Staggering, Michael came up wildly with his right, and caught Sir Alexander on the nose. Their movements then became intensive. Michael was limber, Sir Alexander stocky; neither was over-proficient with his fists. The affair was cut short by the honorable Member for Washbason, who had been in retirement. Coming hastily out of a door, he received simultaneously a black eye and a blow on the diaphragm, which caused him to collapse. The speaker now was the Member for Washbason, in language stronger than those who knew the honorable gentleman would have supposed possible.

"I'm frightfully sorry, sir," said Michael. "It's always the innocent party who comes off worst."

"I'll dam' well have you both suspended," gasped the Member for Washbason.

Michael grinned, and Sir Alexander said: "To hell!"

"You're a couple of brawling cads!" said the Member for Washbason. "How the devil am I to speak this afternoon?"

"If you went in with a bandage," said Michael, dabbing the damaged eye with cold water, "and apologized for a motor accident, you would get special hearing and a good Press. Shall I take the silver lining out of my tie?"

"Leave my eye alone," bellowed the Member for Washbason, "and get out, before I lose my temper!"

Michael buttoned the top of his waistcoat, loosened by Sir Alexander's grip, observed in the glass that his ear was very red, his cuff bloodstained, and his opponent still bleeding from the nose, and went out.

'Some scrap!' he thought, entering the fresher air of Westminster. 'Jolly lucky we were tucked away in there! I don't think I'll mention it!' His ear was singing, and he felt rather sick, physically and mentally. The salvational splendor of Foggartism already reduced to a brawl in a lavatory—it made one doubt one's vocation. Not even the Member for Washbason, however, had come off with dignity, so it was not likely to get into the papers.

Crossing the road toward home he sighted Francis Wilmot walking west.

"Hallo!"

Francis Wilmot looked up and seemed to hesitate. His face was thinner, his eyes deeper set; he had lost his smile.

"How is Mrs. Mont?"

"Very well, thanks. And you?"

"Fine," said Francis Wilmot. "Will you tell her I've had a letter from her cousin Jon? They're in great shape. He was mighty glad to hear I'd seen her, and sent his love."

"Thanks," said Michael dryly. "Come and have tea with us."

The young man shook his head.

"Have you cut your hand?"

Michael laughed. "No; somebody's nose."

Francis Wilmot smiled wanly. "My!" he said; "I'm wanting to do that all the time. Whose was it?"

"A man called MacGown's."

Francis Wilmot seized Michael's hand. "Gee!" he said. "It's the very nose!" Then, apparently disconcerted by his frankness, he turned on his heel and made off, leaving Michael putting one and one together.

Next morning's papers contained no allusion to the blood-letting of the day before, except a paragraph to the effect that the Member for Washbason was confined to his house by a bad cold. The Tory journals preserved a discreet silence about Foggartism; but in two organs—one Lib-

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eral and one Labor—were little leaders, which Michael read with some attention.

The Liberal screed ran thus: "The debate on the King's Speech produced one maiden effort which merits passing notice. The policy alluded to by the Member for Mid-Bucks under the label of Foggartism, because it emanates from that veteran Sir James Foggart, has a certain speciousness in these unsettled times, when every one is looking for quack specifics. Nothing which departs so fundamentally from all that Liberalism stands for will command for a moment the support of any truly Liberal vote. The risk lies in its appeal to backwoodism in the Tory ranks. Certain so-called thinkers have been playing for some time past with the idea of reviving a 'splendid isolation' based (whether they admit it or not) on the destruction of Free Trade. The young Member for Mid-Bucks in his speech handled for a moment that corner-stone of Liberalism, and then let it drop; perhaps he thought it too weighty for him. But reduced to its elements, Foggartism is a plea for the abandonment of Free Trade, and a blow in the face of the League of Nations."

The Labor article was signed, and struck a more human note:

"And so we are to have our children carted off to the Antipodes as soon as they can read and write, in order that the capitalist class may be relieved of the menace lurking in unemployment. I know nothing of Sir James Foggart, but if he was correctly quoted in Parliament yesterday by a Member for an agricultural constituency, I smell Prussianism about that old gentleman. I wonder what the working man is saying over his breakfast-table? I fear the words: 'To hell!' are not altogether absent from his discourse. No, Sir James Foggart; English Labor intends to call its own hand; and with all her drawbacks, it still prefers the old country for itself and its children. We are not taking any, Sir James Foggart."

'There it is naked,' thought Michael. 'The policy ought never to have been intrusted to me. Blythe ought to have found a Labor townsman.'

Foggartism, whittled to a ghost by jealousy and class hatred, by shibboleth, section, and Party—he had a vision of it slinking through the purlieus of the House, and the corridors of the Press, never admitted to the presence, nor accepted as flesh and blood!

"Never mind," he muttered, "I'll stick it. If one's a fool, one may as well be a blazing fool. Eh, Dan?"

The Dandie, raising his head from his paws, gave him a lustrous glance.

III

MARJORIE FERRAR AT HOME

FRANCIS WILMOT went on his way to Chelsea. He had a rendezvous with Life. Over head and ears in love, and old-fashioned to the point of marriage, he spent his days at the tail of a petticoat as often absent as not. His simple fervor had wrung from Marjorie Ferrar confession of her engagement. She had put it bluntly: She was in debt—she wanted shekels, and she could not live in the backwoods.

He had promptly offered her all his shekels. She had refused them with the words:

"My poor dear, I'm not so far gone as that."

Often on the point of saying "Wait until I'm married," the look on his face had always deterred her. He was primitive; would never understand her ideal: Perfection as wife, mistress, and mother all at once. She kept him only by dangling the hope that she would throw MacGown over; taking care to have him present when MacGown was absent, and absent when MacGown was present. She had failed to keep them apart on two occasions, painful and productive of more lying than she was at all accustomed to. She was really taken with this young man; he was a new flavor. She "loved" his dark "slinky" eyes, his grace, the way his "back-chat" grew, dark and fine, on his slim comely neck. She "loved" his voice and his old-fashioned way of talking. And, rather oddly, she "loved" his loyalty. Twice she had urged him to find out whether Fleur wasn't going to "climb down" and "pay up." Twice he had refused, saying: "They were mighty nice to me. I'd never tell you what they said, if I did go, and find out."

She was painting his portrait, so that a

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prepared canvas with a little paint on it chaperoned their almost daily interviews, which took place between three and four when the light had already failed. It was an hour that MacGown devoted to duty in the House. A low and open collar suited Francis Wilmot's looks. She liked him to sit lissom on a divan, following her with his glance; she liked to come close to him, and see the tremor of his fingers touching her skirt or sleeve, the glow in his eyes, the change in his face when she moved away. His faith in her was inconvenient. P's and Q's were letters she despised. And yet, to have to mind them before him gave her a sort of pleasure, made her feel good. One did not shock children!

That day, since she expected MacGown at five, she had become uneasy, before the young man came.

"I met Michael Mont—his cuff was bloody. Guess whose blood!"

"Not Alec's?"

Francis Wilmot dropped her hands.

"Don't call that man 'Alec' to me."

"My dear child, you're too sensitive. I thought they'd have a row—I read their speeches. Hadn't Michael a black eye? No? Tt—tt! Al—er—'that man' will be awfully upset. Was the blood fresh?"

"I judge so," said Francis Wilmot grimly.

"Then he won't come. Sit down, and let's do some serious work for once."

But throwing himself on his knees, he clasped his hands behind her waist.

"Marjorie, Marjorie!"

Disciple of Joy, in the forefront of modern mockery, she was yet conscious of pity, for him and for herself. Not to be able to tell him to run out, get license and ring, or whatever he set store by, and "so to bed!" Not even that she was ready without ring or license! One must keep one's head. She had watched one lover growing tired, kept her head, and dismissed him before he knew it; grown tired of another, kept her head, and gone on till he was tired, too. She had watched favorites she had backed go down, kept her head and backed one that didn't; had seen cards turn against her, and left off playing before her pile was gone. Time and again she had earned the good mark of modernity.

So she kissed the top of his head, unclasped his hands, and told him to be good; and, in murmuring it, felt that she had passed her prime.

"Amuse me while I paint," she said. "I feel rotten."

And Francis Wilmot, like a dark ghost, amused her.

Some believe that a nose from which blood has been drawn by a blow swells less in the first hour than it does later. This was why Sir Alexander MacGown arrived at half past four to say that he could not come at five. He had driven straight from the House with a little bag of ice held to it. Having been led to understand that the young American was "now in Paris," he stood stock still, staring at one whose tie was off and whose collar was unbuttoned. Francis Wilmot rose from the divan, no less silent. Marjorie Ferrar put a touch on the canvas.

"Come and look, Alec—it's only just begun."

"No, thanks," said MacGown.

Crumpling his tie into his pocket, Francis Wilmot bowed and moved toward the door.

"Won't you stay for tea, Mr. Wilmot?"

"No, thank you, ma'am!"

When he was gone Marjorie Ferrar fixed her eyes on the nose of her betrothed. Strong and hard, it was, so far, little differentiated from the normal.

"Now," said MacGown, "why did you lie about that young blighter? You said he was in Paris? Are you playing fast and loose with me?"

"Of course! Why not?"

MacGown advanced to within reach of her.

"Put down that brush."

Marjorie Ferrar raised it, and suddenly it hit the wall opposite.

"You'll stop that picture, and you'll not see that fellow again; he's in love with you."

He had taken her wrists.

Her face, quite as angry as his own, reined back.

"Let go! I don't know if you call yourself a gentleman."

"No, a plain man."

"Strong and silent—out of a dull novel. Sit down and don't be unpleasant."

The duel of their eyes, brown and burn-

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ing, blue and icy, endured for quite a minute. Then he did let go.

"Pick up that brush and give it to me."

"I'm damned if I will!"

"Then our engagement is off. If you're old-fashioned, I'm not. You want a young woman who'll give you a whip for a wedding-present."

MacGown put his hands up to his head.

"I want you too badly to be sane."

"Then pick up the brush."

MacGown picked it up.

"What have you done to your nose?"

MacGown put his hand to it.

"Ran it against a door."

Marjorie Ferrar laughed. "Poor door!"

MacGown gazed at her in genuine astonishment.

"You're the hardest woman I ever came across; and why I love you, I don't know."

"It hasn't improved your looks or your temper, my dear. You were rash to come here to-day."

MacGown uttered a sort of groan. "I can't keep away, and you know it."

Marjorie Ferrar turned the canvas face to the wall and leaned there beside it.

"I don't know what you think of the prospects of our happiness, Alec, but I think they're pretty poor. Will you have a whiskey and soda? It's in that cupboard. Tea, then? Nothing? We'd better understand each other. If I marry you, which is very doubtful, I'm not going into purdah. I shall see what friends I choose. And until I marry you I shall also see them. If you don't like it, you can leave it."

She watched his clenching hands, and her wrists tingled. To be a perfect wife to him would "take a bit of doing!" If only she knew of a real "good thing," and had a shirt to put on it! If only Francis Wilmot had money and did not live where the cotton came from, and darkies crooned in the fields; where rivers ran red and had alligators; South Carolina, where Florida moss festooned the swamps and the sun shone; where grapefruit grew—or didn't—and mocking-birds sang sweeter than the nightingale. South Carolina, described to her with such naïve enthusiasm by Francis Wilmot—South Carolina! A world that was not her world stared straight into the eyes of Marjorie Ferrar. Impossible! South Carolina! It was like being asked to be ancient!

MacGown came up to her. "I'm sorry," he said. "Forgive me, Marjorie."

She gave a little shrug of her shoulders. He put his hands on them, kissed her lips, and went away.

She sat down in her favorite chair, listless, swinging her foot. The sand had run out of her dolly—life was a bore! It was like driving tandem, when the leader would keep turning round; like the croquet party in "Alice in Wonderland," read in the buttercup fields at High Marshes not twenty years ago that felt like twenty centuries!

What did she want? Just a rest from men and bills? Or that something fluffy called "real love"? Whatever it was, she hadn't got it! Well, well! Dress, and go out and dance; and later, dress again and go out and dine; and the dresses not paid for! Nothing like an egg-nog for "the hump"!

Ringing for the ingredients, she made one with plenty of brandy, capped it with nutmeg, and drank it down.

IV

FONS ET ORIGO

Two mornings later Michael received two letters. The first, which bore an Australian postmark, ran thus:

"DEAR SIR,

"I hope you are well and the lady. I thought perhaps you'd like to know how we are. Well, sir, we're not much to speak of out here after a year and a half. I consider there's too much gilt on the gingerbread about Australia. The climate's all right when it isn't too dry or too wet; it suits my wife fine, but, sir, when they talk about making your fortune, all I can say is tell it to the marines. The people here are a funny lot; they don't seem to have any use for us, and I don't seem to have any use for them. They call us Pommies and treat us as if we'd took a liberty in coming to their blooming country. You'd say they wanted a few more out here, but they don't seem to think so. I often wish I was back in the Old Country. My wife says we're better off here,

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but I don't know. Anyway, they tell a lot of lies about emigration.

"Well, sir, I've not forgotten your kindness. My wife says please to remember her to you and the lady.

Yours faithfully,
ANTHONY BICKET."

With that letter in his hand, Michael, like some psychometric medium, could see again the writer, his thin face, prominent eyes, large ears, a shadowy figure of the London streets behind his colored balloons. Poor little snipe—square peg in round hole wherever he might be; and all those other pegs, thousands upon thousands, that would never fit in. Pommies! Well! He wasn't recommending emigration for them; he was recommending it for those who could be shaped before their wood had set. Surely they wouldn't put the stigma of "Briton" on to children! The stigma of Briton! He opened the other letter.

"Roll Manor,
nr. Huntingdon.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The disappointment I have felt since the appearance of my book was somewhat mitigated by your kind allusions to it in Parliament, and your championship of its thesis. I am an old man and do not come to London, but it would give me pleasure to meet you. If you are ever in this neighborhood, I should be happy if you would lunch with me, or stay the night, as suits you best.

"With kind regards,
Faithfully yours,
JAS. FOGGART."

He showed it to Fleur.

"If you go, my dear, you'll be bored to tears."

"I must go," said Michael; "*Fons et Origo!*"

He wrote that he would come to lunch the following day.

He was met at the station by a horse drawing a vehicle of a perched-up shape he had never before beheld. The green-liveried man to whose side he climbed, introduced it with the words: "Sir James thought, sir, you'd like to see about you, so 'e sent the T cart."

It was one of those gray late autumn days, very still, when the few leaves that are left hang listless, waiting to be wind-swept. The puddled road smelled of rain; rooks rose from the stubbles as if in surprise at the sound of horses' hoofs; and the turned earth of ploughed fields had the sheen that betokened clay. To the flat landscape poplars gave a certain spirituality; and the russet-tiled farmhouse roofs a certain homeliness.

"That's the manor, sir," said the driver, pointing with his whip. Between an orchard and a group of elms, where was obviously a rookery, Michael saw a long, low house of deeply weathered brick, covered by Virginia creeper whose leaves had fallen. At a little distance were barns, outhouses, and the wall of a kitchen-garden. The T cart turned into an avenue of limes and came suddenly on the house unprotected by a gate. Michael pulled an old iron bell. Its lingering clang produced a lingering man who, puckering his face, said: "Mr. Mont? Sir James is expecting you. This way, sir."

Through an old low hall smelling pleasantly of wood-smoke, Michael reached a door which the puckered man closed in his face.

Sir James Foggart! Some gaitered old countryman with little gray whiskers, neat, weathered, and firm-featured; or one of those short-necked John Bulls, still extant, square and weighty, with a flat top to his head and a flat white topper on it!

The puckered man reopened the door and said:

"Sir James will see you, sir."

Before the fire in a large room with a large hearth and many books was a huge old man, gray-bearded and gray-locked, like a superannuated British lion, in an old velvet coat with whitened seams.

He was trying to rise!

"Please don't, sir," said Michael.

"If you'll excuse me, I won't. Pleasant journey?"

"Very."

"Sit down. Much touched by your speech. First speech, I think?"

Michael bowed.

"Not the last, I hope."

The voice was deep and booming; the eyes looked up keenly, as if out of thickets, so bushy were the eyebrows, and the beard grew so high on the cheeks. The

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thick gray hair waved across the forehead and fell on to the coat-collar. A primeval old man in a high state of cultivation. Michael was deeply impressed.

"I've looked forward to this honor, sir," he said, "ever since we published your book."

"I'm a recluse—never get out now. Tell you the truth, don't want to—see too many things I dislike. I write and smoke my pipe. Ring the bell and we'll have lunch. Who's this Sir Alexander MacGown? His head wants punching!"

"No longer, sir," said Michael.

Sir James Foggart leaned back and laughed. His laugh was long, deep, slightly hollow, like a laugh in a trombone.

"Capital! And how did those fellows take your speech? Used to know a lot of 'em at one time—fathers of these fellows, grandfathers, perhaps."

"How do you know so well what England wants, sir," said Michael suavely, "now that you're a prisoner here?"

Sir James Foggart pointed with a large thin hand covered with hair to a table piled with books and magazines.

"Read," he said; "read everything—eyes as good as ever—seen a good deal in my time." And he was silent, as if seeing it again.

"Are you following your book up, sir?"

"M'm! Something for 'em to read when I'm gone. Eighty-four, you know."

"I wonder," said Michael, "that you haven't had the Press down."

"Have—had 'em yesterday; three by different trains; very polite young men; but I could see they couldn't make head or tail of the old creature—too far gone, eh?"

At this moment the door was opened, and the puckered man came in, followed by a maid and three cats. They put a tray on Sir James' knees and another on a small table before Michael. On each tray was a partridge with chipped potatoes, spinach, and bread sauce. The puckered man filled Sir James' glass with barley-water, Michael's with claret, and retired. The three cats, all tortoise-shells, began rubbing themselves against Sir James' trousers, purring loudly.

"Don't mind cats, I hope? No fish today, pussies!"

Michael was hungry and finished his bird. Sir James gave most of his to the cats. They were then served with fruit salad, cheese, coffee, and cigars, and everything removed, except the cats, who lay replete before the fire, curled up in a triangle.

Michael gazed through the smoke of two cigars at the fount and origin, eager, but in doubt whether it would stand pumping—it looked so old! Well, he must have a shot, anyway.

"You know Blythe, sir, of *The Outpost?* He's your greatest supporter; I'm only a mouthpiece."

"Know his paper—best of the weeklies; but too clever by half."

"Now that I've got the chance," said Michael, "would you mind if I asked you one or two questions?"

Sir James Foggart looked at the lighted end of his cigar. "Fire ahead!"

"Can England really stand apart from Europe?"

"Can she stand with Europe? Alliances based on promise of assistance that won't be forthcoming—worse than useless."

"But suppose Belgium were invaded again, or Holland?"

"The one case, perhaps. Let that be understood. Knowledge in Europe, young man, of what England will or will not do in given cases is most important. And they've never had it. *Perfide Albion!* Heh! We always wait till the last moment to declare our policy. Great mistake. Gives the impression that we serve Time—which we generally do."

"I like that, sir," said Michael, who did not. "About wheat? How would you stabilize the price so as to encourage our growth of it?"

"Ha! My pet lamb! We want a wheat loan, Mr. Mont. Every year the Government should buy in advance all the surplus we need and store it; then fix a price for the home farmers that gives them a good profit; and sell to the public at the average between the two prices. You'd soon see plenty of wheat grown here, and we should sleep in our beds."

"Wouldn't it raise the price of bread, sir?"

"No; lower it. Wholesale dealing and carrying."

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"State trading, sir?" said Michael, with diffidence.

Sir James Foggart's voice boomed out: "Exceptional case — basic case — why not?"

"I quite agree," said Michael hastily; "I never thought of it, but why not? The opposition to child emigration in this country. Do you think it comes from the affection of parents for their children?"

"No; from dislike of losing the children's wages."

"All the same," murmured Michael, "one might well kick against losing one's children for good at fourteen!"

"One might; human nature's selfish, young man. Hang on to 'em and see 'em rot before one's eyes, or grow up to worse chances than one's own—as you say, that's human nature."

Michael, who had not said it, felt a little stunned.

"The child emigration scheme will want an awful lot of money, sir."

Sir James stirred the cats with his slippered foot.

"Money! The country stinks of money—misapplied. Another fifty-million loan—two and a quarter millions a year in the Budget. In five years' time we should save the lot in unemployment dole." He waved his cigar, and its ash spattered on his velvet coat.

"I thought it would," said Michael to himself, knocking his own off into a coffee-cup. "But can children sent out wholesale like that be properly looked after, and given a real chance, sir?"

"Start gradually; where there's a will there's a way."

"And won't they just swell the big towns out there?"

"Teach 'em to want land, and give it 'em."

"I don't know if it's enough," said Michael boldly; "the lure of the towns is terrific."

Sir James nodded. "A town's no bad thing till it's overdone, as they are here. Those that go to the towns will increase the demand for our supplies."

'I'm getting on,' thought Michael. 'What shall I ask him next?' And he contemplated the cats, who stirred uneasily. A peculiar rumbling noise had taken possession of the silence. Michael looked up. Sir James Foggart was asleep! In repose he was more tremendous than ever—perhaps rather too tremendous; his snoring seemed to shake the room. The cats tucked their heads further in. There was a slight smell of burning. Michael picked the fallen cigar from the carpet. What should he do now? Wait for a revival or clear out? Poor old boy! Foggartism had never seemed to Michael a more forlorn hope than in this sanctum of its fount and origin. He covered his ears and sat quite still. One by one the cats got up. Michael looked at his watch. 'I shall lose my train,' he thought, and tiptoed to the door. He opened it and looked back above a procession of deserting cats. It was as though Foggartism were snoring its life away! "Good-by, sir!" he said softly, and went out. He walked to the station very thoughtful. The whole policy seemed based on the supposition that human beings could see two inches before their noses. Was that supposition justified? If so, would England be in her "parlous state"? For one man capable of taking a far and comprehensive view and going to sleep on it, there were nine—if not nine-and-ninety—who could only take near and partial views yet remain wide awake. Practical politics! It was the answer to all wisdom, however you might boom it out. "Oh! Ah! Young Mont—not a practical politician!" It was public death to be so labelled. And Michael, in his railway-carriage, with his eyes on the English grass, felt like a man on whom every one was heaping earth. Had pelicans crying in the wilderness a sense of humor? If not, their time was poor. Grass, grass, grass! Grass and the towns! And, nestling his chin into his heavy coat, he was soon faster asleep than Sir James Foggart.

V

PROGRESS OF THE CASE

WHEN Soames said "Leave it to me," he meant it, of course, but it was very trying for him. Whenever anything went wrong, it was he, and not somebody else, who had to set it right!

To look more closely into the matter he was staying with his sister, Winifred Dar-

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tie, in Green Street. His nephew Val coming to dinner the first night, he took the opportunity of asking him:

"What do you know of Lord Charles Ferrar?"

"What do you want to know, Uncle Soames?"

"Anything unsatisfactory. I'm told his father doesn't speak to him."

"Well," said Val, "it's generally thought he'll win the Lincolnshire with a horse that didn't win the Cambridgeshire."

"I don't see the connection."

Val Dartie looked at him through his lashes.

"I'm not entering for the slander stakes, Uncle Soames! But he's got to bring off a *coup* soon, or go under."

"Is that all?"

"Except that he's one of those chaps who are pleasant to you when you can be of use, and unpleasant when you can't."

"So I gathered from his looks," said Soames. "Have you had any business dealings with him?"

"Yes; I sold him a yearling by Torpedo out of Banshee."

"Did he pay you?"

"Yes," said Val with a grin, "and she turned out no good."

"H'm! I suppose he was unpleasant afterward? That all you know?"

Val nodded. He knew more, if gossip can be called "more"; but what is puffed freely with the smoke of racing men's cigars is not for the ears of lawyers. For a man of the world and his age Soames was singularly unaware how in that desirable sphere, called Society, every one is slandered daily, and no bones broken; slanderers and slandered dining and playing cards together with the utmost good feeling and the intention of reslandering each other the moment they are round the corner. Such genial and hair-raising reports reach no outside ears, and Soames really did not know where to begin investigation.

"Can you ask this Mr. Curfew to tea?" he said to Fleur.

"What for, father?"

"So that I can pump him."

"I thought there were detectives for all that sort of thing."

Soames went a special color. Since his employment of Mr. Polteed, who had caught him visiting his own wife's bedroom in Paris, at the beginning of the century, the word detective produced a pain in his diaphragm. He dropped the subject. And yet, without detectives, what was he to do?

One night, Winifred having gone to the theatre, he sat down with a cigar to think. He had been provided by Michael with a list of "advanced" books and plays which "modern" people were reading, attending, and discussing. He had even been supplied with one of the books: "Canthar," by Percival Calvin. He fetched it from his bedroom, and, turning up a lamp, opened it. After reading the first few pages, in which he could see nothing, he turned to the end and read backward. In this way he could skip better, and each erotic passage, to which he very soon came, led him insensibly on to the one before it. He had reached the middle of the novel before he had resort in wonder to the title-pages. How was it that the publisher and author were at large? Ah! The imprint was of a foreign nature. Soames breathed more freely. Though sixty-eight, and neither judge, juryman, nor otherwise professionally compelled to be shocked, he was shaken. If women were reading this sort of thing, then there really was no distinction between men and women nowadays. He took up the book again, and read steadily on to the beginning. The erotic passages alone interested him. The rest seemed rambling, disconnected stuff. He rested again. What was this novel written for? To make money, of course. But was there another purpose? Was the author one of these "artist" fellows who thought that to give you "life," as they called it, they must put down every visit to a bedroom, and some besides. "Art for art's sake," "realism." What was the cant? In Soames' comparatively bleak experience "life" did not consist wholly of visiting bedrooms. He was unable to admit that this book was life, the whole of life, and nothing but life. "Calvin's a crank, sir," Michael had said when he handed him the novel. "He thinks people can't become continent except through being excessively incontinent, so he shows his hero and heroine arriving gradually at continence." 'At

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Bedlam,' thought Soames. They would see what a British jury had to say to that, anyway. But how elicit a confession that this young woman and her set had read it with gusto? Ha! These "advanced" young people had any amount of conceit; every one who didn't share their views was a "dud" or a "grundy"—! Suppose the book were attacked in the Press, wouldn't it draw their fire? If their fire could be drawn in print it could be used as evidence of their views on morality. That would want nice handling. But how was he to prove that Marjorie Ferrar had read this book? Young Butterfield—who had helped to prove the guilt of Elderson in the matter of the P.P.R.S., and owed his place at Danby and Winter's, the publishers, to Soames' recommendation! Why not make use of him? Michael always said the young man was grateful. And obscuring the title of the book against his flank, in case he should meet a servant, Soames sought his own bedroom.

His last thought that night was almost diagnostic.

'In my young days we read that sort of book if we could get hold of it, and didn't say so; now, it seems, they make a splash of reading it, and pretend it does them good!'

Next morning from the Connoisseurs he telephoned to Danby and Winter's, and asked to speak to Mr. Butterfield.

"Yes."

"Mr. Forsyte speaking. Do you remember me?"

"Yes, indeed, sir."

"Can you step round to the Connoisseurs Club this morning some time?"

"Certainly, sir. Will twelve o'clock suit you?"

Secretive and fastidious in matters connected with sex, Soames very much disliked having to speak to a young man about an immoral book. He saw no other way of it, however, and, on his visitor's arrival, shook hands and began at once.

"This is confidential, Mr. Butterfield."

Butterfield, whose dog-like eyes had glowed over the hand-shake, answered:

"Yes, sir. I've not forgotten what you did for me, sir."

Soames held out the book.

"D'you know that novel?"

Butterfield smiled slightly.

"Yes, sir. It's printed in Brussels. They're paying five pounds a copy for it."

"Have you read it?"

The young man shook his head. "It's not come my way, sir."

Soames was relieved. "Well, don't! But just attend a moment. Can you buy ten copies of it, at my expense, and post them to ten people whose names I'll give you. They're all more or less connected with literature. You can put in slips to say the copies are complimentary, or whatever you call it. But mention no names."

The young man Butterfield said deprecatingly:

"The price is rising all the time, sir. It'll cost you well on £60."

"Never mind that."

"You wish the book boomed, sir?"

"Good Gad—no! I have my reasons, but we needn't go into them."

"I see, sir. And you want the copies to come—as if—as if from heaven?"

"That's it," said Soames. "I take it that publishers often send doubtful books to people they think will support them. There's just one other thing. Can you call, a week later, on one of the people to whom you've sent the books and offer to sell another copy as if you were an agent for it? I want to make quite sure it's already reached that person, and been read. You won't give your name, of course. Will you do this for me?"

The eyes of the young man Butterfield again glowed.

"Yes, sir. I owe you a great deal, sir."

Soames averted his eyes; he disliked all expression of gratitude.

"Here's the list of names, with their addresses. I've underlined the one you call on. I'll write you a check to go on with, and you can let me know later if there's anything more to pay."

He sat down, while the young man Butterfield scrutinized the list.

"I see it's a lady, sir, that I'm to call on."

"Yes; does that make any difference to you?"

"Oh! No. Advanced literature is written for ladies nowadays."

"H'm!" said Soames. "I hope you're doing well?"

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"Splendidly, sir. I was very sorry that Mr. Mont left us; we've been doing better ever since."

Soames lifted an eyebrow. The statement confirmed many an old suspicion. When the young man had gone he took up "Canthar." Was he capable of writing an attack on it in the Press, over the signature "Paterfamilias"? He was not. The job required some one used to that sort of thing. Besides, a real signature was wanted to draw fire. It would be dangerous to ask Michael to suggest one; but "Old Mont" might know some fogey at the "Parthenæum" who carried metal. Sending for a bit of brown paper he disguised the cover, put the volume in his overcoat pocket, and set out for "Snooks."

He found Sir Lawrence about to lunch, and they sat down together. Making sure that the waiter was not looking over his shoulder, Soames, who had brought the book in with him, pushed it over, and said:

"Have you read that?"

Sir Lawrence whinnied.

"My dear Forsyte, why this morbid curiosity? Everybody's reading it. They say the thing's unspeakable."

"Then you haven't?" said Soames, keeping him to the point.

"Not yet, but if you'll lend it to me I will. I'm tired of people who've enjoyed it asking me if I've read 'that most disgusting book.' It's not fair, Forsyte. Did *you* enjoy it?"

"I skimmed it," said Soames, looking round his nose. "I had a reason. When you've read it I'll tell you."

Sir Lawrence brought it back to him at the Connoisseurs two days later.

"Here you are, my dear Forsyte," he said. "I never was more glad to get rid of a book! I've been in a continual stew for fear of being overseen with it! Percival Calvin—*quel sale Monsieur!*"

"Exactly!" said Soames. "Now, I want to get that book attacked."

"You! Is Saul also among the prophets? Why this sudden zest?"

"It's rather roundabout," said Soames, sitting on the book. He detailed the reason, and ended with:

"Don't say anything to your son, or Fleur."

Sir Lawrence listened with his twisting smile.

"I see," he said, "I see. Very cunning, Forsyte. You want me to get some one whose name will act like a red rag. It mustn't be a novelist, or they'll say he's jealous—which he probably is—the book's selling like hot cakes—I believe that's the expression. Ah! I think—I rather think, Forsyte, that I have the woman."

"Woman!" said Soames. "They won't pay any attention to that."

Sir Lawrence cocked his loose eyebrow. "I believe you're right—the only women they pay attention to nowadays are those who go one better than themselves. Shall I attempt it, and sign 'Outraged Parent'?"

"I believe it wants a real name."

"Again right, Forsyte; it does. I'll drop into the Parthenæum and see if any one's alive."

Two days later Soames received a note.

"Snooks' Club,
Friday.

"My dear Forsyte,—I've got the man—the editor of *The Philosopher*, and he'll do it under his own name. What's more, I've put him on to the right line. We had a spirited argument. He wanted to treat it *de haut en bas* as the work of a dirty child. I said: 'No. This thing is symptomatic. Treat it seriously; show that it represents a school of thought, a deliberate literary attitude, and make it a plea for censorship.' Without the word censorship, Forsyte, they will never rise. So he's leaving his wife and taking it into the country for the week-end. I admire your conduct of the defense, my dear Forsyte; it's very subtle. But if you'll forgive my saying so, it's more important to prevent the case coming into court than to get a verdict if it does.—Sincerely yours,

Lawrence Mont."

With which sentiment Soames so entirely agreed that he went down to Mapledurham and spent the next two afternoons going round and round with a man he didn't like, hitting a ball. It quieted his mind.

(To be continued.)

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Corridor Adventures

BY MARY ALICE BARROWS
Author of "Heartbreak Dance"

SHE was a nurse. A very real nurse, taking the difficult ones of the surgical cases for her chosen doctors. She chose her "chiefs" for the quality of the sincerity they put into their skill. Each must first be an expert surgeon, then when she summed up a further diagnosis of his traits with "I think he is a genuine benefactor," she listed herself for duty—under him, it was understood.

This independence came from twenty years of nursing following a careful training, with her own high ideals unmarred, and thereby radiating through her service always. Long experience in the best educational hospitals had made her nursing something of an independent science to-day. She had a degree of financial freedom resulting from the gift in her mother's will that had first educated her, and a later heritage from her father to his only child, followed by a contribution from an uncle to his favorite niece. Her own thrift had made the most of these nest-warmers. Sensitive, but practical, that elusive possession, charm, was hers, and her manner was a mixture of the severe and the gracious in approach.

To-day her patient was convalescent and would, she knew, be unhappy, exacting and maladjusted. Miss Hartel looked up in her morning walk to the hospital and let her eyes feast on the green. The color at this hour of half-past six in the morning was different each day. She allowed her thoughts to wander with her eyes:

"Yes, friend tree, I see how calm you are. And I know how the wind blew in the night. . . . Your idea is lovely this morning—that idea of swinging each leaf on its own little stem. The sunshine must make delicious lines and shadows of them later. How father did delight in that! . . . Where?—where are they this twelfth of May? Where shall I look—out past the clouds? Or are they right here with me and the tree? But why then do I feel so alone? Oh, God, so alone! . . . I wonder how our crippled lad is this morning. I must manage to slip him some sandwiches, poor young devil. I wish I knew how to arrange an extension course for him while he's in that ward. . . . You little bird! What's that? Sing it again. Something about joy—but that is all I can understand. . . . My patient must be forlorn, for she probably had a bad night. I'll go in early to-day. How my feet pain!" She turned and looked back.

"Good-by, little feathers; good-by tree. I wish you could make it a little plainer to me, both of you. What I catch is 'God' and 'Calm'; yes, 'Beauty' too. Thanks!" And she entered the hospital.

The patient had been groomed and a day lay stretched ahead.

"Yes, I know—I know. But this has to be done—the doctor has ordered it. You will have to lie flat to-day. No, you cannot see anybody, but I've thought of a new kind of ice I'm going to make you; and shall we read some in our book? First turn—so—and let me see if I cannot rest the poor back."

The day wore on. In the middle of the afternoon she was in the corridor on her way to the diet kitchen when a tall, determined-looking young man of twenty-two stepped in front of her and, after a searching look, devoured her with "Miss Hartel—is it you—*is* it? The 'Magic Nurse'? Gook luck!" And out came both hands to clasp hers.

"Is it possible this is Ned, walking about like new? Why, you stand straight as a pole, and how well you are looking! I'm so glad!"

"Glad! I'll tell the world I am. But until I get a good look at you I'm only going on low, even with these two sound

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pegs. Oh, boy, will I ever taste anything again that peps up to those salads you used to fix me! I'm here to say you knew my flat days in that ward, and always got in there somehow with a dose of yourself in your salads that pulled me right up. Gee, but I'm glad to see you again under that cap!"

"Tell me—have you full use now of that mangled limb?"

"You bet I have," proudly, "and I'm using it for lost time, too; c'n keep the pace with any of 'em. That's a powerful old sculptor, little old Doc Conner, and I'll say he has a heart, by Jove! But right here's the wonder-juggler that used to slip in to me on overtime steam, and keep up my fighting blood. Where the dickens did you use to find all the stuff you piled into those salads, anyway?"

"Nowhere." Her eyes danced.

"Correct! The real stuff you fed me isn't to be handed out from any blue-print. You just oiled up the works and she's running fine now, too. Say, Miss Hartel, I was wondering. You wouldn't have some time to jolly up a pal of mine that has just come in, would you? He came to San Francisco a week ago; left his mother back East. He supports her; his dad died. He got a job, and yesterday there was a big smash. He has an arm and both eyes under; they don't know what he c'n keep. He likes his doc fine all right, and he doesn't razz a word about any of it; but—but, you see, he's a stranger out here, the way I was. He was saving money to go to college." The tall boy grew still. She watched him.

"Of course I will. I'll take a few minutes from my meals; but quick, then, Ned. Come and introduce me, for I must hurry back now to my patient."

The next morning had been rainy. The early walk had been a wet one, and the trees in the park were passed in a shower that seemed to be coming both down and up. She had noticed the bay lying unaltered by the downpour, and carrying on its ceremonies with mankind as steadily as in the sunshine. She felt it was strange to be so undisturbed by the sort of weather its cargo must pass through. It was always there with its currents and tides, without concern for the hoisting or dropping of the sails that must answer the weather.

"It is like the essence of religion shining through the different creeds," she said to herself. "Just as I see it in my patients—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Christian Scientist. They differ as the weather over the bay. But the bay itself! At death—at birth—" She paused a moment, standing there in the rain to grasp her thought.

"The bay is the same," she ended, as she started on.

Arrived at the hospital and having replaced the wet clothing by a crisp white uniform, an emergency call had taken her suddenly to another case. "A former patient—I'll do it," she had said when they told her what was wanted of her, and she had gone to him to fight for him while death tried to slip in whenever the surgeon turned his back. A desperate fight, and she had not sat down for seven hours, except the ten minutes she took for lunch. Finally there was a respite, and she slipped out into the corridor for a breath. Two doors below stood the head nurse of the corridor.

"There she is now," she exclaimed to some one, who at once hurried forward with: "Miss Hartel, oh, Miss Hartel! Are *you* here? I've just brought mother. She has had a stroke and they say she simply dare not worry. But she is sure she is going to die," choking, "and I've got to get back to work or I'll lose my job. I'm almost crazy. Oh, won't you look in at her as often as you can? I can't afford a special nurse, but I got her a room alone. Will you—oh, won't you keep her cheered up and *not* let her think she will die till I can get back to-night? You know the way you pulled up Bill. Oh, please, Miss Hartel."

"I'm on a serious case and am very busy to-day, but I'll see your mother after hours. And you? How is the boy now?"

"Oh, he's wonderful. We hoped to be married in August, but this—I don't know now. Will has been promoted, you know, and he says you did it."

"I?" laughing. "How?"

"Oh, Bill told me it taught him more about good business to lie those weeks and watch how you went at it to put him into shape than he ever learned from his other bosses. He says you never went slack on

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the job; that you yourself kept right on top of its ups and downs. He calls you his 'promotion teacher' now." They laughed together.

"You tell Will I'll do my best to promote your mother, though, of course, I have only a minute at a time, you must remember."

"But that will be worth just everything to us. Oh, thank you," said the daughter in tears, as they hurriedly parted. And Nurse Hartel's thought answered within her: "Can I manage it, I wonder—enough to cheer this poor soul? I hope those two youngsters can have their wedding day."

My family's turn had come. That "powerful old sculptor Doc Conner" had moulded one of us over, too, and had called in the magic nurse. After the first days were over she began to notice the occupant of the uniform.

She was lying drowsy at one P. M. when the nurse entered, smiling, from the corridor. This usually noiseless attendant sometimes came in bustling; that was on days when the patient was imagining herself to be pitied. At other times she played conductor, calling out: "Everybody off! Change for Buffalo, Chicago, Albany," or some geographical mixture, muddling her charge awake to set it straight. This was when the sleeper was spoiling a night by stubbornly sleeping all day. When she was in pain that white uniform appeared inside without seeming to enter. She never knew how it got there; but she knew it always did. To-day she aroused and asked: "How do you always manage to come in looking so snappy?"

"Do I?"

"Yes. At seven in the morning you blow in like perpetual youth. The rest of the day you keep returning with that far-away look, sometimes puzzled, sometimes in mischief, always stimulating. I'm getting well, and I've been watching. I almost like to have you go because it is such an experience when you come in again."

With an air of comradeship Miss Hartel settled herself in a chair as she smiled knowingly.

"Just now I've been talking to President Cram out in the corridor. I nursed his daughter. You see, the corridor is an artery. The life of the big city passes through, tourists and all. Sometimes by drops, sometimes in streams. Often I find a former patient out there, bringing along a whiff of affairs from the outside. He, or she, may be a banker, or an artist, or a society candle, or some poor devil struggling along alone. Of course each has his own ideas, and it is diverting to hear them. Then, too, there are times when I get good news from some ward of the clinic that cheers me up; or perhaps some of the nurses have stirred up a little deviltry out there to keep things lively for everybody. You know we have a few pretty peppy ones among so many."

"Naturally you would have, and I suppose they manage to make the corridor their playground. Tell me—who was that speck you had tucked in your arm this morning when you gave me that glimpse? It reminded me of a baby bird in an orioles' nest."

"That was a new grandson of one of the city fathers. I know the family; I nursed in their home for seven months and see them occasionally yet. Yesterday it was the three-year-old nephew of one of our State's prominent 'Native Daughters' that I was playing with out there. He is a cute little youngster, bright as buttons. One day last week when I was called out, there in the corridor stood a former patient of five years ago. She is a relative of one of the millionaires here, and they wanted some one to take a long case in that home—an invalid cousin of his. There are beautiful grounds, servants, cars, and all that, but—I didn't go," she ended, with vision in her face.

"Why not? Wouldn't it be easier there than this surgical work and hospital life?"

"Maybe—yes, of course. But I don't care for it. Any nurse can care for that sort of a case."

"You like the hard ones, then?"

"Not that, no—but I want to be using what I know. When I nurse I want to work for a life that will be lost unless I fight with all I have. It seems more useful. When a human life is at stake, and you are given it to keep, that makes it worth while to have learned what I have."

"I see," answered the sick woman. After a silence she reverted. "What made you change and glare out the window after you came in with the doctor this morning?"

"Because you asked such foolish ques-

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tions. Why do you go on asking him things you can't understand? Why don't you trust him to do his work without explaining it to you? A surgeon can't tell you in a few answers what it has taken years for him to get; there are too many details. You ought to leave it to him."

"I do leave it to him," she replied, a little emphatically, "but why do you folks all pout so if we lay people ask to know a layman's bit? You were scornful yesterday when I called a hypodermic an epidermic. And to-day you told me if the friends of the patients here used just their common sense, they would not ask to come nor to send flowers to a newly operated-on patient. Well, how are we of the outside to get this common sense if the answers to the questions we ask are yours to know and ours to guess if we can? No, Miss Day Nurse, I think when you hospital people treat us as having the power to grasp what you can grasp, you will find us less interfering. You build your fence around the facts and then wonder at us for not being within their field."

"But you do have the fact that you are better; why isn't that enough to keep on with? What difference what was done to accomplish it?"

"There you go! If you hear an orchestra, do you think it shows lack of confidence in the leader to ask which is a viola and which the bass viol? Don't you like to know the trombone from the English horn? Moreover, isn't it sense to find out?"

"Yes, but that's different."

"Well, just why? Why should a doctor be so secretive about his line? I can't see why I'll get worse if I know my epidermic from my hypodermic, and I do see why we outsiders can't treat patients as you want us to till you let us know the things that make you people act as you do."

"Your hypodermic! Good gracious, you do need a few facts. Well, maybe we could explain more if all people were sensible. But most are only hysterical."

"You wish it onto the rest of us," was the retort.

"Others sometimes mix up what terms we do use," the nurse tossed back mischievously.

"Try out treating us like sane ones, and see how we act then," came the laughing challenge.

"All right. I'll give you the fact that you are talking too much right now. Close your eyes and rest, for I must go out and fix up the chart."

Out she went, and the combatant knew it was only to remove any target she could talk at. Feeling too weak to resent such manœuvres, she went back to sleep.

As Nurse Hartel was passing down the corridor a door opened and there was rolled out one of the low ambulances used to move the body from the room when, in the struggle, death had won. From a doorway close by a young woman started out, stood motionless, and, without a sound, she fell. Nurse Hartel got there in time to catch her, and hastily called the head nurse to her. Together they lifted the girl and carried her to an open window.

"She is his bride," said the head nurse, nodding toward the vanishing ambulance, "and this is too much."

Nurse Hartel stood pondering. There had just hurried past her a nurse bearing on her arm a little citizen so young that in this transportation down the corridor he was covering his very first mileage.

"Coming and going—at the same time—in the same corridor," she said to herself as she moved away.

In passing the elevator Miss Hartel abruptly confronted a bent, trembling little woman, who emerged and started in short, uncertain steps down the corridor with a determined effort. Quickly the nurse was at her side, and unobtrusively slipping her hand under the arm of the frail figure, she asked: "Did you want to see somebody?" and as the aged face was lifted to hers, she continued gently: "Can I help you find some one?"

"I'm going to see the patient in room 327."

"327? Yes, that is down here at the end. Let me open these doors—they are pretty heavy. My room is near that, and I was going down there, so I'll go with you and call out the nurse for you."

"Thank you—it was a long way here. I know the nurse."

"That's good," responded Miss Hartel. Deep within the thought breathed, "An autumn leaf—and winter is here," and aloud: "No hurry; take your time. If she isn't in the room I'll bring her right away.

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But there she is this minute," and she steadied the eager pilgrim till she brought her to her door.

By the time Nurse Hartel came in again, looking remote, the patient had been wondering what all the smothered confusion outside could mean, and at once seized upon her expression.

"What is going on out in the corridor? Is it a reception or an operation?"

"Not quite either, and a little of both," was her rejoinder. She waited for the next. It was popped out:

"Which is it the most of?"

"Reception at present. A whole family, from grandpa to little Willie, is down at the end of the corridor to welcome the new stork child who arrived a half hour ago. They are separately and all together quite beside themselves. First they were under our feet every moment, questioning and wringing their hands, and now they fairly pack the corridor with their jubilee. The father has hugged four of the internes."

"Atta boy!" Then: "You folks seem to see life differently here from the way it shows up on the Avenue," came reflectively from the bed.

"We have it in its crisis hours, directly and indirectly. It throws a different light about a lifetime. We know people as they really are—like going behind the scenes of a stage performance." The other broke in here:

"I heard one of the doctors say that too, and I've been thinking about it. I think I disagree. You see people as they are *not*—just exactly as they are trying to avoid forever becoming; that is why they are here!"

"But they *are* here," gently reminded this nurse.

"Yes, we are all either in the corridor or trying to keep out of it. But when we do come down it, it is to stay only while marvellous surgeons are carving away what they promise us is overpowering the real us," she warred. "And you wonderful nurses work over the ruins till you see signs of their disappearance. Then we go back through the corridor, leaving behind us you and the surgeon *and* the affliction. Now it seems to me you know our afflictions, our handicaps, but just never do know us. I'm not my affliction! I am what I have thought. You catch me when I can no longer think and label that blank, unnatural critter the real I. No, my dear. They know us truly who know us when masters of our time and of our energies. What you folks know is the sound of nerves breaking. I and my fever are two separable quantities. I am my every hour; my fever is my incident."

The nurse rose and brought her a drink of cool water.

"True, you get disorganized, but you still exist in your fever precisely as your every hour built you. Oh, the difference—the difference, when sickness has mastery of the time and the energies! And, too, when the crisis stuns. Then we see the qualities in that existence which persist through it all. Yes, indeed, the fever is but incident, but that incident disarranges the hangings completely. And then the craftsman behind stands displayed."

She had her half convinced.

"Do you see many surprises?" puzzled the patient.

"Only when beginners. What we really meet is a despair or a courage that compels, joys that are transcendent, grief that drowns, loves that openly display beauties but rarely exposed. We see the human divinity."

In the park one morning a great crowd of poppies was cheering the sunrise. As she came upon them she called under her breath: "Where are you from? I must say I like your ideas about color. You reach up—do you mind being so far below the trees? You childhood, you!"

She gave up to the mood, laughed at them, and dreamed on as she hurried ahead.

"I wonder. Suppose it were so! That all those emotions," she looked calculatingly toward the hospital, "live on in some form! Then, the material used in making a pepper-tree, for instance, would be from all of the exquisite in all of life, gathered up whenever released. It builds the pepper-trees. The pine then? . . . Made from courage. Courage and loyalty are what the pine-tree condenses into a form and fragrance. But whatever made the eucalyptus," she mused; "the many kinds of eucalyptus-tree? Grief? I'm afraid it is. All the kinds there are of grief clinging together and gathering more when it comes, then taking form in those trees all over

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the landscape. H'm! Then that's why they sometimes droop so, after pushing so far up. I'd like to find out what sort of stuff arranged itself into an orange grove. Just what had the idea of being orange-trees! That isn't so plain. What *is* that orange grove? It might be content—yes—content, and affection. I guess it's affection. That's it—every one's affection, especially children's. . . . My poor patient! I wonder which way it will go to-day. Perhaps the night nurse has seen him through to the safe side. What a masterly fight Doctor Leigh has made! He is anxious, too—I must hurry. He will need me to-day. Oh, how alone I feel this morning!"

Nurse Hartel went rapidly on and into the hospital.

"Was that old, old lady I helped down the corridor the other day the mother of your patient?" she later asked of a wholesome looking nurse as they met at the chart desk. The other nurse nodded, and Miss Hartel continued: "You've been with her a long time; it has surely been a hard case. Not many would have endured it as long as you have." The two nurses walked on together through the corridor.

"Endure it? Why, I'm learning every day from that poor, sick, wonderful woman. Do you realize what she does? Suffering as she is, isolated by disease from that feeble mother of eighty-two, and that pitiful brain-fever victim that is her sister—her worse than helpless sister—that patient of mine is cheering and helping along other shut-in folks all over the country. You should see the mail she sends, and see where her small bit of money goes! Not once have I heard her pity her own end, poor soul. No—she stays thoughtful of the others here and everywhere, friend or stranger."

"She seems to be a real Christian," commented Nurse Hartel.

"That's it. I sometimes feel that I'm near a shrine. Endure it! I love the woman and I admire her tremendously. I shall never forget her, never. She is dying more splendidly than most people live."

"Yes," quietly answered Miss Hartel as, veiled by a gentle smile, she went briskly in to her patient.

"Hello, morning glory!" greeted the patient as she entered the room.

"Ship ahoy!" answered the nurse. The patient chuckled.

"Been down to the bay already, first mate?" he queried weakly.

"Yes, from a distance. I notice it each morning as I pass along. It is all ripples and color to-day—a beautiful picture. Boats, ferries, ships are passing about in it, and all as clear-cut this morning as new silver. It is exhilarating."

"That old boy can get himself up in a new rig every day in the year. You can't beat that bunch of water," he boasted.

Miss Hartel was bustling about, at work already arranging his needs for the coming day.

"I think to know it you need to watch it day after day for many months," she chatted as she worked. "I have grown acquainted with it in my morning walks here. Some days it is clear and I see all the ships plainly. They seem close by me. On such days the sight is magnificent. Sometimes it has a fog and I see only pieces of ships, and they seem far away. They are mysterious then."

"Only separate bits of them show some days," put in the patient eagerly.

"Yes, the top of a mast, maybe. I've seen them pass through that fog as shadows, all I could see was the shadow; and I've seen the wake of something when I could find no boat. They call and call to each other through the fog when they are like that. Like memories. What interests me is that whatever sort of a picture there is out there, those boats and ships are always in it somewhere, gliding about. They make me think of our beliefs, our loves. It is just like life, isn't it? Sometimes it is all so beautiful in the morning, and so foggy later. And while it is morning we think we see the ships and which way they are headed, and what sort they are. Then suddenly they are all uncertain—all only shadows in the fog. Oh, I love the bay," she ended energetically. "All that comes and goes in our corridors here—it lies expanded out there."

"So you keep track of that, too, eh?"

"Yes. It is my picture-gallery. I find all of life hung out there in a great frame. Now settle yourself comfortably and rest a few minutes, for I'm going to bring in your breakfast."

And she went out into the corridor.

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Certain designated individuals watched.—Page 309.

Into Belleau Wood

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.
Captain, U. S. Marine Corps, U. S. S. *Rochester;* Author of "Fix Bayonets!" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THEY tried new tactics to get the bayonets into the Bois de Belleau. Platoons—very lean platoons now—formed in small combat groups, deployed in the wheat, and set out toward the gloomy wood. Fifty batteries were working on it, all the field-pieces of the Second Division, and what the French would lend. The shells ripped overhead, and the wood was full of leaping flame, and the smoke of H. E. and shrapnel. The fire from its edge died down. It was late in the afternoon; the sun was low enough to shine under the rim of your helmet. The men went forward at a walk, their shoulders hunched over, their bodies inclined, their eyes on the edge of the wood where shrapnel was raising a hell of a dust. Some of them had been this way before; their faces were set bleakly. Others were replacements, a month or so from Quantico; they were terribly anxious to do the right thing, and they watched zealously the sergeants and the corporals, and the lieutenants who led the way with canes.

One such group, over to the left, followed a big young officer, a replacement too, but a man who had spent a week in Bouresches and was to be considered a veteran, as such things went in those days, when so many chaps were not with the brigade very long. He had not liked Bouresches, which he entered at night, and where he lived obscenely in cellars with the dead, and saw men die in the orange flash of minenwerfer shells, terri-

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bly and without the consolation of glory. Here, at last, was attack. . . . He thought, absently watching his flank to see that it guided true—guide centre was the word—of the old men who had brought him up to tales of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, in the war of the Southern Confederacy. Great battles, glamorous attacks, full of the color and the high-hearted élan of chivalry. Jackson at Chancellorsville; Pickett at Gettysburg—that was a charge for you; the red Southern battle-flags, leading like fierce bright-winged birds the locked ranks of fifteen gray brigades, and the screeching rebel yell, and the field-music, fife and drum, rattling out "The Girl I Left Behind Me—":

"... O, if ever I get through this war,
And the Lincoln boys don't find me,
I'm goin' to go right back again
To the girl I left behind me——"

Some of them had been this way before.—Page 306.

No music here, no flags, no bright swords, no lines of battle charging with a yell. Combat groups of weary men, in drab and dirty uniforms, ranged approximately on a line, spaced "so that one shrapnel burst cannot include more than one group," laden like mules with gas-masks, bandoleers, grenades, chaut-chaut clips, trudging forward without haste and without excitement, they moved on an untidy wood where shells were breaking, a wood that did not answer back, or show an enemy. In its silence and anonymity, it was far more sinister than any flag-crowned rampart, or any stone walls topped with crashing volleys from honest old black-powder muskets. He considered these things and noted that the wood was very near, and that the German shells were passing high and breaking in the rear, where the support companies were waiting. His own artillery appeared to

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have lifted its range; you heard the shells farther in, in the depths of the wood.

The air snapped and crackled all around. The sergeant beside the lieutenant stopped, looked at him with a frozen, foolish smile, and crumpled into a heap of old clothes. Something took the knee-cap off the lieutenant's right knee and his leg buckled under him. He noticed, as he fell sideways, that all his men were tumbling over like duck-pins; there was one fellow that spun around twice, and went over backward with his arms up. Then the wheat shut him in, and he heard cries and a moaning. He observed, curiously, that he was making some of the noise himself. How could anything hurt so? He sat up to look at his knee—it was bleeding like the deuce!—and as he felt for his first-aid packet, a bullet seared his shoulder, knocking him on his back again. For a while he lay quiet, and listened to odd thrashing noises around him, and off to the left a man began to call, very pitifully. At once he heard more machine-gun fire—he hadn't seemed to hear it before—and now the bullets were striking the ground and ricocheting with peculiar whines in every direction. One ripped into the dirt by his cheek, and filled his eyes and his mouth with dust. The lamentable crying stopped; most of the crawling, thrashing noises stopped. He himself was hit again and again, up and down his legs, and he lay very still.

So many chaps were not with the brigade very long.—Page 306.

Where he lay, he could just see a tree-top—he was that near the wood. A few leaves clung to it; he tried to calculate, from the light on them, how low the sun was and how long it would be until dark. Stretcher-bearers would be along at dark surely. He heard voices, so close that he could distinguish words:

"*Caput?*"

"*Nein—nicht alles*——"

Later, forgetting those voices, he tried to wriggle backward into a shell-hole that he remembered passing. He was hit again, but somehow he got into a little shell-hole, or got his body into it, head first. He reflected that he had bled so much that a head-downward position wouldn't matter, and he didn't want to be hit again. Men all dead, he supposed. He couldn't hear any of them. He seemed to pass out and then to have dreamy periods of consciousness. In one of these periods he saw the sky over him was dark, metallic blue; it would be nearly night. He heard somebody coming on heavy feet, and cunningly shut his eyes to a slit . . . playing dead. . . . A German officer, a stiff, immaculate fellow,

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stood over him, looking at him. He lay very still, trying not to breathe. The Boche had out his pistol, a short-barrelled Luger, rested it on his left forearm, and fired deliberately. He felt the bullet range upward through the sole of his foot, and something excruciating happened in his ankle. Then one called, and the German passed from his field of vision, returning his pistol as he went. . . .

Later, trying to piece things together, he was in an ambulance, being jolted most infernally. And later he asked a nurse by his bed: "I say, nurse, tell me—did we get the Bois de Belleau?" "Why, last June!" she said. "It's time you were coming out of it! This is August."

COMING OUT

The battalion lay in unclean holes on the far face of Bois de Belleau, which was "now U. S. Marine Corps entirely." The sun was low over Torcy, and all the battalion, except certain designated individuals, slept. The artillery, Boche and American, was engaged in counter-battery work, and the persecuted infantry enjoyed repose. The senior lieutenant of the 49th Company, bedded down under a big rock with his orderly, came up from infinite depths of slumber with his pistol out, all in one swift motion. You awoke like that in the Bois de Belleau. . . . Jennings, company runner, showed two buck-teeth at him and said: "Sir, the cap'n wants to see you——"

They crawled delicately away from the edge of the wood, to a trail that took you back under cover, and found the captain frying potatoes in bacon-grease. "Going out tonight, by platoons. Start as soon as it's dark, with the 17th. We are next. Sixth Regiment outfit makin' the relief —96th Company for us. They've been here before, so you needn't leave anybody to show them the ground. Soon as they get to you, beat it. Got a sketch of the map? Have your platoon at Bois Gros-Jean—you know, beyond brigade, on the big road—at daylight. Battalion has chow there. Got it? Good——"

The Boche had out his pistol.

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The lieutenant went happily back to his men. The word had already gotten around, by the grape-vine route, and grinning heads stuck out of every hole. "Well, sergeant, pass the word to get set —goin' out to-night—" "Yes, sir! ready right now! Is the division bein' relieved?" "No, 6th Regiment comin' in—" "Well, sir, I hope to God they ain't late. Did you hear, sir, anything about us goin' back to St. Denis, and gettin' liberty in Paris, an' a month's rest—" That unaccountable delusion persisted in the Marine Brigade through all of June and into July. It never happened. "No, I didn't hear any such thing. But it's enough to get out of here. This place is like the wrath of God!"

It was. To begin with, it has been a tangled, rocky wood of a few kilometres, the shooting-preserve of a French family in happier days. Even now you could see where a sort of hunting-lodge had been; they said some Marines had crawled in and bombed a Boche headquarters out of it. The first of June, it was rather a pretty place, with great trees and flowery underbrush all green and new in the full tide of spring. It was a place of no particular military importance, other than local. But the chance of war made it a symbol. The German rolled down to it like a flood, driving before him forlorn fragments of wrecked French divisions, all the way from the Chemin des Dames. It was the spearhead of his last great thrust on Paris. The Americans of the Second Division were new troops, untried in this war, regarded with uneasy hopefulness by the Allies. Their successes came when the Allies very greatly needed a success; for not since 1914 had the Boche appeared so terrible and so strong as in this, the spring of 1918. For a space the world watched the Bois de Belleau uneasily, and then with pride and an awakened hope. Men saw in it, foreshadowed, Soissons, and the 8th of August, that Ludendorf was to call "the black day of the war," and an event in a car on a railroad siding, in the misty November forest of Senlis.

Boche Grenadier.

But the men who fought here saw none of these things. Good German troops, with every device of engineering skill, and all their cunning gained in war, poured into the wood.

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Battalions of Marines threw themselves against it. Day and night for nearly a month men fought in its corpse-choked thickets, killing with bayonet and bomb and machine-gun. It was gassed and shelled and shot into the semblance of nothing earthly. The great trees were all down; the leaves were blasted off, or hung sere and blackened. It was pockmarked with shell-craters and shallow dugouts and hasty trenches. It was strewn with all the débris of war, Mauser rifles and Springfields, helmets, German and American, unexploded grenades, letters, knapsacks, packs, blankets, boots; a year later, it is said, they were still finding unburied dead in the depths of it. Finally it was taken, literally by inches.

Men fought in its corpse-choked thickets. . . .

Now the battalion turned its back to the tangle, and watched with languid interest the shrapnel that one of the batteries of our 15th Field was showering on the ruined airdrome in front of Torcy. The white puff-balls were tinged pink by the setting sun, and jets of reddish dust went up from the ground under the bursts. A Boche battery was replying, and heavy shells rumbled far above, searching transport lines. Those nights, up in northern France, came late and went early. A man could sit on the edge of his hole, prairie-dog fashion, and write a letter at 10.30; it was not safe to move in the open until after eleven; it was nearly midnight when the relieving troops came in. The lieutenant's opposite number reported, chap he hadn't seen since Quantico, back in another lifetime. "Well, here we are! Out you go—" "I say, is it you, Bob? Heard you were

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killed—" "Oh, not at all—heard the same thing about you—not strange; lot of serious accidents have happened around here—" "Well—good luck—" "Sure—bon chance, eh?—so long——"

The platoon left the Wood and angled down to the Torcy road. A string of shells howled overhead, 88's by the sound of them, and broke on the road. The lieutenant halted and watched: "Dam' unusual, shellin' here this time of night—must know it's a relief—" It was the conviction of all that the Boche knew every-

Ration parties . . . always sweated mightily and anticipated exciting incidents. . . .

thing, down to the movements of the lowest corporal. "I think we'll cut a corner, and take a chance of gettin' through the line over yonder—" He led away from the road, through the trampled wheat to his right, away from the shelling. This was really No Man's Land, for the line curved back from the Wood, and thrust out again along the line of another crest, also wooded. Such intervals were watched by day and patrolled by night, and ration parties, carrying details, and other wretches who had to traverse them, always sweated mightily and anticipated exciting incidents. It was full of smells and mysterious horrors in the starlight, that wheat. Once the platoon came upon a pig feeding unspeakably. . . . The woods ahead grew plain; the men walked gingerly, straining their eyes at the shadows. . . . "Eighth Machine-gun in there —take it easy, you— Risky business, this—wish to God I'd—" The platoon stopped, frozen, as they heard the charging handle of a Hotchkiss snick back. A small sharp voice barked: "Halt—who's there?—" "Platoon of the 49th—can we get through here?" "My God, I dam' near gave you a clip! What the hell, comin' up here—don't you know you ain't supposed to come bustin' around a machine-gun position, you—" "All right—all right!—shellin' the road down there —" and the platoon scuttled past the Hotchkiss gun, while its crew reviled them. Machine-gunners are a touchy lot, prone to shoot first and inquire afterward; the platoon gave thanks for a man who didn't scare——

They turned left now and went swiftly through the woods northwest of Lucy. They passed a place where the midnight harassing fire had caught a ration party: a shell had hit a push-cart loaded with loaves of the round French war bread which was the main item of the ration on this front; bread was scattered over an acre or so, and a frenzied sergeant was routing his ration party out of several holes and trying to collect it again. Otherwise, an outfit up in the Bois de Belleau wouldn't eat for another twenty-four hours. The platoon was amused. They took the road to La Voie du Chatelle, stepping out. They'd be well behind

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the usual shelling, if the Boche was operating on schedule. Far enough back to talk now and relax their hunched shoulders.

Down the road they heard a trampling, and the wind brought a smell of unwashed men. "Hi! Relief of Frogs comin' in!" "Yeh—Frogs. They smell Frogs like camels. We smell like goats." "Hope this relief carries a bath wit' it! Me, I've got blue mould all up my back." "Well, next time we come in, we'll put showers in that goddam' place. Been there long enough to, already—" "How long we been there? Le's see—this is the 5th of July, ain't it?" "Je's, I don't keep count of no days! I can't remember when we was anywhere else—" This was in a tone so mournful that the file's neighbors laughed. "What you doin' in this war, anyway? Dam' replacement, jus' joined up after Hill 142—" "Man," said the file very earnestly, "I'll tell you. So help me Gawd, I wuz dodgin' the draft!"

The French column came up and passed. Its horizon-blue uniform was invisible in the dark, but the stars glinted a little on its helmets and bayonets. "V'la! Yanquis! B'soir, Americains!" "Dam' right, Frenchie! Bon chance, huh?" They went on without lagging, well closed up. A man's feet dragged going in; there are no such things on a battle-field as fresh troops, for you always approach by forced marches, infinitely weary—"but comin' out— Boy, we make knots!—" They reached La Voie du Chatelle, where regimental was, and where the old Boche always shelled. It was a little farm, pretty well knocked to pieces now, but regimental was reported to prefer it to a change; they had the Boche's system down, so that they could count on him. His shelling always fell into method when he had long enough, and the superior man could, by watching him a few days, avoid unpleasantness. La Voie du Chatelle, as the world knew, received his attention from 11.45 to 12.10 every night. Then he laid off until three, when his day-shift came on. You could set your watch by it. The platoon went cheerfully past.

A full kilometre farther they hiked, at a furious pace. Then the lieutenant considered that they might catch a rest; they had come a long way and were in a safe spot. Ten minutes' rest out of every hour was the rule, when possible. He passed the word: "Fall out to the right of the road," and sat down himself a little way off, feeling for his chewing-tobacco. You didn't smoke on the front at night—lights were not safe. And chewin' was next best. Then he observed that the platoon was not falling out. They stood in groups on the road, and an angry mutter reached him. "What th' 'ell? Goin' out, an' then he wants to rest!" "Yeh, 'fall out on the right of the road,' he says, the goddam' fool—" The lieutenant knew his men, as you know men you live in hell with. He got up chuckling. "Well if that's the way you feel about it—come on, you birds!" and he set them a killing step, at which no man complained.

The dawn was coming when they rendezvoused with the battalion in Bois Gros-Jean— Beans for breakfast, and hot coffee, and tins of jam! That afternoon they had off their clothes for the first time in three weeks or so, and swam in the Marne at a place called Croutte. And at formation they heard this order published:

VI Armée
Etat Major
6930/2

Au QGA le 30 Juin, 1918.

In view of the brilliant conduct of the 4th Brigade of the 2nd U. S. Division, which in a spirited fight took Bouresches and the important strong point of Bois de Belleau, stubbornly defended by a large enemy force, the General commanding the VIth Army orders that, henceforth, in all official papers, the Bois de Belleau shall be named "Bois de la Brigade de Marine."

The General of Division Degoutte
Commanding VIth Army
(Signed) DEGOUTTE.

"Yeh," said the battalion. "Now, about this liberty in Paris—" But they didn't go to Paris. They took a road that led through Soissons, and St. Mihiel, and Blanc Mont, and the Argonne-Meuse to Nieuwied, on the far side of the Rhine——

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The Small-Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party

BY WILL ROSE
Editor of the Cambridge Springs (Penna.) *Enterprise-News.*

DECORATIONS BY WILFRED JONES

I DID not walk down our Main Street to the office of Justice of the Peace Moses with the express purpose of talking with him about the passing of the partisan press. But the subject came up and we talked about it for some time. I am sure that the thousands and thousands of political managers of all major parties can profit from our discussion and the conclusion at which we finally arrived.

At the start, let's get a clear look at the two widely different men who were talking.

Justice Moses was a classic partisan newspaper editor for more than forty years before he decided to sit back and take things more leisurely in a legal office.

Its policy belongs absolutely to the public.

I, on the other hand, am a young newspaper man, one of the many business men, rather than editors, who are successfully at the helm to-day, and what success I am achieving in the average inland field is due to a definite business policy. Party politics receives a very small pinch of my active mind in the conduct of my newspaper.

Justice Moses and I agreed that the day of the partisan newspaper in America has passed. Had we disagreed, this article would have much less point.

It has not been my good fortune to sit in at national or State headquarters of any political party. But I have been on the receiving end of campaign publicity and propaganda for some time, and I have kept my eyes open. I am decidedly mistaken if the party managers are not badly confounded by the present newspaper situation. They cannot get their propaganda into the big dailies at all. At the same time, the smaller dailies and weeklies cannot afford to use their stuff without editing it severely and thus destroying the exact effect which party headquarters intend. Just why this is we shall see a little later. In truth, party organizations are facing a tremendous problem. A solution may easily elect the next President. Do headquarters realize this?

Only four reasons for partisan newspapers ever existed.

Two of them were partisan ownership and patronage (legal advertising), both obvious.

The remaining two reasons were closely allied. In the beginning, all news was political news and a newspaper had nothing to print unless it was fighting the cause of a political party. Gradually, two dominant parties created two ready-made subscription lists. If you remember anything of the latter part of the nineteenth century in America, you know that it was utterly impossible for one newspaper to serve the members of both parties.

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Therefore there were at least two newspapers in every community, and both were strictly partisan.

The four reasons, then, were: first, partisan ownership; second, legal advertising; third, limitation and character of the news; fourth, an aggressive and divided public.

Changing conditions have negatived all of them. The revolution started about twenty years ago. Out of the revolution, newspapers have emerged to a safe and sound commercial position. They are not now "married" to the party.

Newspapers used to be of the kind that was conducted for many years by an old employee of mine who wound up his career at one of the display cases. He had been utterly incapable of rising with the tide. In late years he grew reticent, drew into himself. He was obstinate about type-setting machines, the use of advertising illustrations, and the frequent changing of ad copy. One day in his last years he told me of some "easy money," as he termed it, which he took from a Congressional candidate in the "palmy" days of his newspaper. The candidate had sent him several favorable articles to run without mentioning terms. Because he was editing a partisan newspaper he ran them as a matter of course. After the election the publisher sent the candidate a bill for a hundred dollars, and he told me in great glee of how he got it. All he had done, of course, was to influence all of his readers to vote for the candidate. And for this he was glad, even surprised, to receive a hundred dollars!

Things are different to-day.

The postmaster in a borough in Pennsylvania recently took sick and died within two weeks. He left his widow in meagre circumstances. Friends thought it would be a fine act to have the widow appointed to fill out the unexpired term. Having heard something about politics, they waited only until after the funeral and then rushed to their Congressman. But they were too late. The successor had already been appointed, had been selected at a conference fully a week before the postmaster had died.

The appointment did not happen to be popular. Another conference was held. Said the Congressman to the party committeeman of the borough: "Get your newspaper to write an article that will fix this appointment with the public." Said the committeeman: "I cannot."

If the publisher had been approached, he would have spoken, substantially, as follows: "As property, this newspaper is privately owned. But its policy belongs absolutely to the public. It does not favor any party when the party is wrong. It stands for what is right regardless of party. The advertising of any party or of any candidate will be accepted on a strictly cash with order basis."

He was glad to receive one hundred dollars.

In short, newspaper-making has become a business. And if it would be successful, if it would pay its help promptly, keep up its plant, give efficient service in news distribution, discount its bills, and pay its owner a justified profit, it should divorce itself from politics, just as every other successful line of business has done.

The telegraph, telephone, rotary press, and typewriter had a great deal to do with the development of news and newspapers, but they did not change their political characters. However, they made possible a service which first local and then national advertisers were glad to buy in ever increasing quantity. Profitable commercial advertising that had no strings tied to it, that was delivered on the basis of value received, is the fundamental cause of the separation of newspapers from parties.

Perhaps local advertisers practised the psychology of large display space before they realized the theory of it. But certain it is that the size of display space has its own psychology. Thus, the department

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store used larger space than other stores to impress the public mind with the size of the institution back of the advertising. Soon the smaller store or the specialty shop, in announcing some special sales event, used large space. Along came national advertisers to swell the volume. Then it became necessary to use three-column space constantly so as not to be lost in editions running from twenty-four to sixty pages. Meanwhile the mechanical department had been able to keep step with the development. Finally, the volume of what has always been termed "legal advertising," and which is placed in those papers selected by the party in power, became so small a part of the annual volume that publishers have been forced to drop it from consideration in the formation of policy.

I say "forced," and that is what I mean. A newspaper sells its advertising space most easily and successfully to-day on the basis of circulation. Circulation shows how well it covers its field. Obviously, it is not good business to appeal to the members of only one party. Why should any publisher cut his possible circulation in half by continually publishing the ideas and principles of only one party?

He should not, nor can he, unless he has a longing to dig ditches or sweep streets. I recently had become a newspaper owner when Charles E. Hughes was a candidate for the Presidency. Earlier in life he had been a law professor at my university. Later I had met him personally when he was a Justice of the Supreme Court and when I was a member of a college theatrical troupe which played in Washington. Furthermore, I had been a high school debater in New York when he was the greatly admired governor of that State. Lastly, he appealed to me for many reasons, not the least of which was his fair and open mind, and I liked him. Consequently I published nearly all of the propaganda sent out by Republican national headquarters that year. I may be permitted to say that some of this propaganda was decidedly ill-advised. It cost me the subscription of a Democrat who had read my newspaper for forty years, and, being a merchant, he took his advertising with him. He used to throw my newspaper clear across the room when it was delivered to him. I cannot say how many good readers followed his lead. In the few years intervening, I have become a much more successful publisher. I am a Republican still. But I can assure you that most of the Democrats in my county read my newspaper regularly and that none of them are to-day throwing it across the room. Yet, sincerely and confidentially, I think I did more for Coolidge, in spite of my saner business policy, than I did for Hughes.

Newspapers are making a new crop of millionaires. In thousands of cities, men, many of them formerly printers at the case with only a trade, who secured plants and property twenty or thirty years ago for a few thousands or hundreds, can now sell out for hundreds of thousands. And there you have the reason why candidates are not now buying newspapers to be elected governor or congressman.

Recently I asked the price of a newspaper property in a New York city of sixteen thousand population. This newspaper has its field exclusively and enjoys a circulation of approximately only eight thousand families. I was not merely a curiosity buyer. I wanted to buy. The present owner asked me six hundred thousand dollars. In another exclusive field of eight thousand population where an old established newspaper with a limited equipment now has about three thousand circulation, the owner wanted to sell badly so that he could remove to the Pacific Coast, but he would not accept less than one hundred thousand dollars, and he wanted half of that in cash. These prices were not based on physical valuations strictly. Earnings are relatively large. It is to be noted that both of these newspapers treat all parties equally and alike as far as their news and advertising columns are involved. In their editorial columns they make sincere efforts to uphold what is best for the public without regard to party. It is to be noted also that the influence of these newspapers in elections is strong and very definite. Readers are accustomed to read favorable Democratic sentiment at one time, or something in favor of the Republican party at another. They are pretty certain that they will not find impure party propaganda at any time. Knowing that

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motives are pure, they give careful consideration to the newspaper's opinion.

Reaction to a partisan Republican party newspaper in a Pennsylvania city of fourteen thousand population is not nearly so definite nor large in quantity. Nothing in favor of any other party is ever found in this newspaper's news and editorial columns. Ofttimes the editorials are decidedly slippery because they are so obviously Republican propaganda. It happens that the entire county does not have a Democratic newspaper, not even a Democratic weekly. All publicity is in favor of the Republican party. Yet, in this county, we find the Democrats strongly entrenched in three of the four major offices. By remaining strictly partisan, this newspaper of which I write has obviously lost political prestige.

Nor has it progressed satisfactorily in commercial volume. Knowing that it serves only part of the public politically, it ignorantly fears the establishment of a Democratic newspaper in opposition. To ward against this possibility, it sells its advertising space for a ridiculously low rate per inch in the local field. This cuts its normal advertising volume down at least one third. Now by the very nature of its business, a newspaper must operate at a certain fixed overhead. It takes its profits from excess. Sacrificing one third of a normal advertising volume in order to remain strictly partisan is costing this newspaper something like twenty thousand dollars per year. Unfortunately, the Republican party does not know this and would be absolutely powerless to make it up even if it did. Nor does the party seem to realize that this newspaper is of very little help in winning elections.

Combinations have also helped to divorce newspaper and parties. The cost of publishing a newspaper to-day is very large. Towns up to twenty-five thousand population formerly boasted of two, or more, dailies, neither of them doing particularly well but both getting by after a fashion; to-day many of these cities have only one newspaper. This changing situation is covering the country rapidly. And of course, when one newspaper takes possession of a field, it aims to give service and satisfaction to as large a number as possible. It gives complete news first consideration. Advertisers are given exceedingly good coverage of the territory. There simply is no room for a one-party policy.

Some may view this new situation with alarm. "How are we to maintain our two-party system?" they ask. That, you will admit, is the problem of the party and not of the newspaper. However, I, for one, know that the present situation is much better for the newspaper and I believe that it is more wholesome for parties and for the nation. But the party will be obliged to get up to date to meet the situation. It will be forced to revamp its methods of keeping the public informed of its principles and its objectives. A few suggestions may be in order.

The major candidacies are legitimate news. Their progress, their speeches, will always be carried by the news wires. This insures them representation in dailies; and, as far as these larger newspapers are concerned, the only problem of the political managers is to select candidates who can say something and do something. I do admit, of course, that it is becoming exceedingly difficult to make a weak candidate look strong.

And while the day when columns and columns of propaganda to be set in type in the newspaper plant without editing has passed, both dailies and weeklies are more greedy than ever for good feature material. But it must be good. And it must be reasonably accurate, sound, and largely in picture form. The Republicans made a good start along this line in the Coolidge campaign when the old sap bucket of the Coolidge farm (a very good and novel substitute for the appeal of the old oaken bucket) was presented to Henry Ford; and other subjects, liberally painted with what is known as "human interest," were sent to all newspapers. The "publicity" of the Democratic National Committee in the same campaign stuck to the old-fashioned proof sheets filled with stuff that the publisher could not afford to print, and I am sure that no great amount of it got into print for that reason.

The parties can do, also, as any legitimate enterprise does; they can purchase display space where and when they care to and can write their copy to suit themselves. Even to-day this would prove to be the most effective use of publicity funds. Eventually it will constitute the major expenditure.

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Mounds

BY JAMES G. BERRIEN

HAVE you ever noticed the beautiful way
  God curves things?
The sloping slant of a hill
  With the hint of a rock plateau underneath?
The bend of a river around
  The sharp point of an island?
A two-year-old-baby's eyelash?
  The way a bird dips and soars?

A hill through the heart of a State
  Goes for miles, full of saw-toothed walls.
They fight like the devil to show through,
  They think that is what they are meant for.
Benignantly they are vignetted below and above
  With marvellous billowy verdure
That makes all the tops of the hills
Like waves—gentle, or high, or just slipping.

And the river that flows below—
  Flows so smoothly—
Ever so smooth, like oil
Gray-green or bright blue in the sun
Making soft the high lights of the trees
  And the too brown earth
  And the autumn grass.

The brown road that gets over the hill—
  Though so full of quite meaningless miles
  Of sheer drag, and momentum, and use—
Has trees every side and long falls of water
  Down crescent-shaped stairs of rock;
Has the arc of the moon seen afar.

So explosions that blast life wide open,
  Like wars, quick death, sudden hate,
Wear the cerements of time
  With the grace of a lightning-shot oak
Turned to mould—a sweet bed for the moss.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

OF those who make their living by writing, my unsolicited sympathy flows most freely toward the New York dramatic critics. So far as I can see, they are both honest and shrewd; the commonest accusation against them may easily be explained, if not justified. The accusation is that, instead of writing a criticism, they use the average new play as a target for their own wit, with the endeavor to score as frequently and palpably as possible. But think what they have to endure! To understand is surely to forgive. There are (exclusive of picture-houses) sixty-five theatres in New York, and the dramatic critic must attend, if possible, every first night. Of the sixty-five performances on any given evening, not more than fifteen are worth seeing; the critic would intellectually and physically be better off almost anywhere else. Indeed, the situation is so serious that if one had to choose between seeing every play in New York and never going to the theatre at all, one would be a positive gainer by practising total abstinence. Most of the plays are such an insult to human intelligence that they must in the course of time produce a damaging effect on the mind and character; and if you are tempted to curse the critic, pause a moment and think how long *your* mind and heart would hold out if constantly exposed to such a mass of puerilities.

No one loves the theatre more than I. But if I had to choose between seeing all the plays in New York and seeing none, I would take the latter alternative. It is not possible to see them all and escape unscathed. Even as kings used to have professional tasters who tasted every dish of food before it reached the royal lips, in order to see if it was poisonous, so the professional dramatic critics are the official tasters for the sovereign people, and, unfortunately for them, much that they taste is either unpalatable or injurious. I am amazed at their endurance and grateful for their dietetic reports.

I am in the free and happy position of never going to the theatre except when I wish to, and of never seeing anything unless I have reason to believe it will repay my time and trouble. Even then I sometimes think—well, I remember a criticism in a Western newspaper: "If the admission were free, at the end of the first act the actors would owe the audience money."

Whether I receive free tickets or pay for them, I am always glad to recommend those plays that I have found either innocently amusing or intellectually stimulating.

When I first heard that "Hamlet" was to be presented in modern clothes and with modern implements, I had a feeling akin to nausea. I felt it was like jazzing the Bible, turning a tragedy into a travesty, in the hope that it might be lowered enough to reach the level of the intelligence of the modern audience. But on reading the criticisms and hearing tributes from discriminating lovers of Shakespeare, I determined to see for myself, with the result that I found the performance not only intelligent and illuminating, but thrilling. Mr. Basil Sydney acted the greatest of all parts with sympathy and skill, and the other members of the cast looked like real persons. Ophelia was young and slim, Queen Gertrude looked sufficiently alluring to have tempted Claudius or any one else, and Polonius, in cutaway and spats, was just what he ought to be. Although I have seen "Hamlet" many times, I have never seen the funeral of Ophelia and the episodes connected with it presented in so convincing a fashion. Hamlet in tweeds with a golf cap, looking at the skull, made a contrast between life and death that was terribly impressive. Once more it became clear that Shakespeare is not only the greatest of poets but the greatest of playwrights.

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The artistic success of this experiment does not make me any the less grateful to Walter Hampden and Ethel Barrymore for their Shakespearian performances. It is fortunate for us all that Mr. Hampden has at last his own theatre in New York, where he can give standard dramas; fortunate, too, that with him is associated Ethel Barrymore.

But it is unfortunate that Rostand's "The Last Night of Don Juan," which is a work of genius, could not have been more happily presented and interpreted. I am glad I saw it, for even under distressing circumstances it is more rewarding than almost any other modern play; but the production at the Greenwich Village Theatre was hopeless, and any prospect of a long run was nullified. What is needed now perhaps more than anything else is a Rostand revival. We shall forever admire Walter Hampden for giving so magnificent an interpretation of Cyrano de Bergerac. But we need also to see "Chantecler," "L'Aiglon," and "Les Romanesques." Genius is too scarce and too precious to be neglected.

Last year, owing to prolonged absence, I was unable to see "What Price Glory?" But this season it is on tour, and I had the pleasure of seeing it in New Haven. It is a powerful and convincing drama, a war play written in sincerity and truth. The more of such representations the better. When Channing Pollock took "The Enemy" to the producer, he was told that everybody wanted to forget the war. He retorted with the excellent remark of Colonel House: "The sooner we forget this war, the sooner we shall have the next one." My admiration for "The Enemy," which I expressed in an earlier number of SCRIBNER'S, was strengthened by seeing it again.

Among the new plays one of the most notable is Philip Barry's "In a Garden," a splendid addition to American drama. The plot is original, the dialogue subtle and brilliant; and Laurette Taylor does the finest work in her career. A pleasure it is to see also the veteran actor Ferdinand Gottschalk, who for many years has delighted audiences by his consummate art.

The success of "The Show-Off," by George Kelly, was so great that I feared I might be disappointed by "Craig's Wife." I was not, though. This is another excellent American play, both amazing and stimulating. Keep your eyes on Kelly.

Eva Le Gallienne, one of the brightest ornaments of the modern stage, deserves universal recognition for her revival of "The Master Builder." She gave this in a series of "off" matinees, and it was so successful that it is now running nightly.

Books on the drama continue to multiply. One of the best I have read in a long time is Frank Vernon's "The Twentieth Century Theatre," which packs an immense amount of excellent criticism into a small space. A. E. Morgan's "Tendencies of the Modern Drama" has some good chapters, but labors under the fardel of dulness. Imagine writing three long chapters on Shaw, and——Shaw is witty in himself but is not always the cause of wit in other men.

Has any change really taken place in Shaw's mind? There certainly has in his face. Formerly his portraits looked like Mephistopheles. Now they look like a benevolent priest. Is Saint Joan responsible?

Young Mr. Collis has written a readable and lively book on Shaw, embellished with foot-notes by G. B. S. The book is filled with so much adulation and fulsome flattery that one might think it would be almost too much for its hero to swallow. One would be wrong.

"In a temple every one should be serious except the thing worshipped," said the great Oscar.

An important and valuable work on the theatre in America has recently appeared under the title "The Charleston Stage in the XVIII Century, with Social Settings of the Time," by Eola Willis, published at Columbia, S. C. The scope of the book is shown in the following extracts from the Foreword.

To correct inaccuracies and to place Charleston in her proper light upon her own boards, the Gazettes have been searched page by page, and every item of theatrical importance or interest extracted from 1734 until January, 1801. . . . The result has been most gratifying in bringing to light the *first* American Prologues and Epilogues, the *first* productions of Ballad Opera in this

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Country, the *first* advertisements and dramatic criticisms, and the "*first nights*" of some of the most desirable acquisitions, etc.

It is a work of scholarship, patriotism, piety; and carefully done.

With reference to my query in the December issue as to the ability of singers to control their emotion, I have received many letters. Here is one from a man whose books I read with ever-increasing admiration—Basil King.

I think I can give you an example of a singer being overcome by the sheer emotion of what he sings, just as the reader of a poem by what he reads. The great basso, Pol Plançon, whom I knew intimately for many years, could never get through the air *Qui sdegno* from "The Magic Flute" without tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice. Oddly enough this was only when he sang in private. On the stage he never faltered; but when he sang it in a room, as I have heard him do some hundreds of times, there was always a hint of breaking down in the second last line of the words.

How I envy Basil King's years of intimacy with Plançon! He had a magnificent voice, enormous in volume, flexible as a trilling soprano, and under marvellous control. I first heard him in 1890, in "Faust" at Paris; a young American girl, Emma Eames, was the Marguerite. What a pair! In later years I heard him often at the Metropolitan, and once, when, in a concert at New Haven, he sang "The Two Grenadiers," I thought he *was* almost overcome. *I* was not almost but altogether so. It was a cruel fate that made Edouard de Reszké and Plançon contemporaries. They were both such glorious singers and such intelligent artists that they should have appeared at different periods of time. At the Metropolitan Plançon always had to take a secondary rôle, although he was one of the greatest singers of all time. Repeatedly I heard both him and Edouard in the same opera—if it was "Meistersinger" Edouard was Hans Sachs, and Plançon Pogner, etc. In "Faust," Edouard, who, unlike his brother, was never ill, always sang Mephistopheles. I remember an article in *Town Topics*, which, although of course praising Edouard for his "tremendous voice and striking personality," advised everybody to go to Brooklyn, the only place where one could hear Plançon sing Mephistopheles, and enjoy "his rich and noble tones."

What makes great bassos such giants in stature? Edouard de Reszké, Pol Plançon, Paul Bender, Chaliapin—all well over six feet.

An elocutionist, Miss Fonetta Flansburg, who by the way calls me Richard Lyon Phelps—a splendid compliment when you remember the royal connotation of the two names—gives a practical suggestion:

Forewarned that the tender or *heroic* (the worst) passage is at hand, I quietly draw a deep breath which brings the diaphragm *taut* and the lungs full. I keep that through the passage, renewing the breath if necessary. So held, I can let my voice make its appeal to my hearers, but I myself do not yield. Pick out your worst passage, brace up your diaphragm and read on one deep breath as long as possible, sneak a little more if necessary, till the danger point is passed.

Miss Margaret Lyneham, of Corning, New York, writes:

To quote my old teacher Dr. S. S. Curry [I knew him well], who used to compare the emotions to a high-spirited horse—how ancient that sounds, doesn't it?—which if left to his own desires runs here and there and gets nowhere. The will, like the driver, controls and directs without destroying or eliminating feeling. The trainer of the horse takes nothing from the horse. He guides him.

Miss Anna Nicholas, in an interesting article in the Indianapolis *Star*, comments as follows:

Prof. Phelps is not the first one who has felt a similar wonder—not that singers are not overcome by the passion or pathos of their songs, but that so few of them express those emotions in their singing. For the professor is probably wrong in his assumption that the singers usually feel intensely what they sing. They convey too often the impression that they are concerned solely with their vocalization, which may be fine in its way and yet lack the sympathetic quality that proves the emotional and spiritual appreciation of the music and the words. The greatest singers have more than beautiful voices; they have more than

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a mere intellectual understanding of the song and its setting. If the author of the song and the composer of the music have put sorrow or tragedy or tender love or triumphant joy into their songs—soul, in short—the sympathetic singer will interpret that soul and the listener will be thrilled to his innermost heart and uplifted emotionally to a degree no other power can equal.

It does not by any means follow that a possessor of a beautiful voice is appreciative of fine sentiment or is of emotional or sympathetic temperament. Nor is an understanding and sympathetic spirit necessarily an accompaniment of keen intelligence. This fact is illustrated by the difference between the singing of negro spirituals by white and colored singers. The former seem to miss almost entirely the sincere feeling that belongs to the songs, while the negroes sing with their hearts. Whether the sympathetic quality can be cultivated on a barren foundation is doubtful.

Finally, my friend Daniel Frohman, the most universally beloved theatrical manager extant, writes:

In the last SCRIBNER you asked why is the artist not overcome with the emotion he expresses on the stage, either in singing or in acting. Have you not read Diderot, Coquelin, and Irving on this much mooted subject?

Of course, we know that the artist, in order to affect his public and make effective in every possible way the emotion which he seeks to express, must first control himself and all his resources of expression in order to give verity to what he seeks to do to impress his auditor and to be convincing and to make his art or his creation, or his interpretation, credible. So he has to depend upon his resources as an artist to translate into the character he enacts, the right proportion of effects that make it a truthful representation. If he allows himself to be personally shaken and overcome with the emotion he portrays, he cannot make his auditor feel the illusion of reality. I have had many experiences in this direction.

I am often asked what is the best life of Stevenson. In spite of new information on his youthful days, the best biography of Stevenson is still the "Letters" edited by Sidney Colvin and the "Life" by Graham Balfour.

An interesting story with a particularly suave villain is Harold MacGrath's "The Cellini Plaque." Just a good yarn, with an ingenious plot.

Among the new autobiographies, one of the most captivating is by Thomas R. Marshall, who had almost as much fun in being Vice-President as, before him, Roosevelt had in being President. Tom Marshall called his book "A Hoosier Salad." It abounds in good stories. One of the best is his account of a political torchlight procession.

In the morning the Democratic newspaper . . . announced that it was the greatest torch-light procession that had ever marched in the city of Crawfordsville; that it was so large it took two hours to pass a given point. The evening Republican paper quoted this statement, confessed it was true, and then added that the given point was Mike Mulholland's saloon.

One of the most pithy sayings of Mr. Marshall is his statement of America's greatest need. "What the country needs most is a good five-cent cigar."

The expression, "my salad days," sounds like Lamb or Thackeray, and not in the least like Shakespeare. But it nevertheless belongs to the Bard of Avon.

The other day I was seriously asked why Lamb's essay on "Roast Pig" was considered funny. Well, it seems funny that a lamb should write an essay on a pig.

Bryan's "Memoirs," completed by his wife—a highly intelligent woman, who successfully performed a difficult task—is a book that all Americans should read. No unprejudiced person can read it without believing in Bryan's sincerity and goodness. And I believe that his resignation when secretary of state was dictated by the best motives. He could not square his convictions with continuance in office, and showed considerable originality in preferring his convictions. I never voted for Bryan and I almost never shared his views on any important subject, but I had a hearty admiration for the man, which has been strengthened by reading this book.

Albert Bigelow Paine, whose biography of Mark Twain is as good a biography as any I know in American literature, gains fresh laurels by his "Life of Joan of Arc," an important, valuable, dramatic work. Translating the original documents is a boon to readers. Did ever a woman have a more universal appeal? Within a short

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space of time she has been biographied by Anatole France, Andrew Lang, Mark Twain, Bernard Shaw, and A. B. Paine. French, Scotch, Irish, and Americans unite to do her honor.

Katy Leary's "A Lifetime with Mark Twain, Memories," written from her lips by Mary Lawton, is a book that no one can afford to miss. It gives an intimate view of one of the most picturesque personalities that ever adorned this planet, and even a stranger would feel after reading it that he had lived in this household, and knew closely every member of the family. The thing is amazingly well done. Was there ever a more lovable man?

And yet he twice tried to have me arrested, and once set a price on my head, the only time I received that particular distinction. When I was a boy in Hartford, on every Fourth of July I rose at midnight and, together with others, kept up an infernal racket till nine in the evening, twenty-one consecutive hours of undiluted bliss. At about three A. M. on one of these holidays, we were howling and yelling and shooting explosives near Mark Twain's house, when suddenly a policeman appeared on the scene. The cry *Cheese it, the Cop!* rang out against the starry sky. We dodged and ran; the minion of the law caught only one of us, to whom he explained that Mark Twain had telephoned—I know now with what lyrical profanity—to have us all arrested. But the merciful Irish policeman let his prisoner go, on the latter's promise to be responsible for no more noise in that vicinity.

The other occasion was more serious. When I was twelve years old, I owned a double-barrel muzzle-loading shotgun, with which I used to haunt the precincts of Hog River. One day—O ecstasy!—I saw a flock of white ducks, which I thought were wild, whereas only the owner of them turned out to be. I blazed away with both barrels and five of them swam no more. At that moment of nimrodical delight, as I was about to gather the trophies of the chase, a person appeared who informed me those were *tame prize ducks*, the property of Mark Twain, and that I had better run for my life. After a moment's bewildered discomfiture, I thought his advice sound; I fled. Next day the Hartford papers contained a paragraph by Mark Twain, announcing a substantial money reward for the apprehension of the miscreant who had slaughtered his valuable pet ducks. Of course I could have claimed the reward, but I didn't. For three months I never went near his house or the river, though my special pal, now the Honorable Frank W. Hubbard, of Detroit, lived in that immediate neighborhood. This is the only time a price was set on my head, and I was worth more to the authorities than I have ever been since.

A book that last week I read at a sitting and wished it were three times as long, is Richard Le Gallienne's "The Romantic '90's," which gives excellent pen-portraits of the leading literary lights of that dramatic decade. It is written in exactly the right style and temper, and I came very close to Swinburne, Meredith, Wilde, and others. Facsimile letters will please those who think character can be read in chirography—I don't. Max Beerbohm's caricature, which serves as a frontispiece, will explain why it was that Dana's *Sun* called Richard Le Gallienne the Head of the Angora School of Fiction.

No religious devotee has a faith more touching than that held by many men of science, as witness the following extracts from "Quo Vadimus?" by Doctor E. E. Fournier d'Albe.

> Every normal child is anxious to learn, and can be easily brought to feel and appreciate the intellectual joy of comprehension.
>
> A workman in a physically fit condition does not object to working.
>
> *Sancta simplicitas!*

I have previously had occasion in this column to call attention to "An Ambassador's Memoirs," being the English translation of the Diary of Maurice Paléologue, French Ambassador to the Russian Court in the years preceding the revolution of 1917. The third volume has just been published, covering the period from August 19, 1916, to May 17, 1917. It would be difficult to find a more accurate prophecy than this, which M. Paléologue wrote in his journal under date of October 8, 1916:

> The long drawn-out war, doubts about victory and the difficulties of the economic

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situation have given revolutionary hopes new life. Preparations are being made for the struggle which is believed to be at hand.

The leaders of the movement are the three "labour" deputies in the Duma, Tcheidze, Skobelev, and Kerensky. Great influence is also being exercised from abroad, the influence of Lenin, who has fled to Switzerland.

What strikes me most about the Petrograd triumvirate is the practical character of its activity. The disappointments of 1905 have borne fruit. There is no idea now of joining hands with the "Cadets," who are *bourgeois* and will never understand the proletariat: all illusions as to the immediate help to be expected from the rural masses have now vanished, and the revolutionaries are merely promising them the division of land. But the main thing is that the "armed revolution" is being organized. It is by the closest association between the workmen and the soldiers that the "revolutionary dictatorship" will be established: victory will be secured by the co-operation of the factory and the barracks.

And here are interesting passages:

B—— has been quoting a proverb which expresses in a very picturesque form the inability of the Russians to discipline themselves voluntarily for the sake of a common effort:

"When three Germans meet they immediately form a *Verein* and elect a president. When two Russians meet, they immediately form three parties."

Saturday, November 18, 1916.

Of the symptoms which have impelled me to a very gloomy diagnosis of the moral health of the Russian people, one of the most alarming is the steady increase in the number of suicides in recent years.

As this question has caused me serious concern, I have discussed it with Dr. Shingarev, a Duma deputy and neurologist, who came to see me on a private matter. He tells me that the number of suicides has trebled or even quadrupled in Petrograd, Moscow, Kiev, Kharkov and Odessa during the last ten years. The evil has spread to the country districts also, although it has not reached such high proportions there or made such rapid progress. It is the youth of the country which is paying the heaviest and the statistics record cases of children of eight. The causes of most of these crimes are neurasthenia, melancholia, hypochondria and general disgust with life. Cases due to impulsive obsession or physical suffering are rare. As always in Russia, mental contagion and mutual suggestion play an important part. Thus epidemics of suicide are frequent among students, soldiers, prisoners and prostitutes.

Monday, November 27, 1916.

I forget who it was said of Cæsar that he had "all the vices and not one fault." Nicholas II has not a single vice, but he has the worst fault an autocratic sovereign could possibly have—a want of personality. He is always following the lead of others.

Last week, in Philadelphia, I visited the Curtis Institute of Music, in company with its gracious founder, Mary Louise Curtis Bok. This is already a productive institution, occupying several beautiful buildings, having many pupils, all carefully selected, with the best instructors anywhere available. I do not see how any ambitious student of the piano could ask for a finer teacher than Josef Hofmann, or how the voice could be better trained in technique or the pupil more stimulated than by Marcella Sembrich. I had a good talk with this great artist, reminding her of the nights at the Metropolitan, where she sang with her two incomparable fellow-countrymen, Jean and Edouard de Reszké. Madame Sembrich is full of vitality, humor, and vivacity, and loves teaching.

In the afternoon I heard the splendid Philadelphia Orchestra. In the box next to ours were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Noyes, who had just completed a long journey in America. I was glad to learn from them that they had enjoyed every moment of this expedition and that they will return in 1927. Alfred Noyes is one of the very few poets who can read their own poetry in an illuminating and impressive fashion. Furthermore, there is no ambassador of goodwill from Great Britain to America more effective than he.

When Henry James heard Lord Tennyson read he said he was surprised to see that the bard took more out of his poetry than he had put into it. When I hear Alfred Noyes, I both hear the music and get the interpretation.

In old days, to listen to Professor F. J. Child reading Shakespeare was better than reading any commentary.

I am glad so many people love the Dark. In addition to numerous letters,

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The State, of Columbia, S. C., has a long and admirable editorial on the pleasures of evening. I am glad I made my confession, if only for the sake of inspiring so excellent an essay. I hate night, but I love evening. Few things in nature are more charming in their suggested intimacy than the early dusk of autumn. I fully understand the spirit of Browning's poem:

"How well I know what I mean to do
When the long dark autumn-evenings come!"

But the early evening is quite different from two o'clock in the morning. Evening has an enfolding charm—night is full of witches and hobgoblins. If I could manage my own universe, I should like dusk to come on about five and the sun rise again in a few hours, and thus have no night at all on earth, even as it is in heaven. By the way, who was it that first called attention to the paradox that although night falls, it doesn't break; and that although day breaks, it doesn't fall? Nature is full of mysteries, *n'est-ce pas?*

I was gratified in reading the December number of SCRIBNER'S to observe that my remarks on Still Life gave my beloved colleague Royal Cortissoz material for an entire article, written with his accustomed learning, insight, and urbanity. He writes from a wealth of professional knowledge, and if it were a question of science instead of art, I should have to surrender. But it is a matter of taste, and I remain unconverted. He considers the technical workmanship, I merely look at the picture. Works of art cannot appear the same to an amateur and a professional. I have received many letters: here is one from Mr. Lewis C. Everard, of Washington: "The pleasure in still life is all for the artist, as the pleasure in pure mathematics is all for the mathematician. Ordinary mortals do well to avoid them both." Another, from Arthur E. Bostwick, the distinguished librarian of St. Louis, who writes: "technique *per se* is of interest only to technicians. I admit that the value of a work of art lies not chiefly in the subject but in the way it is portrayed. Still . . . it must be worth painting. It is precisely because 'still life' is not of this character that still life pictures must always remain second class, except from the standpoint of the technician." John B. Tileston, of Sharon, Mass., perhaps feels as strongly about still life as any one, as he writes: "There is a place in the world for still life pictures, but that place is on the walls of an insane asylum beside the cubist and futuristic pictures." My knowledge of art, in comparison with that of Mr. Cortissoz, is approximately zero; but the first step toward learning is sincerity. Anyhow, I hope to accept his kind invitation to accompany him through a gallery of still life pictures; I would go anywhere with him; his companionship would atone for all the muralities. To have him lead me through such scenes would be like Virgil conducting Dante through hell.

On December 14, Miss Eleonora Sears walked in something under ten hours from Providence to her home in Boston, a distance of forty-four miles. I respectfully salute her, for I used to do some walking myself, and I know her achievement is worth recording. In the spring of 1884, when I was a Yale freshman, my classmate George Daniel Pettee, of Sharon, Mass., started with me at three o'clock in the morning to see how far we could walk in one day. We occasionally broke the monotony of walking by trotting three or four miles, which is exactly what Miss Sears did; by half-past two o'clock in the afternoon we had walked fifty miles, and had it not been for bad weather conditions, I think we might have covered seventy-five by evening. But it was a frightfully hot day, the thermometer registering well over ninety; at half-past two there broke one of the worst thunderstorms I have ever seen, and we were drenched. We found shelter in a shed, and there we sat for an hour in soaked garments. When we started on again, we felt like Rip Van Winkle after twenty years of slumber—it was impossible to control our legs.

I salute Edouard Horemans, the Belgian billiardist, who after several years of effort has finally won the 18.2 championship of the world. By the time these lines are printed he may have lost it again, but,

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anyway, his ambition has been once satisfied. I wish our great artists of the cue would take up that game—so popular in the eighties—of cushion caroms. Nursing is in this impossible, with the result that the spectators see the most dazzling open-table play. I witnessed a great match between the late Jacob Schaefer and the Frenchman Vignaux, in which Schaefer made a run of 70, the highest run on record at that time being 77, made by Sexton.

I saw Mr. Horemans play when he first came to this country; his skill is marvellous. He is a worthy champion, being as modest and unassuming as he is brilliant.

Into the Faerie Queene Club comes Mrs. J. R. Angell, the accomplished wife of the president of Yale, who read the poem at the age of twelve.

Miss Anna Coleman Ladd, a sculptor, is also admitted, having read the poem when she was a child in Paris. Her mother

had done the same—spouting whole cantos as she cantered bareback across country. It goes with a zest for life and a sense of its stab, and I still loved Britomart as I modelled Duse, Pavlova, Anne Morgan, Yurka, and carved my war-memorials.

But I have a bone to pick with you for seeing nothing in Brousson's Anatole France but the witty lecher! The reverence of the master for his craft, the infinite pains in search for perfection, the scorn of the second-rate, and the gay indifference to popularity and pompousness *are* bracing and needed.

If he really had had scorn for the second-rate, he would not have put lechery above literature.

More feats of reading. Rebecca B. Brown, of Springfield, Mass., joins the exclusive Samuel Richardson Club. She has just finished reading "Pamela," "Clarissa," and "Grandison."

Reverend William Langdon, of Asheville, N. C., writes:

You were so interested in the feat of my neighbor, Miss Myrtle Harris, of reading the Bible in six days that I am sending you a note of another who read it in eight days. *The Presbyterian Survey*, of November, page 684, says that an old gentleman at Salto, Sabatini Nastari, an Italian member of a Brazilian church, did as above, and again read it through 20 times in one year.

Here is an important notice. The annual dinner of the Fano Club will be held at 110 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Conn., on Friday, May 7, at seven o'clock. Those who intend to be present will please write to me; and I hope others will write a few words that may be read at the party. This is the only notice that will be given of this dinner.

Mr. George T. Lambert, of Lebanon, N. J., writes:

The inquiry of Dr. Phelps as to the dental equipment of the genus bovinæ reminds me of a story they used to tell "on" a certain gentleman who lived in a cow-town down on the Santa Fe, who prided himself on picking bargains but whose knowledge of dry goods was better than it was of cattle. Having bought what had been represented to him as a fine young milk cow, he was bragging of his purchase to a ranch customer and asked him to come out and look her over. "What did you give for her, Julius?" asked Tim. "Only seventy-five dollars; I got her dirt cheap." "Seventy-five dollars! Why, hell, man," says Tim, "that's an old cow. I bet she is beginning to shed her teeth; let's look at her mouth. See, she hasn't got a tooth left on her upper jaw," and the ranch man lifted up the lip, and the merchant, fully convinced that he had been badly stung, sold the cow for thirty-five dollars. (The "toothless" animal was five years old.)

P. S.—After a somewhat extensive acquaintance with them I have never met a cow which did not show a decided preference for rising first upon her hind "laigs"—in fact, in the spring of the year I have in the Southwest met those who had to be pulled by the tail in order to do that. Ask Will James. He knows.

Interesting comment from Ralph J. Williams, of Rahway, N. J.:

Cows' horns and moles' eyes may be traps for the unobserving, but the flapping of the wings of an ordinary rooster seems to have caused even such a keen observer as Mr. William Beebe to stumble, for in "A Monograph of the Pheasants," Vol. II, page 34, sixth line from the bottom, he says: "The bird (the black-beaked Kaleeze pheasant) *never* strikes its sides, *as does the domestic*

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cock." ("Never" is italicized by the author, the other words by me.)

In September, 1923, you made this statement: "By the way, I have never received from any one a satisfactory answer to this question: What determines the gender of a new word in the French language?" Perhaps this will give you the information. A friend of mine told me in Senlis, Oise, in 1918, that the French Academy decided that the word "automobile" should be feminine, because (at that time) you could never tell what an automobile was going to do.

I am often accused of reading an enormous number of new books, but I take my hat off to one of our youngest authors, who announces that a certain novel published in 1925 is "as great as anything produced in English during the past twenty-five years, and certainly more brilliant than any other novel of the same period." I admire not only this subtle and discriminating criticism, I wonder at any one who has read and judged everything published in the English language since 1900.

According to the London newspapers, John Galsworthy gave a lecture on "Expression" before sailing to America, in which he talked entertainingly on American newspaper headlines. As the extreme limit, he cited the headline which appeared when the English poet laureate, Robert Bridges, refused to be interviewed:

KING'S CANARY WON'T CHIRP

which is surely worth remembering. I remember one which, while not nearly so good, equals this in cheerful impudence. When Matthew Arnold was touring America in 1883–84, he arrived at Chicago in the evening, and was surrounded by reporters, to whom he spoke in a pontifical manner. He made a distinct impression, the exact nature of which was hidden from him till the following morning, when at breakfast he was greeted in the newspaper with the following huge headline:

MATTHEW HAS WHISKERS

And recently the same cheerful intimacy with the great was shown by an American headline—reported to me by Professor Marian Whitney of Vassar—describing the Prince of Wales's reception at London on his return from the Seven Seas:

WALES IN TEARS WHILE HOME TOWN CHEERS

Although I had rather be a college professor than have any other job, I think it is salutary for me to know that some persons, after reading or hearing me, put thumb and fingers to nose in the international gesture of contempt. This is why I subscribe to *The American Mercury* and find its comments a tonic. But every one who reads this clever *Advocatus Diaboli* should be sure to read, immediately after, the excellent *McNaught's Monthly*, especially "Intelligentsiana."

Several times I have been asked if the story of my being poisoned by a wild duck in a Paris restaurant is really true, and, to settle this trivial matter once for all, let me declare now that the story of that French duck is no canard.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

IT is impossible to keep pace in these pages with the mutations of the art season. The exhibitions come and go with a rapidity requiring at least a weekly chronicle for the adequate recording of them. But they include many episodes of too vivid an interest to be altogether neglected here. Even after they have departed they leave memories on which it is worth while to pause, if only to enforce the fact that we are vouchsafed every winter an extraordinary series of artistic experiences. I don't believe that there is anything quite like it anywhere else in the world. Masterpieces of the past are sent to New York as to the best of all markets. I remember the sensation created years ago when Rembrandt's Gilder appeared in the United States. Such things are now matters of course. The interests of modern art are steadily promoted. The work of contemporary Europeans is brought to our doors, and our own men are given every chance. The first important show of the season was that at the Metropolitan in memory of George Bellows, which I traversed in an earlier number of SCRIBNER'S, and as I write, a similar tribute is being paid at the same museum to John Sargent. Bourdelle's sculptures I discussed in this place only a short time ago. The exhibition of his work was peculiarly representative of the almost feverish energy with which the American public is kept abreast of the art of the moment. This educational campaign inevitably invites reflection.

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THE Pittsburgh International, which is now held in the autumn instead of in the spring, is an invaluable resource for the American student. Even if he goes annually abroad he is not likely to get as comprehensive an idea of what the painters are doing there as he can get at Pittsburgh. Homer Saint-Gaudens ransacks the foreign studios, and the big show at Carnegie Institute is something like an anthology of modern effort. What has it to say of current conditions? Not much that is exactly inspiring. The impression that I received of French art, for example, was that it was marking time and doing the best it could with a few progressive talents. The most interesting phenomenon I observed was what I would call a mitigation of the glossy slickness so long characteristic of the Salonnier. It came originally from excessive devotion to technical efficiency. The French cult for good workmanship has landed many of its practitioners to-day in a kind of juiceless mechanical adroitness. It is deadening, and a great deal of modern French art is only half alive. There are signs of a reaction against convention, and I am not referring to the iconoclasm of the modernists but to the work of the better men. The surfaces of their paintings are not so overwrought and smug as they once were. In other words, the French are handling pigment with more freedom. But their chief lack is a lack of first-rate men. Veteran types, like Besnard and Blanche and Le Sidaner, are not very effectively supported by their juniors.

I found the same want of individuality weakening the English section. The British have an outstanding figure in Augustus John, and he had some colleagues at Pittsburgh who were in nowise negligible, men like Orpen, James Pryde, D. Y. Cameron, and Glyn Philpot. The last mentioned is a man of originality and some power. But taking the English section in its length and breadth, the rather lifeless tradition of the Royal Academy seemed to prevail. One collateral development of it, for all its seemingly revolutionary character, has come back to affect artists of to-day. I refer to the Preraphaelite movement. There were indications at Pittsburgh of a considerable revival of it, and a recent English visitor tells me that it is stirring in numerous London studios. The vagaries of modernism are falling into disrepute, and in

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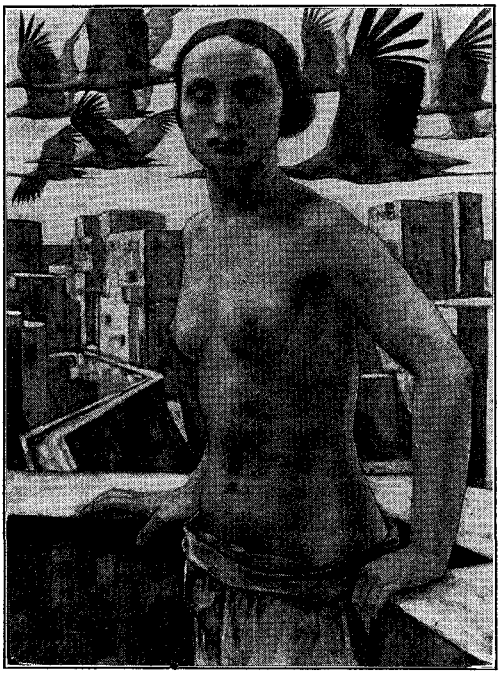
the rebound from their license some artists are accepting the rigid realistic discipline typified in Rossetti and Burne-Jones. The literary influence, always powerful in English art, counts heavily amongst these new exemplars of pictorial detail.

Leaving England for the Continent, I found that the Dutchmen had nothing new to say, save in the case of Van Dongen, and although that modernist is novel he is in no other respect arresting. Belgium's only salient painter is Anto Carte, whose renewal of primitive ideas I touched upon with sympathy in SCRIBNER'S a year ago. Elsewhere in the North there was next to nothing of consequence to see. The German section proved a total loss, significant of nothing save coarseness and bad taste. Austria, escaping German vulgarity, was otherwise hardly better off, but she brought forward one fairly impressive painter in Karl Sterrer, whose Girl with Cranes made one of the high lights in the exhibition. Poland, too, presented only one creditable artist in the portrait-painter Mme. Boznanska. Czechoslovakia and Sweden were quite negligible. I had better luck in the Spanish and Italian sections. In the first, though the influence of Zuloaga has promoted too theatrical a mode in the portrayal of national types, it seemed to me that a certain amount of authentic talent was manifesting itself, making for vigor and breadth, and in Italy the old glitter and dexterity founded on emulation of the Spanish Fortuny is similarly yielding to freer and more personal methods. There are new men of promise, Oppi, Romagnoli, Italico Brass, upholding the hands of the accomplished old Ettore Tito in Italy. Art is moving forward there and in Spain. Yet as I look back over the whole foreign contingent, nothing impresses me more than the contrast between it and the American section. We may not be startlingly rich in conspicuous leaders, but our school has on the whole extraordinary freshness and force. That was the most piquant point I noted on my visit to Pittsburgh.



Girl with Cranes.

From the painting by Karl Sterrer in the Austrian section at the Pittsburgh International.

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THERE was another occasion for patriotic pride when the National Academy of Design held its centennial exhibition, opening it first in Washington and then bringing it to New York. Confined to the institution's own membership it did not give as inspiriting an account of present-day American art as was given at Pittsburgh, but it made an impressive demonstration of what our painters have done in a hundred years. Starting with the Revolutionary period and the great name of Gilbert Stuart, who was not an Academician but was nevertheless reasonably included, it brought the record down through Naegle, Inman, Morse, and the like, to the development of the Hudson River School and the emergence of George Inness. Then came our great period of

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expansion, the period on which I would like to dwell but which I can only suggest by recalling the names of such men as La Farge, George Fuller, Winslow Homer, Elihu Vedder, and A. P. Ryder. It was a great and glorious company, the company that embraced also Duveneck, Chase, Blum, and Dewing. From the years immediately following the Civil War well on into our own day this exhibition showed that American art had flourished amazingly. It isn't as rich now in powerful personalities as it was only a little while ago, but it has a vitality which, as we have seen at Pittsburgh, remains unchallenged by the European schools.

Don Antonio El Ingles.
From the copy after Velasquez by Sargent shown at the Knoedler Gallery.

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AS it happens, it has been an American name that has been most often on men's lips of late, the name of John Sargent. There has been a memorial exhibition of his paintings and water-colors in the Boston Museum. A remarkably representative collection of works of his in both mediums was brought together for the show at the Metropolitan which I have already mentioned. While the first of these affairs was going forward, Mr. W. H. Downes published an admirable biography of the painter. In November at the Knoedler Gallery there were exhibited numerous examples bought at the London sale of his studio effects, about which there has been so much talk. The exhibition of over six hundred works of his owned in England, organized by the Royal Academy, has just formed *the* event of the winter in London. Obviously interest in Sargent goes deep, in spite of the surprise of the little folk who have discovered that he was of small consequence. His

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genius, as a matter of fact, was apparent even in the fragments that the Knoedlers brought over. Casual, unstudied affirmations of his power, they showed you how a great artist gives to his slightest sketch a certain enkindling quality. I was particularly impressed by the copies. One of them, on a small scale, was made from the upper part of the figure of Apollo in The Forge of Vulcan. It recaptured the very accent of Velasquez. He was not so completely successful in the big, full-dress version that he painted of the Spanish master's Don Antonio El Ingles. He missed, as it seemed to me, the beautiful limpidity of tone that is in the original. But in all other respects this was a wonderful *tour de force*. Who else in our modern time has ever approached Sargent's virtuosity? At this exhibition I couldn't for the life of me see anything abnormal in the collectors and dealers who competed so earnestly at the sale. Pray, why shouldn't they have done so?

The Spanish Gypsy.

From the painting by John Sargent in the Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum.

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Sargent's masterful craftsmanship is a very rare and precious thing. It lent the exhibition at the Metropolitan an extraordinary brilliance. Musing over that brilliance at the museum, one was conscious, too, of its solid elements, of the weight and depth of Sargent's contribution to the art of our century. A great portrait-painter commemorates not only individuals but the epoch in which they live. Take together the portraits and pictures of such a collection as that in the museum and you feel the mass as a kind of unified record of life, character, and movement. Just as their times live again in the works of Rembrandt and Velasquez, so the era of John Sargent will be carried down to posterity through his art.

Portrait of a Lady in Red Hat.

From the painting by Vermeer shown at the Knoedler Gallery.

* * *

I HAVE dealt thus far with modern art in a backward glance over two or three months. During that period some beautiful old masters have been in evidence. An Italian painting headed the list in November, a Temptation of Christ by Titian, which was sold to the Minneapolis Museum by the Reinhardt Gallery. It is a noble picture, dating from the same period as the glorious Tribute Money at Dresden and possessing traits kindred to those of that masterpiece. November was a rich month, for it yielded several fine old masters besides the Titian. At the Knoedler Gallery, for example, there was a memorable group of Dutch paintings. I could exhaust my space just on certain portraits by Rembrandt and Hals, but I must speak instead of two little Vermeers. I say "little" advisedly, for both are on panels under twelve inches in height. But both paintings, Young Girl with a Flute and Portrait of a Lady in Red Hat, stay in my memory as works of great largeness and breadth. In color both had a jewel-like loveliness, and in the Portrait of a Lady in Red Hat, Vermeer seemed to have let himself go with unprecedented splendor. In his wonted habit he is pearly and tender, a master especially of pure grays, honeyed yellows, and delicate blues. In the red hat he struck a fairly clangorous note. This panel, by the way, has the interest of being one only recently discovered. It goes with the other painting in the exhibition to swell the already astonishingly large group of Vermeers in the United States. Of the twoscore paintings

Young Girl with a Flute.

From the painting by Vermeer shown at the Knoedler Gallery.

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in the world known to be by him, about a dozen are in American collections.

The next old masters to which I have to refer take us from the seventeenth century to the eighteenth, and one of them, curiously, foreshadows the nineteenth. This is a portrait of Lady Caroline Howard by Sir Joshua Reynolds which I saw one winter's day at the Duveen Gallery. If the child represented had been in a later costume I might have taken this canvas for a Manet. Never have I seen Reynolds so absolutely in the mood of modern craftsmanship. Even in the landscape background he swerved a bit from his customary formalism, and in his painting of the figure he seemed completely released from his familiar convention, brushing the paint on with a directness pointing straight, as I have said, to the practice of Manet. Altogether a superb piece of craftsmanship, an essay in painter's painting to lift the heart. It was a case of the eighteenth century getting

Lady Caroline Howard.
From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds at the Duveen Gallery.

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out of itself and substituting a revolutionary gesture for its grave, academic habit. In contrast to its forthright simplicity was a work that simultaneously

La Serinette.
From the painting by Chardin shown at the Wildenstein Gallery.

appeared at the Wildenstein Gallery, La Serinette of Chardin. What versatility that sterling painter had! He could witch the eye with a bottle of wine and a loaf of bread set upon a napkin. He could invest with a kind of æsthetic eloquence some housemaid or scullion engaged upon a kitchen task. And then he could go upstairs to the mistress of the house in her boudoir, seated before her tapestry frame, relieving her labors by an air ground out of the music-box. She wears a charmingly figured dress and he paints that as he paints her and the bird-cage and the picture on the wall and the light that comes softly in at the window, all with the same exquisite and caressing touch. Exquisite, yes, but this marvellously painted surface has, besides, a rich and mellow resonance. I like to linger for a moment on these two pictures together, the Reynolds and the Chardin. They are so utterly different each from the other, and yet the genius of the one is so in harmony

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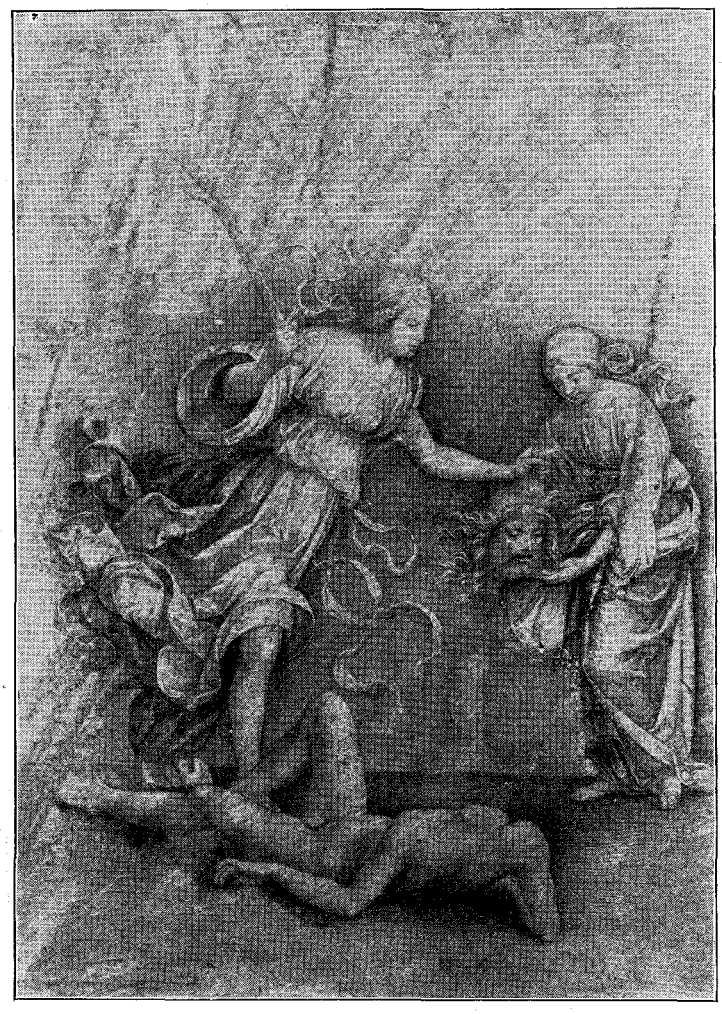
with the genius of the other. Through placing them in juxtaposition we see how different roads may lead to the same goal when the men who use them are driven by the same passion for beauty.

I recall some other old masters of great merit, a noble portrait by Bellini, a beautiful interior with figures by Terborch, and certain impressive Rembrandts. But I must speak instead of the exhibition which Mrs. Marie Sterner arranged at the Seligmann Gallery, one of the major events of the season. This was an exhibition of over a hundred old drawings from the Pierpont Morgan library and other private collections. It ranged through the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, German, and French schools, going as far back as Bernardo Daddi and coming as near to us in modern times as to the classical figure of Ingres. It abounded in beautiful things, some of them fairly unforgetable, like the great *Judith and Holofernes* of Francia. The importance of the show resided not



Judith and Holofernes.
From the drawing by Francia shown at the Seligmann Gallery.

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only in the high artistic value of the things it contained but in the mere fact that it was held. I can remember the time when American collectors didn't look askance at drawings, for the very simple reason that they didn't look at them at all. The few amateurs who appreciated old draftsmanship were isolated in obscurity. Then an awakened interest in French decoration brought in a handful of eighteenth-century drawings, and more recently the whole subject has been attacked with livelier sympathy. I cite Mrs. Sterner's exhibition as a landmark in American connoisseurship.

Even as I set down that last word I am wondering how American connoisseurship is going to carry itself at a forthcoming sale which will have taken place long before this number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is printed. The auction which I have in mind is the one which is to disperse the collection of Barbizon landscapes formed by Mr. C. K. G. Billings. They are beautifully representative of Rousseau and Millet, Corot and Diaz, but they return almost as *revenants* upon the scene. When such pictures used to be put up at old Chickering Hall, collectors and dealers used very nearly to lose their heads, and they would bid the prices up into the thousands. Will the same thing happen this time? It is an exciting question, exciting to me not because I care a straw about the commercial value of a picture, but because I want to know how stable American connoisseurship really is. The Barbizon men have undoubtedly lost some of their vogue, but why I do not know. Their pictures remain the beautiful things they always were.

The Triumph of Time.
From the drawing by Dirk Vellert shown at the Seligmann Gallery.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"WHERE, IN GOD'S NAME, DID YOU COME FROM?" HE GROANED.

—See "Moorings," page 368.

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